

THE LEATHERNECK

December, 1931

Single copy 25c



Marines First Christmas
1775



Facts..*FACE-UP*

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Let's talk Straight from the Shoulder

WHAT you want in a cigarette *is taste*. You want mildness . . . smoothness . . . and satisfying pleasure when you smoke.

All right then . . . *get this straight*.

CHESTERFIELD pays top prices . . . yes, and a premium for the ripest, mellowest, sweetest-tasting leaf that grows.

The curing and conditioning is done by specialists . . . men carefully trained in handling these fine tobaccos.

IN BLENDING, also, Chesterfields are different . . . Instead of merely mixing the tobaccos together . . . we cross-blend them. It's like making a new and better-tasting kind of tobacco. That's how we get that *Chesterfield flavor*. Milder . . . and a more pleasing aroma.

Cigarette paper? Only the purest that's made is good enough for Chesterfield.

PICK UP a package. Note its clean appearance . . . free from heavy inks. It's moisture-proof, too.

And three big factories at Richmond, Durham and San Francisco—operating under the strictest sanitary standards—rush them *fresh* to you.

Good . . . *they're got to be good*. Because they're made that way. And most important of all . . . you can taste this goodness *in the cigarette*. You can tell it in the smoke.

Light up, Mister! Try Chesterfield.

Let the cigarette do its own talking. You'll get the whole thrilling story, in just two words . . . "They Satisfy"!



"Yes Sir - Mild yet they Satisfy"

THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on September 30	17,702
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—Total strength September 30	1,179
Separations during October	3
Appointments during October	1,176
Total strength on October 31	1,178
ENLISTED—Total strength September 30	16,523
Separations during October	537
Joinings during October	15,986
Total strength October 31	228
Total strength Marine Corps October 31	16,214
	17,392

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben. H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. James J. Meade.

Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.

Maj. LeRoy P. Hunt.

Capt. Edwin U. Hakala.

1st Lt. Mortimer S. Crawford.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. James J. Meade.

Lt. Col. Chas. F. B. Price.

Maj. Clifton B. Cates.

Capt. Edwin U. Hakala.

1st Lt. Frank P. Pyzick.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

OCTOBER 5, 1931.

Major John M. Arthur, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Major Thomas E. Watson, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "San Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about October 15th.

Major Louis W. Whaley, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "San Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about October 15th. 2nd Lt. John J. Heil, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB. Quantico, Va., via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Cape Haitien on or about October 30th.

Chf. Mar. Grn. Charles A. Johnson, detached Garde d'Haiti to MD. NP. NYd. Portsmouth, N. H., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Burns D. Goodwin, on October 5th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

OCTOBER 6, 1931.

Major Edward M. Reno, detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Guam on or about November 14th.

Captain William C. Hall, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster, effective October 15th.

1st Lt. Kenneth B. Chappell, detached MB. NS. Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. SB. Coco Solo, C. Z.

1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird, detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific, via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Guam on or about November 14th.

2nd Lt. James V. Bradley, Jr., detached MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB. NS. Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about October 21st.

(Continued on page 2)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

OCTOBER 1, 1931.

Corporal Lawrence A. Gillespie—MB. Washington, D. C., to MB. NTS. Great Lakes, Ill. Corporal Warren J. Shelton—MB. NYd. Charleston, S. C., to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

OCTOBER 2, 1931.

Sergeant Carl C. Conner—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Haiti.

Sergeant Gordon L. Chapman—MB. NYd. Washington, D. C., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Reuben L. Tyson—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Sea School, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Corporal Richard F. Coleman—MB. NTS. Newport, R. I., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Edmund R. Allen—MB. NYd. Washington, D. C., to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.

OCTOBER 3, 1931.

Quartermaster Sergeant George S. Furey—West Coast to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Courtney R. Thomas—MB. Washington, D. C., to Paymaster, Headquarters Marine Corps.

Corporal Richard F. Coleman—MB. NTS. Newport, R. I., to MB. NYd. Boston, Mass.

OCTOBER 5, 1931.

Sergeant John C. Delbert—MD. USS "Idaho" to MB. Norfolk, Va.

Sergeant Arthur R. Grant—MB. NAD. Fort Mifflin, Pa., to Haiti.

OCTOBER 7, 1931.

Gunner Sergeant Adalbert Wilk—MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant Laurence J. Fitzgerald—MB. Quantico, Va., to MD. USS "Reina Mercedes."

Corporal Edward King—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Preston M. Greene—MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Edmund I. McGinn—MB. Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

OCTOBER 8, 1931.

Sergeant Elton S. Babcock—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Corporal Edward R. Bahr—MB. NTS. Newport, R. I., to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Corporal Michael Kotun—MB. NYd. New York, to MB. NOB. New Orleans, La.

OCTOBER 9, 1931.

1st Sergeant Charles W. Harrmann—MB. Camp Rapiidan, Crisgerville, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Staff Sergeant Paul McKenzie—MD. Camp Rapiidan, Crisgerville, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Raymond F. Neel—MB. USS "Pensacola" to MB. Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 12, 1931.

Sergeant Bertram Anderson—MB. Camp Rapiidan, Crisgerville, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Andrew Humza—West Coast to MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Jesse R. Colwell—West Coast to MB. NOB. New Orleans, La.

Corporal Howard M. Graham—West Coast to MB. NAS. Pensacola, Fla.

Corporal Fred M. Wilfong—West Coast to MB. NYd. Charleston, S. C.

Corporal Elmer F. Ross—MB. Quantico, Va., to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Corporal Simeon Mifoff—West Coast to MB. NS. Cavite, Philippine Islands.

(Continued on page 2)

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

ABBOTT, Nathaniel J., at Boston, 10-16-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

ACKER, John B., at Philadelphia, 10-19-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALDRIDGE, Lewis, at Parris Island, 10-26-31, for MB. Parris Island, S. C.

ANDERSON, Clarence J., at Puget Sound, 10-10-31, for MB. Puget Sound, Wash.

ARNOLD, John G., at Haiti, 9-20-31, for Haiti.

ARTHUR, John H., at Charleston, 10-21-31, for San Diego.

ARTHUR, Robert C., at Charleston, 10-21-31, for San Diego.

ATEN, Howard G., at Philadelphia, 10-11-31, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.

AYRES, Gregory, at Vallejo, 9-29-31, for MB. Puget Sound, Wash.

BACHMAN, Benjamin, at New York, 10-1-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BAKER, Willard R., at Puget Sound, 10-6-31, for MB. New Orleans, La.

BARRON, William L., at Washington, D. C., 10-7-31, for MB. Washington, D. C.

BARROW, John T., at Houston, 9-28-31, for MB. New Orleans, La.

BAUMAN, Christopher W., at Chicago, 10-12-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BECKER, Raymond M., at Boston, 9-30-31, for MB. NYd. Boston, Mass.

BENNETT, Walter J., at Portsmouth, Va., 10-6-31, for China.

BERNICK, Joseph A., at San Diego, 10-5-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BISE, Edward D., at Savannah, 10-13-31, for RS. Boston, Mass.

BLOOMQUIST, Roland C., at Quantico, 10-17-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BOONE, Wilbur D., at Quantico, 10-30-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BOUTTE, Charles J., at San Diego, 9-28-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BRADFORD, Paul C., at Quantico, 10-7-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BRANSON, Taylor, at Detroit, 10-2-31, for MB. Washington, D. C.

BRANT, Richard E., at Quantico, 10-26-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BROCKMAN, Joseph E., at Portsmouth, Va., 10-26-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BROWN, Harry G., at San Francisco, 10-15-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

BROWN, Johnnie W., at New Orleans, 9-30-31, for MB. New Orleans, La.

BROWNING, Leonard E., at Washington, D. C., 10-14-31, for Hqs. Washington, D. C.

BROWNING, Onis E., at San Francisco, 10-6-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BRUNDIDGE, Delbert L., at San Diego, 9-24-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BRYAN, Harry E., at Vallejo, 10-17-31, for China.

BRYAN, Ray K., at San Francisco, 10-30-31, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.

BUETTNER, Vincent J., at Washington, D. C., 10-12-31, for Hqs. Washington, D. C.

BUFFKIN, Liston B., at Quantico, 10-8-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

BUMGARNER, Howard F., at St. Juliens Creek, Va., 10-21-31, for MB. NAD. St. Juliens Creek, Va.

BURNS, Thomas E., at Cleveland, 10-19-31, for MB. Great Lakes, Ill.

BURROUGHS, Norman L., at Portland, 10-6-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BUTLER, Ovid, at Lakehurst, 10-17-31, for MB. Lakehurst, N. J.

CANNON, George W., at Quantico, 10-27-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

CANNON, Harold N., at Portland, 9-28-31, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

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U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

(Continued from page 1)

OCTOBER 7, 1931.

Captain Victor F. Bleasdale, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

Captain James W. Flett, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Captain James F. Moriarty, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

1st Lt. Herbert C. Bluhm, retired as of February 1, 1932.

1st Lt. Evans F. Carlson, detached MB. NYD. Boston, Mass., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about October 29th.

2nd Lt. Glen G. Herndon, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. NYD. Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

2nd Lt. Thomas G. McFarland, detached MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. NOB. Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

2nd Lt. William B. McKean, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. NYD. Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Homer C. Murray, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

2nd Lt. William I. Phipps, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Charles H. Burton, detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Guam on or about November 14th.

OCTOBER 9, 1931.

1st Lt. Ernest E. Linsert, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaraguan, via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

2nd Lt. Alan Shapley, detached MB. NOB. Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William A. Buckley, detached MD. NP. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William A. Allan, detached MB. NMD. Yorktown, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Mar. Gnr. Johnnie C. Vaughan, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NS. Guam, via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William F. Affleck, on October 7th detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to MB. Quantico, Va.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Jesse F. Dyer.

Lt. Col. Robert L. Denig.

Major Thad T. Taylor.

Captain George D. Hamilton.

Captain Lemuel A. Haslup.

OCTOBER 10, 1931.

Captain Francis Fisk, detached MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. Nicholas J. Pusel, detached MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, on October 20th detached MB. NS. New Orleans, La., to MB. NOB. Pearl Harbor, T. H., via first available commercial steamer sailing from San Francisco, Calif.

2nd Lt. Hewin O. Hammond, detached MD. Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Louis M. Heinrichs, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about October 21st.

OCTOBER 13, 1931.

1st Lt. Max D. Smith, detached MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. James H. Strother, detached MB. Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Lester S. Hamel, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the first available Army transport sailing from New York, N. Y. Chf. Qm. Clk. Frank E. Davis, died on October 12th.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Captain Robert S. Pendleton.

Captain Carl W. Meigs.

1st Lt. Chester B. Graham.

1st Lt. Mortimer S. Crawford.

OCTOBER 15, 1931.

Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, on November 7th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to duty as Commanding General, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Santa Teresa," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about November 13th.

Lt. Col. Howard W. Stone, detached MB. NYD. Mare Island, Calif., to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on or about October 24th.

Captain Henry F. Adams, AQM, detailed as a Assistant Quartermaster.

2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, orders from MB. NOB. New Orleans, La., to MB. NOB. Pearl Harbor, T. H., revoked.

Mar. Gnr. Tom Woody, appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to duty at MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

Fay Clk. Clinton A. Phillips, orders to MB. Quantico, Va., modified to MB. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H.

OCTOBER 20, 1931.

Lt. Col. Howard W. Stone, orders to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Robert W. Voeth, detached Garde d'Haiti to First Brigade, Haiti.

Captain William W. Rogers, detached MB. Camp Rapidan, Criglersville, Va., to MB. NYD. Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Saville T. Clark, on October 20th detached MB. NOB. New Orleans, La., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

OCTOBER 22, 1931.

Colonel Walter E. Noa, AQM, on reporting of relief detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Major Russell H. Davis, AQM, on November 10th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Major Charles A. Wynn, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Roy M. Gulick, detached MD. Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman, on November 2nd detached AS. WCEF. NAS. San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft Battle Force, USS "Lexington."

OCTOBER 27, 1931.

1st Lt. William H. Hollingsworth, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Shanghai on or about December 18th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William R. Perry, detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Pay Clk. William J. Miller, on November 1st detached MB. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif., via the Army transport scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about November 4th.

Qm. Clk. George Lentz, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

The following named officers have been detached stations indicated to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance:

Captain Clarence M. Ruffner, MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Captain Oliver T. Francis, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. William J. Scheyer, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Charles S. Finch, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, MB. NS. Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. Frank P. Pysick, Office Naval Attaché, Tokyo, Japan.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Henry Baptist, MB. NS. Cavite, P. I.

OCTOBER 30, 1931.

Brig. Gen. John H. Russell, about November 15th detached MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Major Leroy P. Hunt, appointed a Major with rank from October 1, 1931.

Captain John W. Beckett, on December 1st detached MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Oregon.

Captain Harry Paul, detached MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB. NS. Guam, via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads on or about November 17th.

1st Lt. Luther A. Brown, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. William W. Paca, orders to MB. Quantico, Va., modified to MB. NYD. Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Charles D. Warfield, resignation accepted to take effect November 7th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Ludolf F. Jensen, orders from Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific revoked.

OCTOBER 31, 1931.

Colonel Thomas C. Turner, died on October 28th.

Major Walter G. Sheard, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Corinto, Nicaragua, on or about November 11th.

Captain Frank S. Flack, detached MD. NP. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H., to MB. NS. Guam, via the USS "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 17th.

Captain Harry Paul, orders from MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to MB. NS. Guam, revoked.

Captain Frank P. Snow, orders to Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md., modified to MD. NP. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H., on discharge from Hanavil Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel James J. Meade.

Lt. Col. Charles F. B. Price.

Captain Edwin U. Hakala.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

OCTOBER 13, 1931.

Corporal Loyal A. Macey—MD. USS "Pensacola" to MB. NOB. Norfolk, Va.

OCTOBER 14, 1931.

1st Sergeant Leo Woltring—West Coast to AS. San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Elsbury B. Elliott—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Frederick E. Wathen—MB. Quantico, Va., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Gordon H. Merwin—MB. Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Shepherd T. Coates—MB. Coco Solo, C. Z., to MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Harvey Hartman—MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 15, 1931.

Staff Sergeant Jean L. Gotter—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NS. Guam.

Sergeant Roland C. Bloomquist—MB. Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.

Corporal Earl W. Bell—MB. Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Edward F. Foley, Jr.—MD. USS "Northampton," to MB. NYD. New York, N. Y.

Corporal Raymond M. O'Day—MB. NS. Guantnamo Bay, Cuba, to MB. Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 16, 1931.

Quartermaster Sergeant Harry B. Baldwin—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to MB. NOB. New Orleans, La.

Quartermaster Sergeant Elmer T. Pantier—MB. NOB. New Orleans, La., to MB. NYD. New York, N. Y.

Sergeant John T. Poole—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Sergeant Robert J. Smith—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MD. AL. Peiping, China.

Corporal Richard E. Brant—MB. Quantico, Va., to Motor Transport School, MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Victor Slemmer—Haiti to MB. NYD. Philadelphia.

Corporal Monroe C. Bridwell—MB. New Orleans, La., to MB. NYD. New York, N. Y.

Corporal Jacob L. Rau—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NYD. New York, N. Y.

Corporal Ralph McK. Pickens—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaragua.

December, 1931

THE LEATHERNECK

Three

Complete Writing Ensemble

AT THE PRICE OF THE
PEN AND PENCIL ALONE!

First time ever shown—Pen, Pencil, Parker Quink—the quick-drying ink, and Leads—a complete writing ensemble attractively grouped in a Christmas Gift-box, for less than you would pay for these gifts separately. For extra good measure, we include also a Parker Taper for changing over the pocket pen to a desk-set pen at any future time. Ensemble at right, \$5.00, including the new Ruby and Gray Parker Pen and Pencil. Other Ensembles including Guaranteed for Life Duofold Pens and Pencils—\$8.25 to \$15.



Thrifty-time Christmas Creations

BY PARKER

Lead the Gift-World in *Style* and the Thrift-World in *Value*

\$4.95

Real Italian Marble or
Onyx Base; deckled edges;
complete with Parker Pocket-
Desk Pen with colored taper.

\$7.00

Fine Porcelain Base; round
with fluted edge; in Burgundy,
Royal Blue, or Jade Green;
with convertible
Pocket-Desk Junior or Lady
Duofold Pen.



\$8.75

Travel Set in Permanent
Bakelite Case; Octagonal
Ebony Base with golden bands, equipped with
Parker Pocket-Desk Pen and colored taper.
With Junior or Lady Duofold Pen, \$10.75.

Style in the gift, and *value* in the purchase—Parker's new creations for Christmas smartly combine the spirit of Gift-time with the spirit of Thrift-time.

How hearts will leap, how eyes will sparkle when first they glimpse these handsome Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil Ensembles, and Fountain Pen Desk Sets.

For Parker combed the world to fill your Christmas list. From Italy and Argentina, beautifully figured marble and colorful onyx for Pen Desk Sets—

from the world's exclusive studios, came inlaid enameled Pen Bases and interesting Desk Accessories to be mounted on them—Calendar Holders, Clocks, Lamps, Ash Receivers, Letter Racks, and Statuettes, together with Parker Pens and Pencils.

Anyone sending a Parker Set may be sure his gift will be the one thing "different"—original, handsome, stylish. Fresh arrays at all good dealers. Make selections before supplies become low.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

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Parker Duofold

\$5 • \$7 • \$10

Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 to \$3.50; Pencils to match them all, \$2 to \$5

OCTOBER 17, 1931.

1st Sergeant Harry W. McCune—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Gunner Sergeant John Murawski—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal Louis A. Murphy, Jr.—MB. Philadelphia, Pa., to Haiti.

OCTOBER 19, 1931.

Sergeant Lawrence S. Demanche—MB. Camp Rapidan, Crislerville, Va., to MB. NOP, South Charleston, W. Va.
Sergeant Eugene Kranich—MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Coco Solo, C. Z.
Sergeant John P. Sheridan—West Coast to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.
Corporal James M. Capron—MB. Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif.

OCTOBER 20, 1931.

Paymaster Sergeant Carlton L. Post—Headquarters Marine Corps to MB. NS. Pearl Harbor, T. H.
Sergeant Joseph M. Lansden—MD, USS "Antares," to MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.
Sergeant William L. Berroyer—MB. Norfolk, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Sergeant Walter M. Dauphin—MB. Portsmouth, N. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
Sergeant Alexander M. Dean—MB. NAD, Hingham, Mass., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal Frederick Green—MB. NYd. New York, N. Y., to MB. NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.
Corporal Walter F. Bennett—MB. Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
Corporal Claude L. Campbell—MB. Parris Island, S. C., to MB. NOP, New Orleans, La.

OCTOBER 21, 1931.

1st Sergeant Harry W. McCune—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NAD, Hingham, Mass.
Gunner Sergeant Ike Smith—MB. Quantico, Va., to AS. Nicaragua.
Gunner Sergeant Neal G. Williams—MB. Quantico, Va., to AS. Nicaragua.
Sergeant Michael F. Wetja—MB. NS. Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB. Parris Island, S. C.
Corporal Paul Turner—MB. Annapolis, Md., to MB. Coco Solo, C. Z.

OCTOBER 22, 1931.

Sergeant Ronald D. McCain—West Coast to MB. Parris Island, S. C.
Corporal Aubra Lock—MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal Warren J. Shelton—MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va., to MB. Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 23, 1931.

Sergeant Clifford L. Ellis—MB. Norfolk, Va., to Haiti.
Corporal Alfred Richards, Jr.—AS. San Diego, Calif., to Nicaragua.
Corporal Earl T. Gray—MB. Quantico, Va., to Nicaragua.
Corporal James R. Rutledge—MB. Quantico, Va., to Haiti.
Corporal George Livingston—MB. NPF. Indian Head, Md., to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal Thorvald B. Olsen—MB. Portsmouth, N. H., to Nicaragua.

OCTOBER 26, 1931.

Gunner Sergeant Robert V. Burns—AS. Nicaragua, to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal George E. Nyns—West Coast to MB. Quantico, Va.
Corporal Donald K. Emery—MB. Camp Rapidan, Crislerville, Va., to MB. NAD, Hingham, Mass.
Corporal John E. Kennedy—MB. Camp Rapidan, Crislerville, Va., to MB. NA. Annapolis, Md.

OCTOBER 27, 1931.

Corporal Carroll L. Lee—MB. NS. Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB. Washington, D. C.

OCTOBER 29, 1931.

Sergeant Major Jere Black—MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
Staff Sergeant Julius Pappas—MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. NS. Guam.

OCTOBER 30, 1931.
Staff Sergeant Eugene C. Commander—MCB. NOB. San Diego, Calif., to MB. NS. Guam.
Sergeant Donald W. O'Neill—MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NYd. Mare Island, Calif.
Corporal Harry B. N. Nestlerode—MB. AL. Peiping, China, to Motor Transport School, MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa.

OCTOBER 31, 1931.

Corporal Hans C. Owen—MB. NAD. Dover, N. J., to MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

GROVES, Samuel, at Washington, D. C., 10-15-31, for MB. Washington, D. C.

GWILLIAMS, Ellis, at Quantico, 10-19-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

HAGAR, Fred B., at Memphis, 10-2-31, for MB. NAS. Pensacola, Fla.

HARDMAN, Fred L., at Vallejo, 10-8-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

HARRINGTON, Eugene R., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 10-6-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

HAYES, Charles M., at Cleveland, 10-21-31, for MB. New York, N. Y.

HELLER, Clifford A., at Parris Island, 10-12-31, for MB. Parris Island, S. C.

HEMBREE, Philip R., at Quantico, 10-20-31, for AS. Quantico, Va.

HENRY, Elton F., at Philadelphia, 10-12-31, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.

HOBBS, Richard A., at Quantico, 10-7-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

HOPFSTETTER, Arnold C., at Keyport, Wash., 10-7-31, for MB. Keyport, Wash.

HOOD, Paul H., at Spartanburg, 10-15-31, for San Diego, Calif.

HOWELL, Donald C., at Puget Sound, 10-13-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

HUDSON, Joseph, at Hawthorne, Nev., 10-11-31, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.

JEWELL, William C., at San Diego, 10-6-31, for NAS. San Diego, Calif.

JOHNSON, Benard E., at Parris Island, 10-15-31, for MB. Parris Island, S. C.

JONES, Edward A., at Quantico, 10-22-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

KAY, Durous G., at Los Angeles, 10-13-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

KELLER, Herman O. A., at China, 9-20-31, for China.

KELLEY, Lee S., at Philadelphia, 10-26-31, for D. of S. Philadelphia, Pa.

KILLINGSWORTH, Leslie G., at Quantico, 10-16-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

KING, Harvey, at San Diego, 10-11-31, for MCB. San Diego, Calif.

KING, Robert M., at Washington, D. C., 10-15-31, for MB. NYd. Washington, D. C.

KOTUN, Michael, at New York, 10-25-31, for MB. New Orleans, La.

KUGLER, George R., at Vallejo, 10-6-31, for MB. Great Lakes, Ill.

KURNER, John D., at China, 9-16-31, for China.

KUSKA, Oswald E., at Puget Sound, 10-15-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

KYLE, Clarence E., at San Diego, 10-13-31, for AS. San Diego, Calif.

LANE, Orris L., at Puget Sound, 10-13-31, for U. S. S. New York.

LEIDLOFF, George W., at Great Lakes, Ill.

LEWIS, Eugene E., at Lakehurst, N. J., 10-26-31, for China.

LINCOLN, Robert C., at Philadelphia, 10-21-31, for D. of S. Philadelphia, Pa.

LOWE, Darius W., at Pittsburgh, 10-9-31, for MB. NYd. New York, N. Y.

MANN, Horace E., at Vallejo, 10-3-31, for NP. Mare Island, Calif.

MANN, William G., at Baltimore, 10-17-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

MARSH, Alonso "C", at Indianapolis, 10-20-31, for MB. Yorktown, Va.

MARTIN, Jerry B., at Quantico, 9-30-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

MAY, Harold R., at Washington, D. C., 10-26-31, for Hes. Washington, D. C.

McCLOSKY, Stephen, at Pittsburgh, 10-30-31, for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.

MCCORD, Albert A., at Quantico, 10-2-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

McGINN, Edmund L., at Quantico, 10-7-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

McKEVITT, Gerald A., at Boston, 10-28-31, for MB. Boston, Mass.

MEEKS, Howard J., at Quantico, 10-11-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

MEEKS, Lloyd C., at Quantico, 10-5-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

MESSECAR, Lyman E., at Quantico, 10-29-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

METZLER, Eddie L., at Quantico, 10-18-31, for AS. Quantico, Va.

MIDDLEBROOK, John W., at Atlanta, 10-9-31, for MB. New Orleans, La.

MILLER, Claude M., at Vallejo, 10-19-31, for MB. Mare Island, Calif.

MOORE, George T., at Chicago, 10-16-31, for MB. Quantico, Va.

MORRISON, George E., at Savannah, 10-2-31, for NSN. NYd. New York, N. Y.

MULLINS, William T., at Lakehurst, 10-24-31, for MB. Lakehurst, N. J.

MUNSH, Albert S., at Nicaragua, 10-4-31, for Nicaragua.

NALEVANKO, Cyril, at Lakehurst, 10-30-31, for MB. Lakehurst, N. J.

NICOLA, Kenneth "J", at San Diego, 10-7-31, for MCB. San Diego, Calif.

OWEN, Elmer W., at San Diego, 10-15-31, for AS. San Diego, Calif.

OWENS, Millard L., at Greenville, 10-23-31, for San Diego.

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PEARSON, James C. W., at San Diego. 10-8-31. for AS. San Diego, Calif.
 PETERS, Leo, at Pearl Harbor. 10-3-31. for MB. Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 PHILLIPS, Alfred L., at Quantico. 10-16-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 PHILLIPS, Elmer U., at Parris Island. 10-19-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 PIOTROWSKI, Casper B., at Vallejo. 10-15-31. for MB. NYd. Philadelphia, Pa.
 POST, Carlton L., at Washington, D. C., 10-21-31. for Hqs. Washington, D. C.
 POWELL, Malcom W., at Quantico. 10-20-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 POWELL, Merritt C. Jr., at San Diego. 10-10-31. for NAS. San Diego, Calif.
 PURDUM, Ray, at Puget Sound. 10-16-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 QUELCH, Kenneth H., at San Diego. 9-27-31. for MCB. San Diego, Calif.
 REED, Clair J., at Portsmouth, N. H. 10-13-31. for NP. Portsmouth, N. H.
 RICE, John H., at Atlanta. 10-24-31. for APM Office. Atlanta, Ga.
 RICHARDSON, George C., at Quantico. 10-13-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 ROBINSON, Otto F., at Washington, D. C., 10-15-31. for MB. NYd. Washington, D. C.
 ROBINSON, Jesse E., at Houston. 10-22-31. for MB. New Orleans, La.
 RONCHE, Edward C., at Washington, D. C., 10-9-31. for Hqs. Washington, D. C.
 RODGERS, Hubert M., at Haiti. 10-16-31. for Haiti.
 RUSSELL, Emil, at Sacramento. 10-6-31. for MB. Mare Island, Calif.
 SANTOS, John F., at Quantico. 10-24-31. for AS. Quantico, Va.
 SARGENT, Vernon, at Quantico. 10-11-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 SCHNEEMAN, Robert E., at Nicaragua. 9-23-31. for Nicaragua.
 SCOTT, Lawrence J., at Chicago. 10-5-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 SEMLER, William M., at Charleston, S. C., 10-1-31. for MB. S. Charleston, W. Va.
 SIMPSON, Calvin F., at Annapolis. 10-20-31. for Station Ship, Annapolis, Md.
 SMITH, George H., at Quantico. 10-24-31. for AS. Quantico, Va.
 SPARLING, Wilson H., at Los Angeles. 10-16-31. for MCB. San Diego, Calif.
 SPRAGG, William G., at Portsmouth, N. H. 10-12-31. for NP. Portsmouth, N. H.
 STRALIN, Jasper H., at Charlotte. 10-27-31. for DHS. Charlotte, N. C.
 SZARKA, Louis, at Philadelphia. 10-29-31. for D. of S. Philadelphia, Pa.
 TAYLOR, Edward F., at Camp Rapidan. 10-26-31. for Camp Rapidan, Va.
 THACKER, Joel G., at Atlanta. 10-6-31. for NP. Portsmouth, N. H.
 THEODORE, Lawrence A., at Quantico. 10-7-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 THOMAS, John F., at New York. 10-27-31. for Haiti.
 TILTON, Blanard D., at Florence. 10-22-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 TOLL, James H., at Charleston, W. Va., 10-20-31. for MB. S. Charleston, W. Va.
 TOTH, George C., at Philadelphia. 10-13-31. for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.
 TRACY, Philip F., at Puget Sound. 10-11-31. for MB. Puget Sound, Wash.
 TRAW, London L., at Memphis. 10-5-31. for MCB. San Diego, Calif.
 TROMPETER, Joseph H., at Parris Island. 10-22-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 TURNER, Roy J., at Washington, D. C., 9-30-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 VIAR, John H., at Pittsburgh. 10-20-31. for AS. Quantico, Va.
 VICK, Walter L., at Quantico. 10-28-31. for AS. Quantico, Va.
 VODA, William J., at Philadelphia. 10-8-31. for MB. Fort Pitt, Pa.
 WALSH, Charles J., at Parris Island. 10-8-31. for MB. Parris Island, S. C.
 WARNER, Alvin D., at Portsmouth, N. H. 10-26-31. for MB. Washington, D. C.
 WATHEN, Frederick E., at Quantico. 10-26-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.
 WEATHERBY, Frederick L., at Seattle. 10-1-31. for MCB. San Diego, Calif.
 WEISSE, Carl R., at Quantico. 10-19-31. for AS. Quantico, Va.
 WESLEY, Leon J., at Philadelphia. 10-26-31. for MB. Philadelphia, Pa.
 WEST, Curtis R., at Philadelphia. 10-29-31. for D. of S. Philadelphia, Pa.
 WESTBROOK, Robert L., at Hampton Roads. 10-26-31. for MB. Hampton Roads, Va.
 WINFREY, Millard F., at New Orleans. 10-13-31. for MB. NAS. Pensacola, Fla.
 YALE, Charles E., at Quantico. 10-14-31. for MB. Quantico, Va.



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AND as fine a tobacco as ever sweetened a pipe bowl! A sixty-year-old secret, our own Wellman's Method, gives Granger its "fruity" fragrance; seals in the mellow "pipey" flavor that smokers love to draw deep.

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"Pipe tobacco that
IS pipe tobacco!"

**GRANGER
ROUGH CUT**





The Marine Corps Institute extends
to all branches of the service in the
four corners of the world its best
wishes for a Merry Christmas and
a happy and successful New Year



December, 1931

THE LEATHERNECK

Seven

PROMOTIONS

FIRST SERGEANTS Joseph McB. Layman—to Sergeant Major.
John McHugh—to Sergeant Major.
GUNNERY SERGEANT Nicholas Mihnowske—to Sergeant Major.
SUPPLY SERGEANTS Roy E. Hagerdon—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
George J. Hyland—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
SERGEANTS Charles M. Adams—to First Sergeant.
Albie Guthrie—to First Sergeant.
Walter M. Henderson—to Gunnery Sergeant.
Robert B. McLane—to Supply Sergeant.
Charles Sorenson—to First Sergeant.
CORPORALS Floyd F. Bell—to Sergeant.
Charles E. Douglas—to Sergeant.
John W. Grantham—to Sergeant.
James McClintock—to Sergeant.
John Mohan—to Sergeant.
Joseph F. Patrick—to Sergeant.
Stanley Silonina—to Sergeant.
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS Charles A. Colley—to Corporal.
Robert E. Erwin, Jr.—to Corporal.
William H. Foster—to Corporal.
Louis Cross—to Corporal.
Lewis R. Hollenbeck—to Corporal.
Wendell P. Keener—to Corporal.
Raymond L. Luckel—to Corporal.
Edward E. McAlister—to Corporal.
Joseph Wm. McGrath—to Corporal.
Brice Maddox—to Corporal.
William F. O'Donohue—to Corporal.
Charles P. Peckham—to Corporal.
George A. Schroeder—to Corporal.
Homer S. Schultz—to Corporal.
George J. Yonuss—to Corporal.
PRIVATE Edward J. Barnes—to Corporal.
John Wm. L. McClung—to Corporal.
Hugh J. Phillips, Jr.—to Corporal.

PROMOTIONS—FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Private First Class Muller, Alfred L.—to Corporal.
Private First Class Westphal, Vernon C.—to Corporal.
Private Longley, Charles J.—to Private First Class.
Private Magruder, Fred F.—to Private First Class.
Private Shellenberger, Blair K.—to Private First Class.
Private Singleton, Roy E.—to Private First Class.
Private Vinter, Fred B., Jr.—to Private First Class.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrive Port au Prince 21 Nov.; leave 23 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 26 Nov.; leave 30 Nov.; arrive Corinto 2 Dec.; leave 3 Dec.; arrive San Diego 10 Dec.; leave 11 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 12 Dec.; leave 14 Dec.; arrive San Francisco 15 Dec.; leave 5 Jan.; arrive Honolulu 12 Jan.; leave 13 Jan.; arrive Guam 24 Jan.; leave 25 Jan.; arrive Manila 30 Jan.; leave 1 March; arrive Guam 6 March; leave 7 March; arrive Honolulu 16 March; leave 17 March; arrive San Francisco 24 March.

HENDERSON—Due Guam 13 November; leave 14 Nov.; arrive Manila 20 Nov.; leave 22 Dec.; arrive Guam 28 Dec.; leave 29 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 9 Jan.; leave 11 Jan.; arrive San Francisco 19 Jan.

KITTERY—Will leave Hampton Roads 5 Dec. for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 10 Dec.; leave 11 Dec.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Dec.; leave 14 Dec.; arrive Guantnamo 15 Dec.; leave 16 Dec.; arrive Hampton Roads 21 Dec.

NITRO—At Navy Yard Norfolk for overhaul. Will leave Hampton Roads 11 Nov.; arrive Philadelphia 12 Nov.; leave 17 Nov.; arrive Iona Island 18 Nov.; leave 20 Nov.; arrive Newport 21 Nov.; leave 21 Nov.; arrive Boston 22 Nov.; leave 30 Nov.; arrive Yorktown 2 Dec.; leave 9 Dec.; arrive Guantnamo 13 Dec.; leave 14 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 17 Dec.; leave 19 Dec.; arrive Corinto 21 Dec.; leave 21 Dec.; arrive San Diego 29 Dec.; leave 30 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 31 Dec.; leave 2 Jan.; arrive Mare Island 3 Jan.; leave 10 Jan.; arrive Puget Sound 13 Jan.

PATOKA—Sailed Beaumont 28 Oct. for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 4 Nov. Will leave Hampton Roads 7 Nov.; arrive Beaumont 15 Nov.; leave 16 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 24 Nov.

General Information

THE FOLLOWING-NAMED MEN HAVE ATTAINED A SCORE OF 330 OR BETTER OVER THE RIFLE QUALIFICATION COURSE DURING 1931

1st Sgt. Nolan Tillman	341
ChMGun. Henry Boschen	339
2nd Lt. George O. Van Orden	336
Capt. William J. Whaling	332

1st Sgt. Patterson	332
Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts	332
2nd Lt. Lewis R. Tyler	331
Sgt. Robert F. Elmgren	330

THE FOLLOWING-NAMED MEN HAVE ATTAINED A SCORE OF 95 OR BETTER OVER THE PISTOL QUALIFICATION COURSE DURING 1931

1st Sgt. Nolan Tillman	98
Sgt. John G. Mason	97
Sgt. John F. Smith	96
Gy-Sgt. Thomas O. Lowery	95
1st Sgt. Ambrose J. Cain	95
Pvt. Lund F. Hood	95

DISTINGUISHED SHOTS

As a result of recent competitions the following named officers and enlisted men are classified as distinguished shots:

DISTINGUISHED MARKSMAN

2nd-Lt. August Larsen	
Sgt. Claud N. Harris	
Pvt. John G. Jones	

DISTINGUISHED PISTOL SHOTS

ChMGun. Ludolf F. Jensen	
Pvt. John G. Jones	

EXEMPTION FROM FIRING THE RIFLE QUALIFICATION COURSE

Modification of Articles 5-16 and 5-17, Marine Corps Manual, will be announced in Change No. 1 whereby all officers and enlisted men who are forty years or older will be exempted, at their own option, from firing the Army rifle qualification course.

TRAVEL INSTRUCTIONS

The attention of all officers is invited to the recent change in the Navy Regulations. Articles 1808 to 1818 inclusive, approved by the President on 3 August, 1931. These Articles refer to the payment of traveling expenses and mileage. The tables of maximum allowances have been eliminated from Navy Regulations and the tables now appearing in the U. S. Navy Travel Instructions are governing. Officers performing travel on official business should familiarize themselves with the new tables as they appear in U. S. Navy Travel Instructions.

DESERTIONS

The following are the percents of desertions during the year ended 30 June, 1931, and for comparison, those during the year ended 30 June, 1930:

	1931	1930
Total declared deserters	536	556
Returned from desertion	476	362
Net deserters	60	194
Total number who served	21,152	22,792
Percent of declared deserters	2.53%	2.43%
Percent of net deserters	.28%	.85%

PAYMENT OF TRAVEL ALLOWANCE ON CANCELLATION OF WAIVER BY IMMEDIATE REENLISTMENT

The Major General Commandant advises by circular letter No. 106 that:

Ref. Article 4-9 (2), MCM, 1931. In connection with the payment of travel allowance on discharge under the amended regulation contained in reference (a), providing for the automatic cancellation of waivers or a portion thereof upon immediate reenlistment, the following procedure will be observed:

(a) At the time of the preparation of Form N. M. C. 90 P. M. "Statement Closing Account for Settlement" on discharge in the case of a man who has executed a waiver of travel allowance, organization commanders will ascertain from the man concerned whether or not it is his intention to reenlist immediately at the post of discharge, and if so, will note this fact on Form N. M. C. 90 P. M. in terms as follows:

"Has expressed intention to reenlist immediately at this post."

(b) Where this notation appears on Form N. M. C. 90 P. M., the disbursing officer charged with the preparation and payment of the final settlement thereof will prepare it to include the full amount of travel allowance to which the man is entitled under the law, irrespective of the previously executed waiver, and in making settlement will draw two checks, the first for the full amount of pay and allowance due the man if waiver is to be effective; the second for the additional travel allowance due the man if waiver is automatically cancelled by immediate reenlisting on the day following his discharge. Both checks will be forwarded with the final settlement to the man's commanding officer for delivery; the first to be delivered on the date of discharge, the second to be delivered only after the man has actually reenlisted the following day.

(c) Should the man fail to reenlist immediately in accordance with his expressed intention, the second check for additional travel allowance will be returned for cancellation, together with the original final settlement. N. M. C. 423 P. M. ap-

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properly endorsed to show such refund, to the disbursing officer concerned identical endorsement being shown on the copy of final settlement furnished to the discharged Marine.

(d) The disbursing officer on receipt of such an accomplished final settlement will cancel the returned check and make proper correction in red ink as to places and amount of travel allowance on the face of the original final settlement, and transcript the voucher accordingly.

The above instructions are effective immediately upon receipt of the afore-mentioned letter from Headquarters Marine Corps.

AWARDS

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed special letters of recommendation to the following officers and enlisted men for their work in Nicaragua:

Brigadier General Frederic L. Bradman.
Lieutenant Colonel Calvin B. Matthews.
Lieutenant Colonel Franklin B. Garrett.
Lieutenant Colonel William C. Wise, Jr.
Captain John H. Fay.

First Lieutenant Roy W. Conkey.

First Lieutenant William B. Hughes.

First Lieutenant Maxwell H. Mizell.

Chief Marine Gunner Jesse E. Stamper.

Chief Pay Clerk Edward J. Donnelly.

Gunnery Sergeant Arthur E. Buckner.

First Sergeant Charles Davis.

Sergeant Henry G. Goldmeyer.

Captain Byron F. Johnson has been awarded a silver Life-Saving Medal of Honor by the Treasury Department in recognition of his service in bravely rescuing a man from drowning on 13 May, 1929.

DEATHS

OFFICERS

Active

DAVIS, Frank Elmer. Chief Quartermaster Clerk, died on October 12, 1931, of disease, at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Geneva C. Davis, wife, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

TURNER, Thomas Caldwell, Colonel, died October 26, 1931, at the Brigade Field Hospital, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, of a head injury received when struck by an airplane propeller on October 26, 1931, at Gonaville, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Ethel H. Turner, wife, 1622 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Retired

TREADWELL, Thomas C., Colonel, retired, died October 8, 1931, of disease, at Atlantic City, N. J. Next of kin: Mrs. Catherine B. Treadwell, wife, 3462 Macomb Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

ENLISTED MEN

Active

BRANNON, Charles Derstine. Quartermaster Sergeant, died October 11, 1931, of disease, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Isabella D. Ewing, sister, 22 Chestnut Street, Lewistown, Penna.

SANDERS, James Henry, Private First Class, died October 26, 1931, of disease, at Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. May Sanders, mother, 102 Broom Street, Albermarle, N. C.

SMITH, Emmett Baxter, Private First Class, died October 14, 1931, near Charleston, S. C. Next of kin: Mr. Edward T. Smith, father, R. No. 1, Wilmington, N. C.

Inactive

JAMES, Jesse. Quartermaster Sergeant, retired, died on October 1, 1931, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Margaret James, wife, Quartzsite, Ariz.

JOHNSON, Noel. Corporal, Class III, F. M. C. R., died on February 7, 1931, at Indianapolis, Indiana. Next of kin: Mrs. Maryam Johnson, wife, 708 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Christmas Greetings of the Major General Commandant

TO EACH of my fellow American Marines, whatever your rank or wherever you are serving, I send greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I wish that we all could have an old-fashioned Christmas Party at which I could clasp your hands and give you my personal holiday greeting instead of sending it to you in this fashion.

I congratulate Our Corps upon having such able and willing representatives as you and appreciate your efficient efforts of the past twelve months that have made the 156th Year of the Corps one of which to be extremely proud. As the year 1932 opens there are not as many of us as there were last New Year's Day; but we will carry on for the Nation, SEMPER FIDELIS, "doing the best we can with the tools that we have."

So again,
Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year.

B. H. Fuller
Major General Commandant.



VOLUME 14

WASHINGTON, D. C., December, 1931

NUMBER 12

Yuletide, the Corps, and You

NEARLY every Christmas since 1775, the year the United States Marine Corps was organized, Marines have been either actively or theoretically engaged against the enemies of the United States.

They crossed the Delaware with Washington on that historic night-before-Christmas during the Revolutionary War and fell upon the surprised British with all the fury of the tigers protecting their young.

Christmas Day, 1801, '02, '03, and '04, found them fighting the Infidels at Tripoli and upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

On the 26th of December, 1814, the U. S. frigate "Constitution" encountered a British man-of-war, the "Java," and reduced her to a battered hulk in two hours of the fiercest kind of fighting, in which the Marines signally distinguished themselves.

December 23, 1814, a detachment of Marines under Major Daniel Carmick helped General Andrew Jackson repulse an overwhelming force of British redcoats at New Orleans, and on January 8, 1815, they were instrumental in the great victory of New Orleans in which over two thousand British soldiers were killed and a thousand taken prisoner.

Christmas, 1836, found the Marines engaged in a campaign with the Indians in Florida, wading the swamps of the Everglades, ravished with hunger and fever, but carrying on.

Good Saint Nicholas found it hard to distribute his gifts to Marines in 1846, '47, and '48, for they were engaged over a wide area, both at sea and on land, in the War with Mexico.

Christmas, 1852-55, saw them in the waters around Japan and along the coast of China, opening up the former country to the sea-borne commerce of the world, and squelching piracy along the latter's shores, which threatened that same commerce.

Around Christmas time, 1856, a detachment of Marines in charge of a sergeant behaved with great gallantry in a fight at Port Gamble with a large force of Northern Russian Indians.

The famous insurrectionist, John Brown, was captured, together with all his followers, by Marines during the later part of 1859, at Harper's Ferry.

The Christmas days of the Civil War were spent by Marines on land and at sea fighting for the preservation of the Nation.

Two Christmas days were spent by Marines in France and Germany during the World War, although not actively engaged in battle, and Marines in later years have eaten Christmas dinners on the tortuous, fever-ridden trails of Nicaragua, in the troubled cities of Shanghai and Peiping, and with one eye open for revolution in Haiti.

By William B. Edmondson

From 1775 to 1931—156 years—Marines have paused in their operations against the foes of the United States long enough on Christmas Day to eat a hearty dinner (if one was available) and to remember the red-cheeked Lad Who was born in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago.

Perhaps all of them did not know the whole story of that Sublime Life which began on the 25th of December in a lowly stable in the year 1; perhaps most of them regarded Christmas as merely another welcome diversion to the routine of military life, but to a few, no matter how hard their lot, how trying their duties, it meant a day to renew their strength and courage by contemplation of the Great Example.

No matter whether you believe in the Divinity of the Shepherd of Galilee or not, you cannot but admire and revere His blameless life, the soundness of His Teachings, and the incalculable force for good He set into motion by His simple Parables to the people of Palestine.

There is no better way to spend Christmas than in again reviewing the story of that Omnipotent Life.

Human understanding progresses slowly. Even today we cannot understand and appreciate some of the Teachings of this greatest of all Moral Philosophers. Perhaps in centuries to come we will begin to understand the Infinite Wisdom, the Sublime Kindness of this Genius toward all the peoples of earth.

You may scoff when someone asks you to read the Bible, but you should realize that the world today is in much the same frame of mind as it was in the days of Christ, and if you are a scoffer you are but following the trend of the world.

The peoples of earth are crying for a new leader, even as they were in those days. The old beliefs have been discarded, and the new ones are not satisfactory. Science has disrupted our childish faith and we grow hard, bitter, with a machine-like philosophy.

In discarding the old beliefs, most of



(Continued on page 51)

The Aviatin' Vaqueros

THESE typewriter artists make me tired," yawned the Aviator, heaving his magazine in the general direction of the library table. "I could tell a better yarn than that myself—a true one."

"What's bothering you now?" I asked.

"Oh, there's a flyin' story in this month's issue of THE GREEN BOOK that gives me a tall pain in the neck. Have you read it?"

"No."

"Don't—it's putrid. The author doesn't know an Immelman from a tail skag."

"You said something about a true story," I reminded him, discarding my book and drawing my chair nearer the open fire. The Aviator could spin a mean yarn when he chose, and I craved entertainment; being bored to tears by the sloppy Virginia weather that kept us marooned in the club library.

"Do you remember the banana war we had down in Centroagua back in nineteen humpety hump?" asked the Aviator by way of introduction.

I did remember—too well, in fact, I reminded him.

"Well, as you know," he began leisurely, "I was down there with the winged caballo squadron—during the fracas and for some time afterwards."

"Yes, go on with your story."

"Don't rush me," he warned, firing up the incinerator he fondly referred to as his pipe.

"Well, as I was saying—puff—puff—we were right busy during that scrap; playing Elijah and the raven with the foot soldiers out in the hills, feeding them, doing their scouting and finding them when they got lost, and so forth."

"Who won the war?" I jeered.

"Why, the Air Service, of course," he retorted unabashed. "The ground troops were useful in keepin' the banditos stirred up, but they'd never have corralled old Bambino if we hadn't played eyes for 'em."

"We'll waive the point—proceed with your yarn, fellow."

"Thanks. Well, while we were doin' all the heavy flyin'—six to eight hours every day, Sundays and holidays not excepted—nobody had pep enough to get into any mischief. It was after things had quieted down considerable, and time began to hang rather heavily on our hands, that the boys began to look around for a bit of diversion."

"Now, as you probably remember, when the revolution first started down there, the party that was sittin' in the driver's seat hired a pair of foot-loose American aviators, bought a couple of under-powered Swanson planes, and got all set to play polite hell with the opposing army. . . . They'd have done right

By Vernon E. Megee

well, too, if the purchasing agent hadn't neglected to specify gun mounts and bomb racks as standard equipment.

"As it was those two flyin' soldiers of fortune were bumming our Q. M. for hand grenades to eke out their meager supply of hand-made dynamite bombs. . . . At least I was told that—they had gone when I arrived on the scene—and anyhow I'm getting away from my story.

"The planes were stored in an old shed on their abandoned airdrome—which was nothing but a weedy cow pasture on the outskirts of town, and a mile or so away from our field. Nobody thought any more about them for over a year, I guess it was, although some of our younger pilots threatened vaguely to take the old crates out for a hop some day. I didn't notice any great amount of enthusiasm, however, and the relics were allowed to rust in peace.

Personally, I wouldn't have flown one of them for a Texas farm."

The Aviator paused for so long that I feared he had fallen asleep.

"Well, what happened?" I queried impatiently.

"I'm coming to that," he replied lazily. "Give a man time to be artistic, can't you?"

I apologized meekly.

"One quiet Sunday morning," he resumed, "I was loafin' about the field as officer of the day—nothing much on my mind as no planes were out, except an amphibian that was being tested out over the lake. I noticed quite a number of the mechs strolling toward

the lower end of the field, but thought nothing of it until the test pilot came in and landed.

"Who's flyin' the gook ships?" he wanted to know.

"I replied that I had no idea they were being flown, and what about them anyway."

"One of them was out on the field as I came by," he told me, "and it looked like a bunch of our mechs standing around."

"With that I grabbed the official lizzie and hot-footed it over to the old field. On the way over we passed a truck load of our men, none of whom pretended to see me, so I began to suspect there was an Ethiopian in the cabbage patch. My driver, of course, played dumb and wouldn't tell me anything."

"We drove up behind the dilapidated tin hangar, and had no sooner left the car when there arose a most fearful clatter from the lower end of the field. I peered cautiously around the corner of the building and saw one of the planes taking off. Straight toward the hangar it came, bouncing and bucking with the abandon of a rodeo bronc. I held my breath as the pilot stalled her into the air and came fluttering on across the field not over ten feet off the ground.

"I suffered my first heart attack," chuckled the Aviator,



"I suffered my first heart attack when they skidded around the flag pole, missing it by inches."

"when they skidded around the flag pole—missing it by inches. Having successfully passed this hazard to navigation, they headed for a row of trees on the long side of the field, trying to gain altitude with a motor whose exhaust performed like a one lung boat engine. . . . I had visions of stern visage Boards of Investigation and other unpleasantness—with me as chief mourner. . . . But somehow they leap-frogged the trees. After a couple more of these roller coaster exhibitions the old motor started hitting on about five and they managed to get some two hundred feet of altitude.

"I breathed a bit easier for a while, although I expected every minute to see them spin in the way the ship was buzzin' around the field with nose up and one wing down. In fact, they did start a spin—I saw the old nose drop and swing part way around—but by dint of great good luck they got her straightened out again. They couldn't have been making much more than forty knots with the wings set at that steep angle, and the old crate wasn't climbing an inch.

"After perhaps a half hour—though to me it seemed a full week—the gas began to register low, so the embryo pilot made a pass at the field. As I mentioned before, the field was a cow pasture and the cows had returned to their own; the spectators, Marine and spick alike, being so spell-bound by this thrilling exhibition of plain and fancy flying that they had forgotten all about keeping the animals off the field. I forgot to mention that the pilot came in down wind, which added somewhat to his troubles. . . . Not finding a clear space big enough to set his wheels on, he went around again, dodging trees and houses with startled banks and zooms. He had no better luck the second time—still down wind—for the frightened cows were milling all over the field.

"About this time a red-headed motor mechanic broke under the strain and came running toward the hangar crying.

"'Odito! Odito!' he wailed, 'They'll both be killed.'

"The natives, too, were moaning and praying every time the decrepit ship swooped down on the field. The handful of mechs who were standing around didn't say much, but I noticed they were white faced and shaky. I didn't feel so good myself.

"After about the sixth pass," the Aviator resumed after a slight pause, "and after I'd run out of emotions and cuss words, the ancient engine gave up the ghost and let them down. They hit hot and bounced, dragging the tail skag across the back of an indignant and much surprised cow. This would have nosed them over, but the jar shook the stuck carburetor float loose and the idling engine took again—full gun. The wheels barely brushed the ground and they were almost off again when a yearling calf nosed squarely across their bows. . . . The next thing I saw was a shower of chipped beef and a splintered propeller.

"By the time they had dragged their under carriage through a patch of waist-high weeds, and had come to a jolting, shivering, reluctant stop, I was across the field. The two tow-headed Lindys were just climbing out of the wreckage.

"I told them damn gooks,' the pilot was complaining bitterly, 'to keep their lousy caows outa this field. Look what they did to my prop!'

"The prop was wrecked all right—I noticed it afterwards," continued the Aviator when my mirth had subsided somewhat, "and the insides of that calf were plastered most indecently over the front of the ship. . . . I chose that particular moment, however, to announce myself, considering that it would be well for discipline if I questioned these young heroes a bit. They were both members of my Transport Squadron—just kids—second mechs or something like that on one of the flying ox-carts, and to my certain knowledge had never been given any instruction in flying. To say that I was astounded would be putting it mild; I was simply bowled over.

"Who told you to take this ship up?" I managed to gasp.

"'Why, sir, the president give us permission,' they answered guilelessly, not the least bit flustered by their ignoble landing.

"'What president?'

"'Why, the president of Centroagua, sir,' they replied, surprised that I should be so thick.

"'And where did you learn to fly?' I shot at the tall lad with the goggles.

"'I had a hop with Lieutenant Cushling up in Dago,' he replied quite unruffled, 'and I flew a time or two on the outside. I didn't have no trouble, sir,' he assured me most earnestly, 'I'd a made a perfect landing if it hadn't been fer that damn caow.'

"After some questioning all around I elicited the information that these two had really secured permission from the Centroaguayan Minister of War to fly the rickety crates, and had spent several afternoons tuning up one of the motors so it would run after a fashion.

"They had made a perfunctory inspection of the fuselage and wings, tightened up the flying wires one turn apiece—so they told me—and had filled up the tanks with salvaged gasoline. With the stage all set they had announced their intention of taking off on Sunday morning. . . . The spectators were not disappointed with the show and none of them asked for their money back afterwards.

"'Why didn't you ask the major for permission to fly these ships?' I chided them.

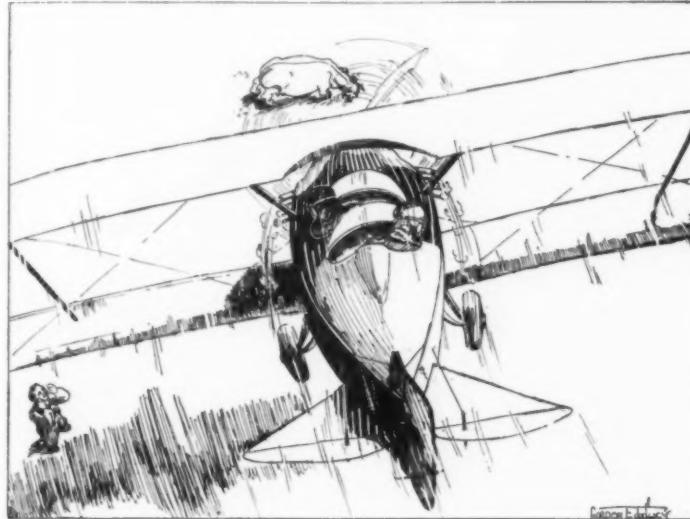
"'Well, sir, it—it—was like this,' they explained sheepishly, 'we wanted to find out, before we bothered him, if we could really keep her in the air.'

"I learned further that the pilot thought the ship was right wing heavy, while the co-pilot insisted that he had one hell of a time keeping the left wing up. . . . Fortunately they both kicked rudder the same way when they skidded around the flagpole. . . . With that I dismissed them until office hours the next morning."

"What did the major say to them?" I inquired presently.

The Aviator smiled reminiscently.

"The last I heard, the case was still pending. Our major, you see, was a good egg. He told the two lads, right fatherly, that he appreciated their spirit, but on account of the Q. M. not having any coffins in stock just then, would they please save him any possible embarrassment by postponing their next flight until suitable arrangements could be made."



"I'd a made a perfect landing if it hadn't been fer that damn caow."



COLONEL THOMAS CALDWELL TURNER

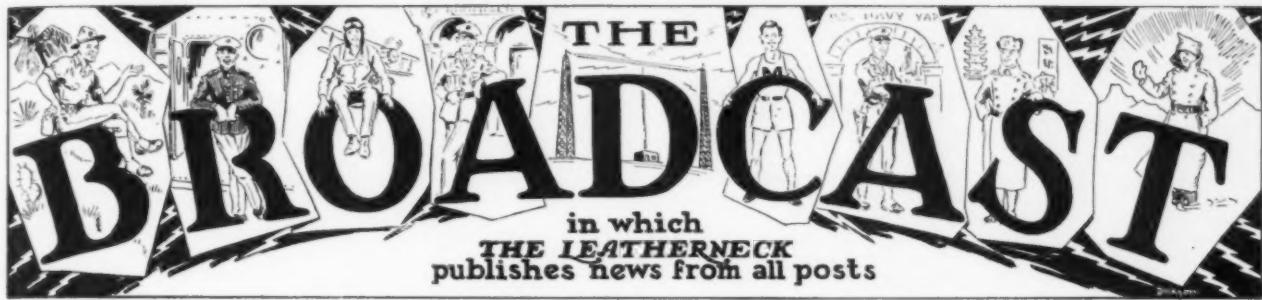
"For Marine Aviation meant almost as much to my husband as did his family."

The foregoing were the words of Mrs. Ethel H. Turner, wife of the dead Chief of Marine Aviation, to the officers and men of the Aircraft Squadrons, E. C. E. F., Brown Field, Quantico, Virginia.

In the passing of Colonel Turner, Brown Field feels the loss of one of the most aggressive commanding officers that it has had since its founding. Aggressive to the extent of getting everything in his power for the promotion and enlargement of Aviation, it is believed that Colonel Turner was the motivating factor in the building program of the field that is now almost half finished.

His untimely death deprives Marine Aviation of a true sportsman, a man revered by all officers and men, and one whose every action on the field and off denoted that of a loved leader of men. His last act, that of getting out of the mired plane and doing the job of the enlisted pilot in inspecting the conditions on a muddy field, was an example of his everyday life. While commanding officer at Brown Field, the Colonel was ever on the job and his way of getting things done by example was an inspiration and a memory to cherish.

All who have served with Colonel Turner feel that they are members of his service family, and will ever hold dear the years under his command.



Quantico News

The Chief Passes

Colonel Thomas Caldwell Turner, U. S. Marine Corps, Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Aviation, died at the Brigade Field Hospital, Port au Prince, Haiti, on October 28, 1931, as the result of injuries received when he was struck by a propeller two days earlier.

The accident occurred at about 3:00 p.m., 26 October, at Gonaives, Haiti. The new Sikorsky, with Gunnery Sergeant Robert E. A. Lillie as pilot and Major Davis as co-pilot, was making the flight to Gonaives for the purpose of making an inspection of the landing field there. A normal landing was made, and as the ship was being taxied to the line, the left wheel bogged down in a mud hole. While the engines were still turning over, Colonel Turner descended from the passengers' compartment to ascertain if any damage had been done.

As he started forward, with his eyes fixed on the left wheel of the plane, he walked directly into the line of the propeller on the left engine. Both blades struck him, according to eye-witnesses.

First aid was immediately given by the native doctors at Gonaives, and an hour later the Brigade Surgeon and the Flight Surgeon arrived by plane from Port au Prince. The U. S. S. "Woodcock" was also dispatched to Gonaives, making the run in five hours. The next day, which was Navy Day, Colonel Turner was returned to Port au Prince on the "Woodcock."

He died at 3:20 p.m., on the 28th, forty-eight hours after the accident. Funeral services were held at the Second Regiment Chapel and the body was placed on board the U. S. S. "Kittery" for transportation to the States. A company of men from Squadron VO-9M, Bowen Field, Port au Prince, under Captain Field Harris, and eight gunnery sergeants from the aviation unit who acted as body-bearers, took part in the ceremonies, and formations were flown over the funeral procession and later over the "Kittery" as she pulled out to sea.

Colonel Turner was born in 1882 at Mare Island, California, where his mother, Mrs. Mary Turner, still lives. He had made his home in Washington for years and left widow, Mrs. Ethel Turner. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1901 and won a lieutenancy the next year.

By 1916 he was a major and the next year he became an aviator. He was attached to the Army then, commanding the flying field at Ellington, Texas, until after the war, when he was ordered back to his own branch of the service.

Then he went to Haiti, winning the military medal of that country for repulsing with "remarkable valor" an attack of insurgents against the capital. In 1920 he was appointed officer in charge of Marine Corps aviation. Next year he won the Distinguished Flying Cross for an extended flight to Santo Domingo, the longest unguarded land plane flight over water up to that time.

During the succeeding years he served at various Marine stations. He commanded the aircraft squadrons in China and in 1929 was again appointed chief of Marine aviation. He was on this assign-

The new aviation chief holds the Navy Cross for flying in France, was in command of the Legation Guard at Peking from 1914 to 1916 and has held important posts in most of the Marine stations scattered around the globe.

He headed a relief flight to Santo Domingo after the 1930 hurricane and this year carried medical supplies to Managua, Nicaragua, after the earthquake destroyed that city. His home is in Green Cove Springs, Florida.

Brown Field Bull-e-tins

Fire that threatened the destruction of the entire observation hangars of VO Squadron 6-M was fought to the last ditch by every member of the command on the afternoon of the fifth of November when static electricity set fire to one of the O2C-1's that was being gased after the day's flying activities. Despite the fact that the four planes that were afire had full gas tanks every man around dashed in with extinguishers and fought the flames to extinction with the loss of only one of the planes. Gunnery Sergeant Hopwood C. Kildow sustained very painful burns on the right hand in diverting the flames from the other planes stored in the hangar. Three of the planes are now back in commission and ready to fly. Much credit is due to every man and officer on the field who fought fearlessly and risked their lives for the preservation of the aircraft.

This field is now in possession of one of them "Auto-flyros" and all hands are getting many thrills out of flying and riding in the "in-place-halt" landing airplane. Most of the pilots have checked out in the craft and its Don Quixote flailing rotor is a sight for sore eyes.

The OIC Aviation's planes at Anacostia are now under the charge of Gunnery Sergeant Jack Church, who until lately was a big "Duck" pilot out in the little island of Guam. Jack is ably handling the Marine planes at the Capital and, in addition, is doing quite a bit of flying for the Navy. He is always on hand to greet the visiting firemen from Brown Field and has his car at the disposal of all those who transact business in the city.

With the football season coming to a close we have two Aviation boys who have contributed no little toward the success of the Quantico squad for the year. They are Privates First Class Jack Carter and Harley H. Dupler. Carter is one of the fastest wing men on the squad and Dupler is hailed as one of the best guards



Major Roy S. Geiger, New Chief of Marine Aviation.

ment when he decided to take to Haiti the big amphibian plane which caused his death.

Colonel Turner's remains reached the United States on the 5th of November and were interred in Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors.

New Chief

Major Roy S. Beiger has been selected as chief of Marine Corps aviation, succeeding Colonel Thomas C. Turner. Major Geiger, who has been commanding Aircraft Squadrons, Quantico, Va., reported to Headquarters November 6.

that the Marine Corps has ever had. These boys are quite a bit unsung and deserve a lot of credit for the sacrifices that they have made in order to fight for Quantico.

Major Roy S. Geiger, our former Commanding Officer, relieved Colonel Turner, deceased, as O. I. C. Marine Aviation on the 6th of November. As a squadron commander during the World War and with his many accomplishments since in Marine Aviation, Major Geiger is as well qualified for the job as any man in the Marine Flying Corps and the entire field congratulates him on the promotion.

Major James T. Moore has taken over the reins of C. O. of the field vice Major Geiger. His whole-hearted enthusiasm in every activity has always made him a very popular officer.

Snapping-in for the coming duck season are many nimrods about the station. First Lieutenant Ivan Miller and Chief Marine Gunner Harold Ogden have set up a portable clay pigeon trap and Gunner Sergeant Nero Winchester and Master Sergeant Bill Groves have repaired the field trap on the river bank and have given daily lunch time demonstrations at the art of busting 'em. Major Moore stepped up one day last week and broke several consecutive birds to prove that he still has his eye on 'em.

Aviation turned out in large parties for the Baltimore Firemen and the American Legion game in Philadelphia. Many planes made the trip to Philadelphia and some had good lessons in navigation bucking low-hanging fogs.

Chief Marine Gunner Jacob Roeller is now listed among those who after years and years have deserted the ranks of the joys of single blessedness. Mr. Roeller was married on 31 October, a week ahead of the scheduled time, according to the announcements. After a 10-day leave Mr. and Mrs. Roeller are making their temporary home in Washington. Mrs. Roeller was Miss Josephine Fogarty of Butte, Montana, and a graduate of Montana University and the Washington College of Music. We are sure with the many friends that Mr. Roeller has all over the Marine Corps that this announcement will be read with interest.

General Russell Succeeds Butler

Brigadier General John H. Russell, the Marine who helped Haiti become a model civil government in the West Indies, is to become the next commanding general at Quantico, Va. He is due to report there about December 1, 1931, to take over the reins.

In making this announcement, Marine Corps headquarters said Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley, who has been temporarily in command since the retirement of General Butler on October 1, will leave there November 7. He will become commanding general of the Second Brigade at Managua, Nicaragua.

Brigadier General Frederick L. Bradman, who won notice as commanding officer of the Second Brigade in Nicaragua, due to his work in the recent Managua earthquake and for his ingenuity in coping with bandits, is leav-

ing the Central American Republic. He is being assigned to duty on the Pacific Coast and may take General Russell's place at San Diego, Calif. Quantico's next commandant has been until a few days back the commanding general of the Marine Corps Base there.

This shift in the Marine Corps high command is an interesting sidelight on the question uppermost in the minds of most officers in the service: "Who is going to be the new major general to take the place of General Butler?"

Various speculations center around this problem. In some quarters, it is believed President Hoover, due to the press of economic problems, has laid aside this appointment until later. Still another group believes that as a part of the naval economy program the vacancy may not be filled.

Those that believe the Marine Corps is going to get a new major general focus attention on Major General Ben H. Fuller, commandant of the Marine Corps.

There is the theory that he will be made a permanent major general, as he



is but a brigadier general on the regular list. The name of Brigadier General John T. Myers, who has been acting commandant in General Fuller's absence, also has been suggested.

There are other officers who think Quantico's new skipper, General Russell, may be promoted.

General Russell was born in California, November 14, 1872, and was appointed to the U. S. Naval Academy from "at large" May 18, 1888. He was transferred to the Marine Corps and commissioned a second lieutenant July 1, 1894; was promoted first lieutenant August 10, 1898; captain, March 3, 1899; major, June 6, 1906; lieutenant colonel, August 29, 1916; colonel, March 26, 1917, and brigadier general January 1, 1922.

Lieutenant Russell served on board the U. S. S. "Massachusetts" during the war with Spain, and in Guam from April 21, 1899, to December 8, of that year. After a period of home service, he was ordered to command the Marine guard of the U. S. S. "Oregon," and served in that capacity from September 23, 1902, to March 26, 1904. From August 23,

1906, to May 30, 1907, Major Russell was in command of the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Honolulu, T. H., and upon relief from that duty was ordered to Camp Elliott, Panama Canal Zone, to command the Marines stationed there. He was detached and ordered home July 26, 1908; served on the staff of the Naval War College from September 26, 1908, to September 24, 1910, and from November 14, 1910, to April 30, 1913, commanded the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peking, China.

From April 30, 1914, to December 4, of the same year, Major Russell commanded the Second Battalion, Third Regiment of Marines at Vera Cruz, Mexico, being on detached duty with the Army during that period. As Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel he commanded the First Provisional Brigade of Marines in the Republic of Haiti, in which capacity he served with distinction until December 7, 1918.

He returned to command the First Brigade in Haiti October 1, 1919, and served in that capacity until February 11, 1922, when he was appointed by the President, American High Commissioner, with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary, to represent the President of the United States in Haiti. He rendered distinguished service in that capacity until November 12, 1930, when he was detached and returned to the States.

General Russell was awarded the Haitian Medaille Militaire by the President of Haiti for "invaluable services to the Republic of Haiti" and the Navy Cross for "distinguished service in the line of his profession in able administration of the First Provisional Brigade of Marines in Haiti, and for wisdom and tact in all his dealings with the officials of the Haitian Government and people."

Upon his detachment from duty as American High Commissioner, General Russell was commended by letters from the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a position of great responsibility as American High Commissioner to the Republic of Haiti."

On December 14, 1930, General Russell was ordered to duty as commanding General, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., and is now under orders to report to Quantico, Va., not later than December 1, 1931, to assume command of that base, vice General Butler, retired.

Who's Who & Why

Out of the maze of reorganization, lo and behold, we find the old Headquarters Co. sporting a new moniker, namely, Bks. Det., Post Ser. Bn., Quantico, Va. The personnel of the Post Quartermaster are attached to this company and here is a little personal, intimate glimpse of them at their best. Amongst those present, we have "Three-Copy" Puckett, the smiling Quartermaster Sergeant, who handles and dispenses transportation and subsistence (but none too freely). We also have Quartermaster Sergeant Granger, now on reenlistment furlough. Among the working men are "Canthepit" Weir, who ably assists Corporal Rechutti, just back from a thirty-day furlough, looking none the worse for the experience. "Johnnie" Johnston, a protege of Puckett's, who

is like that about subsistence. Wallace, Thompson and Newman, who, according to reports, are said to be working there (you can't prove it by me).

In the sergeant major's office, we trip over a brand new sergeant major, none other than "Peewee" Miller, formerly of the Sig. Bn. Across from the sergeant major's desk we see a familiar face. You guessed right, it is Percy Uhlinger, the transfer clerk, who has occupied same desk, same job and same office for the past four years. Sergeant Sharp is in charge of the Demon Files, assisted by Giangiobbe, who, after taking a thirty-day furlough, decided not to extend for China (said to be heart trouble).

J. J. Reese, who turns the handle of the mimeograph machine like an organ-grinder still laments the loss of the beers of Nicaragua. Sergeant Van Horn, editor of the daily newspaper of the office, The Change Sheet. Bradford, who collaborates with Speight on the Who's Who and Why of this post. W. H. Reese and O'Neil either endorsing correspondence or fanning the breeze about their campaigns, travels or the shooting of the "Whoopie Birds" in the Far East. O'Neil, much to his sorrow, will be leaving Quantico by virtue of furlough-transfer to Mare Island. Sergeant Vann (Baxter, himself) handles the correspondence for the adjutant. Carlough and Fields are to leave this office soon for China. They will be accompanied on their long trip over the deep blue by Bell, Floyd and Merwin.

Will, Henry and Meyer assist Paymaster Sergeant Brown and McKay in their juggling-and-balancing-of-figures act in the Paymaster Office. Groff has an act of his own in the Family Hospital Association, balancing of figures (no juggling). Frantz, the gum-chewing stenog, is said to be ga-ga (borrowing Walter Winchell's expression) over a certain blonde (report as yet not confirmed, may be brunette). Hill and Harris are guards on the school bus. Hoover, the great big man from the South, is marking time until his discharge, then to follow the plow once more. Underwood, with his pleasing personality loved by all, is our beloved property sergeant.

First Sergeant Carlson is the top-soldier of this outfit. Feinberg assists him in the capacity of a company clerk. The Post Exchange clerks are attached to this company but not quartered with us. They have their own palatial quarters in the Post Exchange. Deifel, Bell, Stevenson, Lehrer, Moss, and Stenson are the boys behind the counter at the local PX, who render service in an ever-smiling manner.—A. Lavish.

Notes

In a special letter from the Secretary of the Navy, Captain John H. Fay, U. S. M. C., was commended for exceptional and distinguished services during the disastrous earthquake at Managua, Nicaragua.

In a special letter from the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, First Lieutenant Clifton L. Marshall, U. S. M. C., was commended for his excellent services as instructor of the Virginia National Guard Rifle Team during August, 1931.

The Commanding General, Quantico, Virginia, received a letter from the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, thanking the officers and men of the Rifle Range, Quantico, Virginia, for the assistance and courtesy given the officers and men of the Coast Guard Cutters "Mendota" and "Apache," during their 1931 small arms target practice, held at Quantico.

Gunnery Sergeant Lester V. Henson and Sergeant Zebulon P. Brundage, U. S. Marine Corps, were orderlies for the President of the United States, while he was aboard the U. S. S. "Arkansas," in connection with an official visit to the Sesquicentennial at Yorktown, Virginia.

Both Gunnery Sergeant Henson and Sergeant Brundage were commended for the excellent performance of their duties.

A luncheon in honor of Brigadier General and Mrs. Randolph C. Berkeley was given by the Baltimore Fire Commissioners at the Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, prior to the football game Saturday. Other prominent guests were Major General and Mrs. Paul B. Malone, U. S. Army, Commanding 3rd Corps



Area and Staff Officers and their wives from the Marine Barracks, Quantico.

In special letters from the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, the following members of the Marine Corps Rifle Team, stationed at Quantico, were commended for their part in winning the 1931 National Rifle Team Match:

First Lieutenant Pierson E. Conradt, Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher, Sergeant Kenneth E. Harker, Sergeant Carl I. Laine, Corporal John C. Blodgett.

The letters stated that the services rendered by the above named men, as members of the Marine Corps Rifle Team, reflected great credit upon themselves and the Marine Corps. Bronze National Rifle Team Medals were awarded each team member, at a parade and review on Thursday, November 5th, by Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley.

Colonel James J. Meade, U. S. M. C., Chief of Staff, Marine Barracks, Quan-

tico, Virginia, received his commission as Colonel on November 2nd.

* * *

Congressman Harold Smith, of Alexandria, Virginia, was the honor guest of Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley, the Commanding General, at an evening parade on Thursday, November 5th.

* * *

The 10th Marines entertained at a costume dance on the evening of the 6th of November at the Post Gymnasium. Lieutenant Colonel A. B. Drum, commanding officer of the 10th, and his men are to be congratulated as the affair was a very attractive one and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

The honorary guests of the evening were Brigadier General Randolph C. Berkeley and Colonel James J. Meade. General Berkeley and Mrs. De Boo led the Grand March, after which refreshments were served. A large number of guests from Washington were present and seemed to enjoy every minute of it. Music was furnished by an orchestra from the post band.

Parris Island

A Boot's Diary

I arrived at the Port in Royal style on the evening of March 7th, and my new boss immediately showed his authority by "docking" me the minute I hit Parris Island. But that didn't bother me for I knew that I'd soon be making good money—not much but good.

Having arrived too late for a regular meal they took me to the galley where "Shorty" Merante reigned—I should have said stormed—where I proceeded to rush reinforcements to the interior.

After the mess was partaken of, I had a short talk with several men wading around the galley in rubber boots. I afterwards decided that this must be the reason for calling it "boot camp."

I was then taken to No. 1 Recruit Barracks, where a friendly sergeant relieved me of my "civies" and gave me in exchange a pair of blue dungarees. Being over six feet tall, I naturally drew a pair that Napoleon would have caught cold in. I wished many a time that I had a larger pair so that I could wear them longer.

The next day I went over to No. 4 Barracks. Not having a full platoon, I had to wait over two weeks during which time I worked in the stamping room under Sergeant Jenkins. It was there that I made my first mark in the Marine Corps.

On March 20th Sergeant Buckley (who is every inch a soldier) gave us our first drill and due to my height I was made "gawk" number one. Not many of us had watches so we kept time with our feet.

The next day we drew our uniforms which were just as green as we were, but much smarter than the majority.

That evening we "taxied" over to the East Wing, and the platoon proceeded to take up housekeeping, surrounded by a swamp, Corporals McAlexander and Neugent, and a million sand fleas.

They put us to work cleaning our rifles and we all had a barrel of fun. After a while it became quite a bore.

When the sergeant said I had a dirty magazine I threw away my copy of the "Police Gazette!"

At the end of our third day's drill he told us to fall out and it was all I could do to keep from falling down.

I was told so often to pick up my dress, that I came to believe my parents had deceived me!

I have jumped at a whistle so much I'll be afraid to go on liberty in any city that has traffic cops. If I heard a whistle I'd probably "pick up my dress" and run.

Rolling heavies soon became second nature to me. I soon got so I could put everything into it but my locker box and still have room left for a full month's pay.

I wrote my mother that we were going to the range. She wrote back that she was surprised to learn that I was taking up cooking!

I finally got her to understand what I meant and she said that the Angels would watch over me—and the dirty sons-of-guns bit me.

The moral to this spasm being that Mother Nature—in Nature the sap rises! The Marine Corps is not at all like old—F. G. Otis.

Giggle Gas

Please don't be offended at anything I say in this column. I am going on the theory that most people have a little sense—even if it's only a sense of humor.

One thing Sergeant Merl Smith doesn't understand about radio is how the static knows when he is going to have company.

Private Horace Bateman is rather stuck-up in his new Studebaker, isn't he? The place for snubbers is ON the car, not IN it, Horace.

The regularity of the Special Delivery letters that "Red" Griffin receives has sort of changed our opinion of him as a statistician. We now agree that he is an authority on figures—but not mathematically speaking!

Corporals Fern and Campanelli claim to be woman-haters. But we notice that they keep right on shaving every day.

We have been wondering whether the sudden cool wave here on Parris Island

arriving so soon after Sergeant "Dutch" Hoffman's departure was merely coincidental?

I was seated in the NCO Club the other evening when our able gridmen "Sharkey" Shumway, "Horse" Pierce, and "Red" Campbell entered. "Bill" Partridge turned around and asked me who those four men were—what a life!

Ramblings

Word reaches us here that our old friend "Doctor" Johannes K. P. Hoffmann has finally reached Quantico and is helping regulate the weather there in the Aerological office at Brown Field. That "Brown" part of it sounds natural, doesn't it Doctor, but how about the "Field"? Yet we must remember that "field" goes hand in hand with "farm." We have been told that the Doctor took six days to get from Parris Island to Quantico and we are all wondering why all the "Dill-on-dallying" on the way up.

Sergeant Major Larn has been informed that he is going somewhere soon (funny thing for a Marine to learn isn't it?)—where and when he hasn't the remotest conception. To cap it all, the Sergeant Major decided the best thing to do was to go fishing. The Sergeant Major and his henchman, Sergeant Peterson, have quite a contest in the surrounding waters.

Navy Day was a gala day on the Island, the "Dupont" (destroyer) being here all day and the post and the "Dupont" opened to the public from early morning until late in the evening. Many visitors from all over the country came to take a look at the way the Soldiers of the Sea live and carry on and went away greatly interested in our activities. The afternoon of the day was filled with speeches by prominent citizens, a football game, and to climax the great event, the "Los Angeles" dropped in on us just about dark for the night.

Private First Class Coggins says that Headquarters looked at his request wrong—he wished duty in the land of the "Ding How" and received orders for Nicaragua. We are afraid that Headquarters looked at it just as they thought best.

Speaking of tough breaks, though, Corporal DePishon says it is pretty tough when he has to give the Amateur Golf Champion of the State of South Carolina a handicap of about four holes to get him on the links. Dr. Patton of the dental corps at Parris Island is the State Champion.

With the military police taking over the guard of the post, we find Sergeant Tyson, our "commissioner of police," with his hands full. He has a regular provost company to look after. This additional duty, coupled with his many bridge parties, keeps the commissioner rather busy. For First Sergeant Quinn's information (down in Haiti somewhere) those bridge games that Tyson participates in are played with cards—funny thing isn't it, Quinn, and you never had thought of playing it that way, had you?

Sergeant Golden was saying the other evening that he supposed he would have to give up playing football—he said it was a funny thing about the youngsters who came into the Marine Corps in re-

cent years and who come out for football practice; that they have no respect for old age at all. Speaking of old timers in athletics, we have received word that "Mike" Wetja has been ordered to this post from that famous beach out at Honolulu.

Private First Class Frank Carollo, having grown tired (?) of basking in the sunny south, has picked up his stakes and moved up to the barracks in the Navy Yard at Washington. That breaks up another combination of Foster and Carollo—don't know what the little girls of the South are going to do now, Frank. They tell me, Frank, that our old friend, Staff Sergeant "Bill" Williams, is the berries in Washington just now. I am fearful for the capital.

We wonder what Sergeant Major Marvin T. Ball sees in Nicaragua—you just seem to be unable to keep that fellow out of that country. All of which reminds me of a recommendation made by a certain naval lieutenant in connection with a pamphlet being made up for the information of officers and men under orders to Nicaragua. His recommendation was "try to get out of coming down here." But then we Marines have an uncanny way of making ourselves at home in any old place.

Mr. Norris, the postmaster, appeared rather put out that no mention was made of the Parris Island Postoffice in the Parris Island issue of the "Neck." We had to inform him that our write-ups only covered first-class things and it happens that the postoffice is a second class one. However, he called attention to the fact that it rendered first class service and we all had to agree to that. The postoffice is most capably run by Mr. Norris, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Downs—they all have many friends in the Corps, both here and throughout the world, as many men have come in contact with them and always found them most courteous and willing to render every assistance to all.

The first post dance at the Post Inn went over big on the evening of 29 October with a goodly crowd present. A most enjoyable time was had by all, so they say. First Sergeant Walcutt's orchestra rendered excellent music for the dance.

"Nemo," of the Rifle Range, is reported as saying that he is too little to be running with these boys down on Parris Island and that he would like to get back to Quantico. You are likely to get run over, "Nemo," especially if a circus ever came to the Island. You know, one of those circuses with elephants n'everything.

Corporal "Red" Griffin, the post statistician, has been reported as having developed quite a taste for "figures." We notice he receives the regular special delivery and that he is always anxious to run up to Philadelphia. For the information of those who do not know (it is no disgrace, for the Adjutant and Inspector, General Lane, asked about it) the "post statistician" is the man who handles all the personnel reports in Post Headquarters. We have a reputation of never doing anything by halves and we certainly lived up to it when we gave that job a title.

Sergeant Merl Smith and the writer figured out a new scheme for shooting the range and always hitting the bull's-



eye, but in the end we found that we had a most miserable score. Those discovering new ways of shooting perfect scores with the rifle should take warning that apparently the best way to shoot is laid down in that little score book that is given to you when you go to the range.—E. B. Hardy.

Speakers, Dirigible, Golf

Navy Day, the twenty-seventh of October, was observed here on the Island formally by impressive ceremonies at Lee Field, and informally by a football game, movies, a dance, and various other welcome diversions. School children as well as the grown-ups of Beaufort, Savannah, and many other of the surrounding cities were present for the occasion. The exercises opened on Lee Field with approximately twenty-one hundred Marines, sailors, and civilians present. Mr. T. Cravens, general chairman, presided. A special effort was made by him to call attention to the wonderful work done by President Roosevelt for the Navy, and also that the ceremonies were being held as a token of remembrance and observance of his birthday.

Lieutenant Commander Kiefer, commanding the U. S. S. "Dupont," spoke of interesting facts in connection with the building and operation of destroyers. He made clear how useful destroyers like the "Dupont," which was at the Island during the holiday, were to the United States in time of war. A former Navy man (Senator Harvey Speaks), who served at the Great Lakes Training Station, was the next speaker on the program; and he recounted his experiences as a sailor, and called attention to the admirable record of that branch of service. Remarks of Senator W. B. Harvey brought out that the Navy's present standing was due largely to the efforts of President Roosevelt. He also said that it was indeed a pleasure for the citizens of Beaufort to join with the officials of Parris Island on this occasion.

Congressman B. B. Hare was next presented to the spectators. He spoke at length of his great esteem for our Post Commander, General Harry Lee, and stated that it was a pleasure to co-operate in the interests of Parris Island. He spoke of the Navy of yesteryears and the Navy of today, and stressed that it was the strongest unit of defense of our nation. In closing his speech he said "that obedience and virtue were necessary to success."

Immediately after the official exercises there was a football game between the Porter Military Academy and the Marines. After a hard fought battle, the Marines tried to rally during the second quarter—there being no score for either side during the first—but the lads from Porter broke through their ranks to score a touchdown. The third quarter found the boys fighting about evenly. An intercepted pass in the fourth, followed by a long run and another pass, which was carried for almost thirty yards, gave the Marines their only score for the afternoon. A well executed pass gained an extra point. The rest of the quarter found the ball in the center of the field, and the game ended with the score 12-7 in favor of the visitors.

The Navy dirigible "Los Angeles" ar-

rived at the Island about 6:45 and was moored immediately for the night by the Marines, who were her ground crew for her stay here. The ship took off for Lakehurst early Wednesday morning.

The observance of Navy Day was brought to a close with the cinema "East of Borneo." An enlisted men's dance, sponsored by the Post Exchange, was given at the Post Inn. Guests were invited to the dance, which started at nine and lasted until one. Numerous other parties were given on the Island to welcome the visitors from the neighboring cities.

Wasn't it Manor who drove his painfully chugging car up to the race track gate and was asked by the gate keeper for the usual entrance fee, "A dollar for the car, mister"? This old boy was completely surprised, but immediately, with a smile of relief, exclaimed: "Sold!" We believe that it was this same motorist, who, sitting in a restaurant, absent-mindedly pointed at his new sweetie and said, "Fill 'er up, boy."

The Parris Island Golfers were defeated by Stono's Golfers in a contest held at Riverland last week by the score of 41½ to 29½. J. M. and Charles M. Whitsett defeated Lieutenant Commander E. K. Patton, the South Carolina champion; and Clyde DePishon, winning, 7½ points to 1½, for their opponents. J. M. Whitsett had the best score of the day, making a 79 to win over Dr. Patton, while DePishon was defeated by Charles M. Whitsett. Paul T. Palmer and W. D. Wagner paired in the number two match to be in on the winning score of 7½ to 1½ points. The Island Golfers scored a victory when F. A. Armstead and W. D. Wagner and Chief Q. M. Clerk R. W. Jeter defeated Wally Shaffer and R. S. Pinckney, 6½ points to 2½. Williard Shaw and L. F. Valley of Stono won over J. C. Richards and H. M. Bailey, 9 points to 0. H. R. Huff and Quartermaster-Sergeant Nichols of the Island defeated Courtney Olney, and E. T. Gainey, Stono, 6½ to 2½ points. W. W. Muckenfress and J. R. Herrin, Stono, and C. D. Kirk and "Swede" Larson, of the Island, played to a tie, 4½ to 4½ points. F. E. Conden and J. M. Knobelock of Stono were defeated and J. J. Altman and F. S. Paulnot were winners for Stono in the other matches. Mr. Jeter and Captain Phillips, of the Island, were consistent players of this game while in Managua and Mr. Jeter has continued, with the result that he was the winner in the present contest. Quartermaster Sergeant Nichols is quite a figure in the golf realm on the Island and in this game seems to have "brought home the bacon." Most likely, Captain Phillips will take part in some of the future games.—Bristy.

Depression Hits

According to the latest reports of the press, it looks as if more than 4,000 sailors and Marines will be taken from the roster of Uncle Sam and turned out into a world in the grip of a "depression." Parris Island is included in the money-saving program and much progress has already been made in carrying out this project. The estimated dollars-and-cents of this move, according to reports, for the Marine Corps, is \$960,000.



Some of the old-timers who have fought rebels in Nicaragua and kept safe the lives and property of Americans in China, Cuba, Haiti, and many other places, are about to be ousted with practically nothing to face the rigors of a hard winter in a land without jobs.

The new allotment of the enlisted personnel on the Island resulted in quite a number of the boys saying "adois," and during the past few days they have been leaving in groups for Hampton Roads to await further transfer to China, Haiti, or one of the many other posts that have not, as yet, been affected by the "cut plan."

In the near future, it is rumored, there will be installed in the Main Station mess hall a cafeteria system which will "cut" the force of messmen down to a minimum. "The 'cut,'" opines one of the many who are to remain on the island, "doesn't seem to effect the routine inspections, however!"

Yet, in view of the slash that is to take place in the Corps, there are many improvements being made and many new installations appearing. The latest project is the installation of a heating system in the quarters at the Receiving Barracks, the heat being supplied by the Main Station power plant. Lately the projects of the illumination of water tanks, stacks and all the towers in the area for the benefit of aviation, and the painting of the name of this station and a marker on the roof of No. 10 building, have been completed. Then, too, there has been reconstruction work going on at the officers' quarters: remodeling them, adding a room or so. There is also the new freezing system in No. 10 building, and the remodeling of the east end of the same building for offices—the Subsistence Office being already there. Lately, the Post Exchange buildings were given a new coat of paint.

"Can we weather the storm that looms on the horizon?" ask the boys in the post quartermaster's office. The personnel includes the following: Colonel F. J. Schwable, Quartermaster Sergeants Thompson, Baldwin and Nichols. Bald-

win is to be transferred to the Naval Operating Base, New Orleans, in the near future. It is said that Nichols will be the relief. With them are also to be found Privates Lasky and Delboccio and Pfc. Bristow.

The following officer and enlisted man have been transferred to and from this post during the past few days: Captain Donald F. Spicer arrived from Haiti; First Sergeant Richard was transferred to Fourth Marines, Shanghai.

Now that we have some of old man winter's cold days, the swimming season has been placed on the shelf until next spring. The floats that were in the dry dock basin are to be removed in the near future and with them goes memories of many refreshing afternoons spent swimming there during the sultry days of the past summer. The basin here, at high tide, affords an ideal place for a dip and at the Receiving Barracks there is another pool. The Rifle Range has a fine place, too. At high tide they have a fine "swimming hole" and most likely before the season comes around again, the carpenter of the detachment will have a new diving board erected for the personnel.

There has been a pronounced display of green uniforms here during the past few days. No doubt all are certain that this isn't just another cold spell but that winter is here to stay.

For the past twelve years, Corporal Wileford has traveled here and there via naval transports and such, but not until a few years ago did his name go into complete oblivion. The boys all know him as "Nemo." All through the sunny tropic scenes of Nicaragua and in the cold snows of Indian Head, Maryland, the name stuck, and now the title of Corporal Wileford is completely shelved.

"Nemo" is now doing duty on the Island with the Rifle Range Detachment, as guardian of the 1,000-yard butts. Recently there went through the Quartermaster Department a requisition for a duty belt to fit the old boy so that he could take part in the drills and exercises that are on the schedule here, and that, heretofore, he hasn't had the pleasure of attending.—Bristy.

Schools

"I've Got the Can . . ."

Articles have appeared in "The Leatherneck" from time to time concerning the progress and activities of the Quartermaster's School. The last article was written by a member of the class of July, 1931. It seems to be the aim of each class to keep the Corps informed of our endeavors here, and this class will try to live up to the precedent.

The School of Administration, Quartermaster's Department, was originated for the purpose of instructing selected enlisted men of the Corps in quartermaster work. Marines selected for this school are given every opportunity to adjust themselves to quartermaster routine.

The school is located at the Depot of Supplies, 1100 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. It is the one and only school of its kind in existence.

For your information, we have secured, "by special permission of the copyright owners," sole rights to our class yell, "Ouch!" Our class colors are black and blue, our theme song entitled, "Up the alley and over the fence, I've got the

can, who has ten cents?" This song was written by a Marine from Camden, N. J., but may be obtained from any member of the class on or before the first of February, 1932. The price is high, but the song is worth it.

We, the class of '32 have the honor of being enrolled in the largest class ever to be instructed in the fine art of quartermaster administration. In other words, we are members of a class of 33 nobly-minded men, ranking as follows: 15 sergeants, 9 corporals, 5 privates first class, and 5 privates of the lowest rank.

Our instructor, Quartermaster Sergeant Hayes Ranier, is a very capable man, not only in the classroom but as a leader and one to appreciate later when we come to realize that his position is a trying one. At present Quartermaster Sergeant Ranier is taking the examination for quartermaster clerk. We wish him success and sincerely hope the publication of this article will find him promoted.

Sergeant Henry C. Armstrong joined the class from Philadelphia, and is senior non-com in charge of the gang. Sergeant See, Sergeant Armstrong and Sergeant Boshman are looking forward to partici-

Corps may draw a deep breath and relax insofar as worry over this item is concerned—we know it backwards, crossways, and forwards.

Clothing was the next covered and how the boys went for it!

The reason for our digesting the Manual in such an easy manner is due to the unusual thoroughness and patience of our instructor, Quartermaster Sergeant Ranier.

Sergeant Charles R. Jackson, joined from the U. S. S. "Lexington," is the hardest working member of the class. He no doubt comes from that staunch family of "Stonewall" Jacksons.

Other members of the class are: Sergeants L. T. Hughes, C. E. Gardner, A. L. Kent, A. Zeigler, E. D. Schindledecker, C. O. Fields, and Arthur Kaplan.

We also have a goodly number of corporals which should be mentioned as they are all hard working, conscientious men: E. J. Watson, A. J. Davidson, P. B. Cowles, E. B. Renn, and David J. Trojan.

The privates first class include L. H. Santee, B. A. McGraw, F. C. Miller, and Newson R. Baxley.

The privates are V. A. McNeill, R. L. Doty, Paul Wells, and Arthur H. Cook.

All Marines mentioned in this article were joined from the various posts and sea-going detachments throughout the Marine Corps, and each one takes this opportunity to send best regards and wishes to all former shipmates.—Fred R. Philpot.

San Diego

Surprise Inspection

Out of a very clear and complacent sky, Aircraft Squadrons, West Coast Expeditionary Force, San Diego, California, received notice that the Major General Commandant would be inspecting this command very soon after his arrival. An occasion such as this is regarded by a few as a special invitation to demonstrate the very best they have. While we had no official information regarding the kind of inspection to be held we were very careful to be prepared for anything the MGC might desire and naturally toiled several hours preparing our equipment. The chagrin of the entire outfit can well be imagined when he came upon us almost unofficially and inspected the post in its working clothes. It afforded an occasion for many of us to see the Supreme Command which, I understand, happens but rarely in the course of one cruise. There was none of the pomp and ceremony usually associated with commandants and high officials and the manner in which the inspection was conducted seemed to convey an impression of fatherly interest rather than one of sharp criticism. He inspected the ships on the line and later included the shops and from the many pleased smiles on his face it is to be judged that he was not at all disappointed with what he found.

We have recently completed the transfers to the new VS squadron and while it is complete from C. O. to company clown it still has the appearance of being just a baby outfit. The East Coast squadron which is supposed to go aboard the "Lexington" is at present attached to this organization and we look forward to the time when they are called to duty by their ship. Not that we don't



pating as possible politicians in the coming 1932 elections. Sergeant Harry T. Lucke joined the class from the U. S. S. "New Mexico." He has just completed a short cruise on the U. S. S. "Arkansas" as orderly for President Hoover during the Yorktown celebrations.

We have wonderful material for a quartermaster sergeant in Corporal Jenkins. Jenkins was joined from Parris Island.

Corporal Albert W. Chenoweth, with the aid of Mr. Jenkins, is the sole authority on the games of "500" and pinochle.

Sergeant Seraphine G. Musachia, with the aid of Corporal Cole B. Taylor and Corporal Earl C. Tipton, has seen the musical comedy produced by Earl Carroll, known in normal times as the "Vanities." Mr. Musachia is a great authority on musical comedies and the whole school benefits. Mr. Al Jolson is in town and we are endeavoring to connect him with Private Crabtree. Jolson does not know it, but—what a singing team they would make.

Up to the present time we have covered two chapters in the Marine Corps Manual on quartermaster's work. Chapters 17 and 18, public property being the open topic when school commenced.

We are all well acquainted with the property account at this time, and the

like them, you understand, but because the barracks are too crowded.

More of the Same

Navy Day has come and gone and still we survive. But for the fact that Navy Day was boasted in the local papers I doubt very much if anyone in West Coast Marine Aviation would have known that it was Navy Day. Things traveled as smoothly as on any other day and the public took advantage of the day to acquaint themselves with the interior workings of the great Navy machine. All the ships in the harbor had bunting flung out to the brisk sea air that prevails here at this season of the year; in fact, they seemed to be the only ones seriously observing this day of public inspection. There were seven parachute jumps that day for the public's amusement, six of which were made by Navy men and the other by Private Dawdy of this organization. Private Abbott was also going to jump but when it was discovered that he is now what is known as a qualified man, he was not allowed to jump. He had his chute all packed, too, poor fellow.

Orders have been received directing that another detail be sent to Nicaragua via the U. S. S. "Sirius" in November. Being very short of men available for foreign duty, it is necessary to transfer many of the Old Guard. Many of our men have spent four years here on this station and all have looked eagerly forward to the time they may be detailed to take-off. Several of the men, recently returned from Nicaragua, were eager to return but we were able to send only one back. There seems to be something about the tropics that gets them.

A detail was made up to go to the East Coast and to be further transferred to several of the service schools there. Sergeant Jones is going to the Instrument School, Private Fraser to the Parachute School, Corporal Thetford to the Aerographers' School and Private Hooper to the Photographers' School. It is the first time any of these men have been on the East Coast and I suppose they will have a great time spending their weekends in New York and other nearby hamlets. Private Fraser recently completed a tour of duty on this station of four years duration and when he shipped over he requested that he be sent to school. It must seem like foreign duty to him to be going to the East Coast where things are supposed to be so quaint and backward to these progressive westerners. Private Hooper is an ambitious young lad and is to be congratulated because of his ability to go to school without extending on his first cruise. Some people get all the breaks! Corporal Thetford shipped over for the Aerographers' School and has great hopes of some day being able to go back to the farm and tell all those old boys when they should get their hay in. Boy, won't he rate?

Final transfers to the Fleet Air Squadrons have trimmed this outfit to a bare skeleton of its former self. There are many empty bunks in our barracks rooms now and we wonder if they ever will be filled again. First Sergeant Costello and his outfit of East Coast Marines reported to their ship November 2nd. While here, Costello performed the duties of First Sergeant of our Headquarters Detachment.—Walker.

Washington

M. C. I. Generalities

"Anchors Aweigh," "The Marines' Hymn," "Stars and Stripes Forever," "Semper Fidelis;" tramp, tramp, tramp! "Squads Right!" "Boom-Boom!" "Man overboard!" Airplanes, cruisers, fire engines, bands, sailors, Marines, holiday crowds. Just a kaleidoscope of the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard on October 27.

The programs read "Visit the Marine Camp and see how the Marines live at the front." We were in camp all day. At the south end of the parade ground we had pitched tents and everything for the complete handling of an expeditionary force was in view of the visitors. Greens, heavy marching orders and rifles was the uniform of the day. Nothing was left out that would give the casual observer a good impression of Marine preparedness. Competent men were detailed to explain the mechanism of machine guns, grenades, rifles, mortars, and all equipment. By the size of the crowd which inspected the camp we judged it

steel proved interesting and educational. Nothing was held back from the visitors; every phase of the Navy Yard's work and the work of the Navy was unfolded. They were shown how the most delicate gun sights are made and through what process a piece of steel must go before it becomes a shell or armor plate.

Perhaps the high spot of the day was when a squadron of Marine planes from Quantico looped, dived, and spun. The acrobatic stunts drew gasps from the crowd. That is some flying outfit! Congratulations, Quantico Aviation.

By official count there were over 138,000 visitors to the Navy Yard, the largest Navy Day crowd it has ever had. After viewing the various activities one fellow aptly summed up the feeling of all when he remarked that it was one of the most interesting days he had spent in years.

The social season of the M. C. I. has begun with a bang. "Paddy" Doyle, the hard working maestro, a dyed-in-the-wool member of the dance committee, is the hub around which each successful dance evolves. Surely we would be at a loss if it were not for his valuable suggestions gleaned from many years experience. So we want to give credit to him right now. The lesser lights of the committee are Corporals Bailey, Desmarais, Geer, Goldsmith, Sharak, and your scribe.

A special paragraph to First Lieutenant Robert L. Skidmore, the post exchange officer, who has contributed his time and who enables us to obtain funds. We consider him the most important member of the committee because, no "mon;" no fun.

Our first dance was given October 31. This being Hallowe'en night many of the guests came in costume. Here is a good time to congratulate "Paddy" Doyle on his fine judgment in selecting the decorations. Every one commented favorably. "Paddy" says he only borrowed some of them; but we hope he can persuade someone to leave them as the hall has not looked so well for a long time. The attendance was large and nothing but gaiety prevailed. One of our gunnery sergeants, a Spanish instructor in the Academic School, went native and appeared attired as a Spanish señorita. We were not fooled, however, as his robust form is quite too ungainly to be mistaken for a piquant maiden.

Music was furnished by members of the Marine Band who entered into the spirit of the occasion and made us do some fast and intricate stepping.

We are hoping for a similar measure of success for our next dance to be held within the next three weeks. The invitations have been circulated and all attendance marks may be broken.

As you probably saw in this column last month, Gunnery Sergeant Earl S. Lachenmaier, principal of the School of Commerce, has been discharged. His place has been filled by Corporal James A. Harris who is quite capable of handling the important position. Corporal Harris used to be on the Rifle Range Detachment at Parris Island and many of his old buddies will be glad to learn of his success. He came to the school in October of '29 and has been instrumental in raising our activity percentage since then. He is a native of Indianapolis, Indiana.



was one of the most interesting sights of the day.

A parade was given in the forenoon, and for the edification of those who were not there then, another was staged in the afternoon. Those in the parade who were not here last year have a good respect for the size of the Yard. Its extent cannot be judged from the outside. One has to march around it, and with a heavy marching order, too, to fully appreciate it.

With every piece of bunting snapping in the wind, the brass work glistening like gold and shining from keel to mast, the cruisers "Memphis" and "Richmond" added a gala note to the events of the day. The big thrills came when the "Richmond" demonstrated torpedo firing and the "Memphis" catapulted a plane. The "Man overboard" drill was given a touch of the realistic when one side of the gang plank on the "Richmond" gave way and doused six people in the Potomac. The water was full of Marines and sailors in no time at all and the wet ones were fished out with no casualties. One man remarked that he was pulled out so fast that he wasn't even wet! Chalk one up for personnel efficiency.

The various shops were going full blast and an opportunity was given to all to see just how the "big guns" are made. The pouring of heats of brass, iron and



New York City has had a pilgrimage of M. C. I. Marines lately. Staff Sergeant Sam Grove was paid off on the fourteenth of October and shipped over the next day. He took a twenty-day furlough to the big city to celebrate. Corporal Dangman of the Registrar's Office force and the brothers Konopas, Benny and Tommy, of the same office, took in New York's sights also. Privates Smith and McIntyre of the Academic School changed the order and took off to Indiana and Kentucky respectively. Private Eldridge of the Business School went back to see how Ohio had been progressing since he had been away. Corporal Long, "The Boy" himself, couldn't resist the urge of travel, so he, too, took interval, and hied himself to "Georgia's Pines."

Lieutenant Skidmore has started the ball rolling toward the formation of a bowling league. We have two good alleys and enough interest. There is to be a team from each school and the barracks detachment. There should be some hot competition. We'll give you the lowdown after the returns are in.

While we are on the subject of bowling we should mention the good work of the team representing our barracks in the Marine Corps League. At the present time they are leading the flock by two games. Last year they brought the cup to us. Here's hoping they repeat. Corporal McElroy is high average man with 112.8.

Interest in sports is raising itself here. First Lieutenant Hall is putting his hand in for a basketball team. Last year we were in a city league, but the competition was a bit too strong. Our biggest kicks came when we defeated the War College and the various teams from Fort Myer. There is plenty of good material and if the men will apply themselves we are sure that some good games will result.

As a parting shot, keeping in mind the deluge of funeral details we have had during the last month and the beginning of this one, we suggest for the theme song of the M. C. I. Chopin's Funeral March.—EARLAND J. LAKIN.

General Fuller Returns

Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, returned to Washington October 31 after an inspection tour of the West Coast extending over several weeks. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fuller and his aide, Capt. Frank B. Goettge, U. S. M. C.

The general and his party went to the West Coast by way of the Panama Canal and returned to Washington by rail.

Marine's Death Near Solution

Solution of the mysterious murder of Private Emanuel Thorne, U. S. Marine, whose bullet-riddled body was found in a shallow grave in Capitol Heights, Md., eight months ago, is near, Deputy Sheriff Thomas Garrison announced recently.

A Washington man who owned the gun with which the Marine was killed is being sought, Garrison revealed. Identity of the new suspect has been established. Garrison believes he has fled the city.

A revolver found near the scene of a hold-up several weeks after Thorne's death has been identified by the Bureau of Standards as the weapon with which the Marine was killed. The suspect now being sought perpetrated that hold-up, Garrison has learned.

Thorne disappeared from the Marine Barracks, Eighth and I, S. E., Washington, D. C., on January 16. Six weeks later his body was found in the woods near Capitol Heights.

Detachments

Yorktown Impressions

One hundred fifty years ago Comte de Grasse sailed his French fleet through the Virginia Capes toward the little village of Yorktown. This month the ghosts of Lafayette and his warriors directed their fire on the besieged British forces located in that historical town.

October 16, 1931, Lord Cornwallis, descendant of the famous English fighter, was present at the dedication of a memorial erected as a testimonial of love that the state of Virginia holds for the mother country.

The sesquicentennial of 1931 was a fitting occasion, one that shall be long remembered by the thousands of people present during the four-day celebration.

Anchored out in the river were sixty ships of the U. S. Navy. Majestic and proud, these powerful watchdogs of the sea barked out their mighty growls in salute to the "Savior of Verdun," Marshal Henri Petain, and the French delegation sent over to participate in the 150th anniversary of the battle of Yorktown.

All of the original thirteen Colonies were represented. In their colorful uniforms of by-gone days, they made history repeat itself.

Company after company, the men of this present age and of the past filed by with a firm step in salute to the President of the United States.

Spectacular and thrilling, heads erect, straight as so many ramrods, the U. S. Marines of the Scouting Fleet, in perfect formation, the cream of American youth, swept past the reviewing stand.

The cavalry of the United States, their horses well groomed and riders firm and steady, dipped their lances in salute.

John Phillip Sousa once again picked up the baton and led the world-renowned Marine Band in the rendition of the "Sesquicentennial March."

General John J. Pershing once again received the traditional "ruffles" as he alighted from his car, flanked on all sides by a crack cavalry unit.

What a story the French visitors will

carry back with them! A story of love and strong friendship between two powerful nations.—ROBERT V. MURRAY.

Wore Shoes

Yorktown, Va., has been the port of the U. S. S. "Antares" for the past week, but since returning to the base I have noticed that most of the boys seem a good deal happier. What is it that attracts them in Norfolk?

The Marines of the Scouting Fleet made a showing in the review held at Yorktown for the President and were commended upon their appearance.

We are losing a few men this month. Sergeant Landsen's sea duty expires the 28th and Pfc. Troutman's a short time after. Methinks Landsen is expecting to play the leading role in a military wedding, and it has him on his good behavior.

Pfc. Norton has extended his sea service one year. A very good move on his part, says me. Our company clown is down in "them thar hills" of Carolina for a few days. He expected to give the natives a treat when he left, for he wore his blues . . . also his shoes, a real novelty in that country.

Pfc. Hill, the one and only rival of Floyd Gibbons, is also on furlough. He used to sell horses in Detroit. With his line, he is bound to catch a lot of suckers, but I am wondering why he took a package of sandwiches with him.

We are pretty busy just now getting ready for admiral's inspection and of course we shall be in top notch shape, as usual. The boat deck looks like a million dollars right now. And that reminds me—I have some work to do myself.—BOB MURRAY.

From Kenawha's Banks

Having survived Hallowe'en with no major casualties we will begin our monthly report of activities on the banks of the Kenawha (M. B., South Charleston, W. Va.) with the sad (just who should be sad about it we leave to your imagination) news that Pringle and Harwell are still with us, their requests for P. I. having been refused. Please omit flowers. We are used to having them with us and we really would have felt a bit hurt if the boys had taken their terrific "lines" elsewhere. It's like having the wild waves continually breaking on the sands—once accustomed to it, the loss is extremely noticeable for awhile.

Corporal Disco has reported in and, when not on duty, has managed to tame everything in the tennis line he has met so far. Sergeant Dulaney and Corporal Semler are due to report in before long. Pfc. Davis took his discharge and his departure. May we remark in appreciation of his thoughtfulness that he passed the cigars. Private Dorsett, lately sea-going, reported in about the ninth of October and has been busy wondering what it is all about ever since. Private Alphonzo Land has his record book here but we've not seen him yet. Private James Toll re-enlisted and has been holding down his place on the guard roster.

Listed among our short-timers are Sergeant Dulaney, Pfc. "Hank" Harrison (you'll have to await the January issue to find out whether he ships over or not as he hasn't made up his mind yet); Privates William E. "Willie" Hood,

who is positive that he will try a cruise of unknown duration on the U. S. S. "Outside," Thurl Kendall, who wanted to ship over for Hawthorne, Nevada, as it was "close to the border and he could drop over for a drink of good whiskey occasionally," but hasn't signed any papers as yet; John W. Moltenberry, paid off three months prior to go back to Kentucky, whether Louisville or Bowling Green, John hasn't been able to decide.

We have enjoyed another volleyball tournament. Lieutenant Harris, the Top, and the team captains of the first tournament prepared lists of players arranged according to their abilities and then made up five teams, as evenly balanced as any team made primarily on paper can be. The winners were Willie Hood's team, Sweeney's outfit losing a tie play-off game, dropping in to second place. Nash's team came in third by beating Santmyre's gang in a tie play-off. The awards on the third day before pay day were quite welcome.

School has continued, the latest subject being first aid. The Top's report on the examination papers turned in has not been made public as yet but the fellows have voted themselves competent to take care of most any kind of accident incident to service until one of the Navy's hard worked pill rollers could arrive on the scene. And, having blundered into the school room (which is the recreation hall), we wish you all to know that our pool table has been renovated, recovered and generally fixed up. AND, we have some new cue sticks with tips that don't come off at the first cock-eyed look. The canteen has been busy putting out chalk, the boys have worked at pool so hard. Maybe the chalk isn't so good, though. It seems to wear right on through in a darned short time. And, having mentioned tables, Sergeant Santmyre's conception of a sand table was constructed, installed, and used right intensively the first of October. Lieutenant Harris is determined that we shall be busy and satisfied and playing at war or pool keeps this supply of cannon fodder on the jump, leaving no time for dissatisfaction.

We took time out an hour or so back in an attempt to locate some more news. Thomas was on Five Post and said he thought he ought to be mentioned in the despatches. We assured him that if we could think up something particularly bad about him we'd be sure to tell about it but it seems that about all we can call to mind on the young man is that he plays a good game of volleyball and is one of the most willing and cheerful workers it has been our pleasure to meet in a little more than four years service. Now what can be said of a man like that?

We had our picture taken for the local papers as preliminary to advertising for Navy Day. We turned out in blues and showed the local gentry over the plant from 9:00 A.M. until the last party started through about 4:29 P.M. The exact hour the last party dragged their weary bones out of the North Unit is not known to the scribe, but it was too darned late. Supper was served from 5:00 on until the last man crawled in. Some of them reported six and eight trips through with good sized parties (size referring to numbers in the party, not the dimensions of individuals).

There were no casualties, injuries, or lost, strayed or stolen children and somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand people passed through. That is remarkable when it is considered that no effort was made to keep them from hurting themselves in any way, and there are more ways than a few around this big steel plant for fools to walk where angels would fear to tread.

Now for a few confessions, true and personal. Blake hasn't done a thing fit to print since he came here. Murdick reports that he hasn't done a blasted thing and isn't going to. Marksbury has been doing everyone he could. Corporal Orth has broken a record by staying in four days when he was off watch. the strain is beginning to tell—he isn't sleeping well lately. Clark, our gallant cook, got something on his moustache beside the wax he was using to keep it a la Hohenzollern and shaved it off in disgust. Zarrad's nose has been causing him quite a bit of notoriety. In fact, the pseudonym of "Whataman" has been dropped in favor of "Nose" here of late. Pringle and Smith have been exceptionally good boys for a month and haven't been inside the jail over in Charleston a single time. Dismukes says he hasn't done a thing but shoot pool and moan, the moans being mostly because he can't beat that chuckle-headed Pringle. "Peewee" Harwell's social activities have gotten him in trouble at last and he has been staying home for the best part of October and November. Thurl Kendall has decided, according to the very latest dope, to ship over, buy a second hand Ford and go to China or Hawthorne, Nevada. Barber (Herrin) has been seen taking Corporal Disco to town and out with some of the better known ladies from Clendenin Street. Herrin might get away with a lot more if that laugh of his couldn't be heard in four counties. And he breaks it out so often, too. Tenant, "Old Soldier," still carries his trusty alarm clock out in the boondocks when he has a watch on Three Post. The folks down in Community complained of his alarm going off in the wee sma' hours and he has been compelled to restrict his companion to the back lot watches. Geissinger has a fatal power over women. Anyone interested might ask him. He is always willing to tell you all about his tribulations with the weaker sex. The latest expression to take the place of "Like Grant took Richmond" is "Like Beckman took Hattie." Beck swims the river and walks a country road for eighteen miles, so the story goes, to see a little country girl. What magnetism! Ex-Corporal Wright still hangs around but he says there's not a chance of his shipping over. The depression hasn't meant a thing to him so far. Joe Palatinus shipped in the galley for November. The weather has been getting brisk. Joe has proven to be the original Jack-of-all-trades and master of most. He can cook, barber, wallop pots, soldier, play volleyball like a fiend, and the way he manipulates the pasteboards in pinochle—why, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Our first class pill roller lost his wife around the first of October and has been hanging around looking like he'd lost his money and interest in life. At this writing, November 1, he has begun to perk up, smile a bit, and tone down his growls. She will be back from her folks'

in a few days. From now on it will be a pleasure to go over to the dispensary and ask for a dose of oil, for awhile, at least. Terry is getting short—says he is shipping over for the West Coast. Magnotte, the third class, is getting short too but is not even considering another hand-raising at this time. Chief Tucker has been working hard and making friends. He got next to one of the Charleston newshawks and the next thing we knew he had his name in the papers. It was a darned interesting article, too.

Thurl Kendall reports, without naming names, that his brother Alfonzo, now best known as "Dog Face" (borrowed from Shess, the Quantico footballer and former mail orderly here), has not proved popular with one young lady's mother. Isn't that like a younger brother, tho—to spill all he knows? He says that that isn't all he might tell but he wants to maintain diplomatic relations. Parsons, Larson and Oliver have been doing quite a business in the laundry this month without the patronage of several individuals who got ambitious and decided to wash their own clothes. The laundry reports that there have been fewer growls this month about their work, too. The new presser has proven a honey and has cut the labor in half. Cline was paid off on October 31 and cleared out in a hurry for Kentucky. The offer of nearly three hundred dollars upon re-enlistment wasn't sufficient inducement for him to ship over. Cline traveled enough in four years at Uncle Sam's expense—San Diego to Nicaragua; back to Diego; out to Pearl Harbor, and then back to this coast via Mare Island, on a government transport. Maybe he is ready to settle down. Pivacek and O'Connor have been treating the girls in Charleston pretty regularly but one girl they saw over there didn't see them but she got 'em both down bad. They went to see "Merely Mary Ann" and Janet Gaynor is now Pivacek's "girl



of my dreams" and O'Connor tells it for the truth that he didn't say a word for three hours after seeing the picture. Ripley wouldn't believe that if he could see Charlie once, so how could anyone expect us to lend an ear? Johnson has stayed sober, behaving himself generally, and has been true to his girl for so long that he has forgotten ever doing anything worthy of mention in the press.

And, having arrived at a high moral tone, we will desist—while we're still behaving.—Joseph L. Milliken.

High Spots from High Places

Another bright and early Nevada November morning and while we've some news topics in mind will set them down.

Seems the coming of Navy Day in the East stirred a lot of the boys in Washington to throwing verbal brickbats at one another but in the West it meant simply, Navy Day. October 27 saw the Naval Ordnance flag hoisted at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Hawthorne, Nevada, and dress blues uniform for the day. We had some 280 visitors from different parts of the state. Out in the magazine area a special exhibition was placed for enlightenment of peace-time citizenry and many saw what is meant by such mysteries as H. E. and T. N. T. Up toward Mount Grant where the Marines live and the big landscape project is going on, the Leatherneck personnel was on hand to escort visitors. Mess Sergeant Boyd Lofland served a light lunch to those who had come from distant points.

Another big day in Nevada is Admission Day, October 31. On October 31, 1864, Nevada was accepted into the Union of States. And Nevadans in Reno this year celebrated with a parade. A squad of Marines journeyed to Reno that day and joined in the military division of the parade. Making the trip were: Cpl. Ivan D. Carrick, Pfc. Louis S. Nelson, Edward J. Powers, Tpr. Samuel Perry, and Privates R. W. Patten, Gayden R. Harper, Claude Sauvain, Otis Dragge, Guy E. Trumbull and Homer W. Fletcher. The last named piloted the crowd overland without losing a passenger. How he missed driving into Walker Lake nobody knows.

And now the basketball news. Seems the boys are getting out early here but coach Moxie W. Craig says there's a lot to learn about scientific basketball. Practice is being held in the Hawthorne downtown gymnasium. Captain R. J. Bartholomew gave the boys a talk recently and emphasized the importance of being in condition as well as sticking to practice throughout the season. We have the following men out for basketball here: Corporals M. W. Craig, Hughie C. Coslet, Pfc. Lorne Leslie, Archie L. Thrash, Jack Deegan, Arthur Morgan, Tpr. Samuel J. Perry, and Privates George B. Howard, Clarence Storm, Frank J. Smith, William B. Smith, Edgar D. Orr, Herb Eystone, Ray W. Patten, Jacob Harvey and C. Sauvain.

At this writing a big baile is due to come off in the post recreation hall 7 November. The post exchange has bought a fine new Majestic radio that plays phonograph records also. The music from the dance records sounds so good the committee for the dance has decided to dispense with the orchestra

in favor of canned music. The invitations are out and every one of the post dancing athletes are toeing the mark for the oncoming affair. It will be a high light in the social affairs of Hawthorne for the fall and winter season. Committee for the dance is as follows: Corporal Hughie C. Coslet, Jfc. Louis S. Nelson, Privates Gayden Harper, Ray W. Patten.

Sergeant J. D. Lockburner is on furlough to New Jersey for thirty days and we are awaiting Corporals Robt. D. Henderson and George G. Miller, also Private Russell E. Johnson, who are on furlough at the present time. Corporal George Hadusek has left us for M. C. B., San Diego. Private Paris Perser will remain with us for a while as will Pfc. Jack Deegan and Private Ralph Kamp, who have applied for other posts. Private Homer W. Fletcher is the new cobbler of the post, vice Private Melvin W. Banks, paid off. Private Roscoe Mills has replaced Eystone in the Mounted. Eystone is out for basketball with a big chance for the first five. Private R. T. Nicholson has joined the Mounted and Pfc. Ernest Davis, who studies farming with the M. C. I., is also riding the magazine area here daily. Corporals A. H. Almand and Geo. H. Elchinger arrived during the month. Almand has taken over duties of acting police sergeant and Elchinger is in the post garage. Corporal "Haywire" Carrick sang a little solo one night last month. It was Rudy Vallee's famous cabbage song, "Please Give Me Something to Remember You By."

It's tough not to have an electric iron and Perser won't lend us his so most of the boys have gone to their Monkey Ward catalogues and discovered nice bargains for private use. Corporal R. C. Bayless says the two-dollar special 54z281 can't be beat. Messmen for the month are Privates Joe Dargi, "Doc Yak" Blackburn and Dante Ricci. Blackburn is chief engineer of the dish washing machine. Vincent Rosemark says the talkies are due to commence the first. Yeah, we guess they will.

Just think, children, Christmas is coming. First Sergeant William T. Farley has been here month now and purchased a Majestic junior to while away the hours. The football games coming in from the East here are great. Dose collidge guys seem to have lots of fun while us Marines get all the work. Private Frank J. Smith is a happy fellow now. A nice new football appeared one day and Smith can pass and kick all he wants to. The post whittlers are thinking of organizing a Whittlers' Club. Walker Chapman, a master whittler and post barber, says a delayed shipment of Georgia pine is holding up the charter members' meeting. Well, how about some Hollywood? Heh-heh. With that little bit of sparkling wit, let us close. Very truly yours, Hawthorne Marines.

No Snow for Santa

The officers and enlisted men of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, extend to all officers and enlisted men of all the services very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

When this issue comes out the most of you that read this will be standing

close to fires or else will be wrapped up in your winter overcoat while we here at Guantanamo will be enjoying an afternoon dip in the bay or will be doing a little bunk fatigue a la nude. Not that we are trying to make you jealous, but we do know that some of you will wish you were back here where you don't have to worry about having a khaki shirt on; neither would you have to be thinking whether or not you would put on your long ones or try to make out with the regular knee length. We wish we could send you some of this heat for a Christmas present.

Our talkies have at last arrived and now everyone is all impatience until we have our booth and new screen built. Private Stish, who was sent down here as operator, is about the most excited and impatient of us all. Ever since his arrival here he has had every one down with his talk of electrons, molecules, atoms, photo-electric cells and what not. He certainly has succeeded in leaving everyone with whom he has talked with their mouth hanging.

Among other improvements that are going on here is the new first sergeant's office where First Sergeant Saxton has his quarters and where he holds the reins of the detachment. His building, as all our buildings are going to be, has been painted in light green in place of the usual dull green. It surely is some improvement as it really makes the buildings look as if they were alive and makes them seem worth living in.

An all-Marine smoker was held here October 15th and it surely did turn out to be a successful affair. All together there were nine boxing matches and four wrestling matches. The boxing bouts were for three rounds and the wrestling matches were to one fall. The results were as follows: First match: Boxing, Private Hesser, 138 lbs., won over Drummer Hardwick, 145 lbs., with the judges' decision of two of the three rounds fought to his credit. Second match: Boxing, Private Whittle, 155 lbs., came out victor over Private Woodard, 147 lbs. In the first round Woodard had some bad luck or he surely would have made a better showing. His lip was cut so badly in the first two or three seconds of fight that the doctor was forced to stop the fight. Third match: Wrestling, Private Davis, 140 lbs., in three minutes and thirty-five seconds put down Private Lytle, who had 26 lbs. on him, with a weight of 169 lbs. Fourth match, boxing, Private Pate, 155 lbs., won in a referee's decision over Private Dorsey, 150 lbs. Fifth match, boxing, Trumpeter Webster, 136 lbs., took all three rounds in a whirlwind of footwork from Private G. L. Williams, 147 lbs. Webster learned a waltz, a tango, a foxtrot, and the blackbottom and then combined the whole works in a very nifty bit of footwork with which he outboxed Williams all through the fight. Sixth match, wrestling, Private Dannemiller, 155 lbs., threw Private First Class Powell, 147 lbs., in nine minutes and twenty seconds. Seventh match, boxing, Trumpeter Holt won with a technical knockout over Private Abbot, 142 lbs. This match was like the Webster-Williams bout. Trumpeter Holt's blows did not have so much force to them, but he was so much faster and landed so many more blows than did Abbot that he would have won the decision easily if the bout had gone the

full length. Eighth match, boxing, Private Hughet, 155 lbs., won over Private Knighton, 145 lbs. This bout was the comedy bout of the evening and everyone present seemed to get a great kick out of it all the way through. Ninth match, wrestling, Private Schroeder, 136 lbs., won over Private Olesnevitch, 145 lbs., in thirty seconds. Tenth match, boxing, Private Patrick, 150 lbs., won over Private Griffin, 160 lbs. Eleventh match, boxing, Private First Class Wychodil, 190 lbs., won a technical knockout over Private Nickerson, 199 lbs. Nickerson didn't land one good blow and the fight would have gone to Wychodil if Nickerson's second had not thrown in the towel. Twelfth match, wrestling, Private McKenzie, 154 lbs., won over Private Davis, 140 lbs., but it took him eleven minutes and thirty-four seconds to do it and considering that David had already had one bout during the evening we think that under other conditions he would have come out victor. The final bout was won in the first round by referee's decision by Private O. Smith, 175 lbs., over Private Piper, 162 lbs. The evening as a whole was so successful that we will probably have a repeat very soon. Might be that we will find some additional pugilists unknown this time.

All of us extend to the following men of this detachment who have December birthdays very best wishes for a happy birthday and many, many happy returns: Q. M. Sergeant F. L. Tyree; Corporal J. R. Murphy; Privates First Class R. T. Aaron, Joseph Brovinski, W. O. Scott; and Privates A. P. Cook, G. C. Dannemiller, A. F. Keenan, E. E. McBride, and M. E. Woodard.

The following-named men of this detachment qualified with the rifle as noted during the month of October. As experts: First Sergeant C. G. Klehm, Sergeants D. J. McNeil and J. H. Wilbanks, and Privates C. L. Huchet and Harold Whittle. As sharpshooters: First Sergeant L. L. Saxon, Sergeant E. F. Strickland, and Privates Mitchel Cohen, E. L. Lovelace and J. F. Mancuso. As marksmen: Q. M. Sergeant E. L. Tyree, and Privates Stanley Lawson and F. M. Leisten, Jr.

Transfers to the United States via the U. S. S. "Kittery" in October were as follows: First Lieutenant Kenneth B. Chappell; Corporal R. M. O'Day to Quantico; Private First Class C. L. R. Ayers to MB., NYd., Charleston, S. C.; Private First Class P. G. Wychodil to MB., Sub Base, New London, Conn.; Private G. L. Williams to Hampton Roads for hospitalization, and the following men to Hampton Roads to await transfers to whatever post needs them: Corporal T. A. Johnson; Privates First Class H. Belanger, D. R. Cook, E. A. Hassler, H. A. Keigley, D. M. Powell, M. Trotter, and Privates M. Blumenthal, D. W. Cavins, G. C. Cooper, A. P. Defina, F. A. Hesser, H. M. Howard, J. Johnson, R. B. Keith, W. F. R. Murphy, M. E. Nelson, C. W. Nickerson, H. D. Pate, F. E. Shaffer, C. Sowa, E. Webb, and J. B. Zimmerman.

Joinings via the U. S. S. "Kittery" in October were: Second Lieutenant James V. Bradley, Jr.; Sergeant J. H. Wilbanks, and Privates C. A. Culpepper, John Dorner, Jr., and C. T. Stephens. Sergeant Wilbanks just left here a few months ago and only spent enough time in the States to ship over and take a furlough.

The commandant of Hicacal Beach is at the present time Private T. J. Thomas and his assistant, the captain of the yard, is Private J. L. Monvoishn.

Some of you who have been down here on duty and who like to get news from here drop us a line and tell us what you want to hear about and we will do our best to let you have it.—**Hatuey.**

New York News

Paymaster Sergeant Carlton L. Post, U. S. M. C., reported at this post for further transfer to San Francisco, California, via the U. S. A. T. "Republic" for further transfer to Honolulu, T. H.

Corporal Michael Kotun recently shipped over at this post and was transferred to New Orleans, La., for duty. Mike anticipates a pleasant tour of duty at Algiers. We wonder if the WOPS place, frequently visited by the 1915 vintage Marines, is still in existence. Possibly Gunnery Sergeants Jim Gurley or Sheriff Conwell would be interested to know.

Gunnery Sergeant Edward R. Bell, U. S. M. C., reported from the Sea School at Norfolk for duty on board the U. S. S. "Louisville" as the relief for Gunnery Sergeant Johnson B. Hill, U. S. M. C., who is returning to the West Coast via Hampton Roads. Bell is one of the old residents of Quantico, who spent quite some time in the Tenth Regiment and will undoubtedly be missed by the Isaac Walton League at that post.

Corporal Jacob L. Rau and Private Russell E. Bals recently joined from Quantico and are at present taking in the sights of the big city.

Corporal Christian R. Levet has been transferred to Hampton Roads for further transfer to Guantanamo, Cuba, for duty as sound moving picture operator, having recently graduated from the Navy Sound Moving Picture Operators School at the Navy Yard.

Major Sidney Sugar, U. S. M. C. R., and Second Lieutenant Howard M. Houck, U. S. M. C. R., were visitors at the Navy Yard and Marine Barracks on Navy Day.

Walter L. Damon, ex-private first class and salesman in the post exchange, who was recently discharged, has accepted a position with the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company in Brooklyn.

The Marine Barracks and local Marine Corps recruiting service, contributed to the exercises in the Navy Yard on Navy Day with a display of infantry weapons and recruiting posters that attracted many Navy Yard visitors throughout the day. The infantry weapon display was in charge of a detail of men from the Marine Barracks who very ably explained and demonstrated the use of the many weapons on exhibition. At 10.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m., formal guard mount was held, with the assistance of the Navy Yard Band, which attracted many Navy Yard visitors on both occasions.

On October 11, 1931, we suffered the loss of one of our most popular comrades, Quartermaster Sergeant Charles D. Brannon, who died very suddenly at the Marine Barracks. Sergeant Brannon was extremely popular and his presence is greatly missed at the barracks.

Dover Dope

We had fifteen new arrivals from Paris Island, S. C., to strengthen our post last month. But due to the number of men being "paid off" it looks like we'll have to procure some more fresh material for the posts at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, N. J.

Cpl. "Pete" Owen has left us for the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., and Pvt. Albert M. Creech has gone to Charleston, S. C., to do duty with the Marines at the Navy Yard there. Cpl. Harold E. Westberg is going on a thirty-day leave in the near future, and Minnesota is his home. "I bane hope yu haf vun goot time, by yumping yimminy."

Marines at this station have organized a bowling team and are now in the Picatinny bowling league. At the time of this writing they stand two games won and 11 lost. Among the team members are: Captain Bacon, Commander Bidwell, Lieutenant Commander Garrison, First Sergeant Cato, Corporal Mann, Corporal Clanton, Corporal Stainbrook, Private Johnson, and Private Lance. Due to the fact that Private Pawlowicz was able to guarantee an average of only 285 the team decided not to use him.

Before closing, the entire command wish to offer their best wishes to Pfc. William Sutherland, Pvt. William L. Moffett, Pvt. John R. Newkirk, and Private Paul Britt, who are about to ship for the U. S. S. "Outside." Good luck, men. The Marine Corps will certainly miss you.—**Jack Goldstein.**

Barracks to High School

With the transfer of the Virgin Islands of the United States from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior, and the subsequent decommissioning of the Naval Station, the building which was the headquarters of the United States Marines from 31 March, 1917, up to a few months ago was closed and turned over to the civil government of the Virgin Islands.

The buildings formerly used as the St. Thomas Junior High School became inadequate, because of the very large enrollment in that school for the school year 1932. The problem was to find quarters large enough to take care of



the pupils. However the problem was soon solved by transferring the school to the Barracks.

The Barracks have turned out to be an excellent location. Facing the waterfront, this building, with its most beautiful architecture, its large and spacious rooms, behind a row of native mahogany trees, with the cool breezes coming from the south and east, makes study far more pleasant than can be imagined.

The second floor is used as an auditorium and is known locally as "The Community Hall." "The Community Hall" is not used exclusively by the school, but rather, as its name implies, for all community activities.

Many of the officers and men who did duty in the Virgin Islands will recall the beauty of the building and its grounds. Many no doubt will some day return to the Virgin Islands to view their former home, to see St. Thomas, the city built on three hills, and once again to walk along its sandy beaches.—E. A. Gomez.

Sea Going

Returned

Now that the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania" has joined the active list again, we will do our best to keep you in touch with the high spots that mark our wanderings from now on.

Our detachment is under the command of Captain R. R. Robinson, who came to us from the receiving ship in New York. He is trying to make this one of the best detachments that ever was on a ship. With him is our popular First Lieutenant A. J. Mathiesen, who, by the way, is one of the best shots in the Corps. During the last few months we were in Philadelphia, Mr. Mathiesen was in command of the detachment, as Captain Robinson was attending the gunnery school held on board the "Nevada." Captain Robinson proved that he was a good gunnery officer during short range battle practice a few weeks ago.

First Sergeant E. E. Cameron, late of the U. S. S. "Fulton," runs the office in first class style. He deserves a lot of credit for the capable and efficient manner in which he does things, and we are all pulling for him. He also joined us in Philadelphia, as did our "Gunny," who hails from down Quantico way. "Gunny" Duckworth is the one who is responsible for our fireworks with rifle, pistol and five-inch. He, too, deserves a lot of credit, for he has spent plenty of time giving us the "low down."

Sergeants Shelby, Mohan, Gwiazda, McGuire (our popular police sergeant), and Morgan, along with Corporals Alexander, Reed, Babb, Mathias, Stronko and Jenkins (our company clown), Burleson, Alderman, and Siegel, and innumerable privates first class and privates stand all the watches.

The detachment is composed of men from many different ships of the fleet with the exception of a number who came to us from Sea School. There are only a few who had been on our trusty lighthouse before, and, while we're on the subject, let me tell you that it sure was a welcome sight.

We received Admiral Schofield and his staff on the 15th of September and along with him came a few of the "staff privates" from the "Texas." Now that we

have the flag, a number of you will no doubt think that we have one of those "mad houses." That is not so, for now we have it all worked down to a routine and everything is running very smoothly.

We recently fired short range (as mentioned before) and, taking into consideration the fact that our crews had never heard one of these five-inchers go bang-bang, we did very well and everyone was satisfied with the score turned in.—Shelby.

Play After Work

The Marines on the U. S. S. "Maryland" are looking forward eagerly to the next few weeks as there is little but liberty, athletics and recreation scheduled. And we certainly need it after several weeks of intensive battle practice, although we feel more than repaid for this somewhat monotonous drill when we see the marvelous efficiency thus achieved by the guns' crews under actual fire.

Unfortunately, the "Maryland" did not have its usually impressive record this year, but it was still plenty good. In the recent short range practice the "Maryland" Marines christened two guns with the coveted "E."

Now that the two things so indigenous to sea-going Marines (short range and the world's series) are over, the chief topics are football, smokers, and Armistice Day sports.

Football, a live topic anywhere, is particularly interesting now as we see the improvement of service teams. The foot-



ball team at San Diego (Marines) played Loyola University to a six-six tie. This may not be pertinent to East Coast Marine fans, but to those possessing knowledge of West Coast football it is a notice that the Marine teams are on the way up—where they belong! Recently a noted Los Angeles sports writer stated that the University of Southern California backfield looked like a quartet of truck horses in comparison to that of Loyola and that an exchange of backfields would be a profit to U. S. C. The Marines tied this team! Hats off, and three cheers from the "Maryland" gang, boys.

We were disappointed in that our first smoker of the season was postponed as we are impatient to see our light-heavy wrestling representative, Pfc. Raymond Luckel—nee Corporal Luckel—perform. The ex-Morningside College all-around athlete served notice last year that he would be heard from in naval circles this season. Our best wishes to probably the most popular boy in the guard.

It is apparent now that our boxer, Roscoe, will miss his big chance for the welter title this year through inability to make the weight.

Many of the boys are hoping the "Mary" will return to Santa Barbara for this Armistice Day. Pfc. Dinkel was heard to say he would like to return and soothe the delicate heart he left broken there by the sad sea waves last year, but my prediction is that we'll propel

the old mud hook into the bottom of Ventura harbor. After all, Dinkel, there are girls there, although they do have somewhat calloused hearts (as your correspondent discovered).

A word of our whaleboat prospects for this year. Considerable discussion is under way now concerning its organization. It is our annual chance to show the sailors that Marines are adept at things other than "bell hopping." It was apparent last year that the crew was picked for beef rather than competitive ability. After somewhat disastrous results we are sure to profit by last year's mistake and utilize the excellent material now available. If so, and with plenty of training, we should be in there rowing for first place—nothing less will do.

—Fred Wilkinson.

Half Way 'Round the World

After a most interesting shakedown cruise which included England, Holland and France, the U. S. S. "Houston" put into the New York navy yard for overhaul. While there, Captain R. A. Dawes, U. S. N., relieved Captain Jesse B. Gay, U. S. N., to command, and Commander J. W. W. Cumming, U. S. N., relieved Commander W. C. I. Stiles, U. S. N., as executive officer. We were sorry to lose Captain Gay and Commander Stiles but we gained in Captain Dawes and Commander Cumming two excellent officers.

The "Houston" left New York at noon, January 13, and proceeded to Hampton Roads, Va., to take aboard the last of the loose gear before leaving to assume her new duties as flagship of the Asiatic Fleet. Our stay at Hampton Roads was overnight and brought with it more than our share of a blizzard.

About two days later all changed. The weather was warm and old Sol smiled his brightest. We had reached the tropics. The blues were put away with joy and we donned khaki. The Windward Passage, with Haiti on the left and Cuba on the right, was the first point of interest to those who were going south for the first time. They had heard about Cape Haitien, Port au Prince, Guantanamo Bay and even though those places were not visited, seeing the land where they were located made them seem more familiar.

We sighted the Colon side of the Panama Canal early in the morning of January 20th. With very little delay the trip through the Canal was started. Here many of us had our first real view of the tropics. Everyone who had nothing else to do was on the topside, cameras clicked with almost monotonous regularity, and questions . . . ! All the tyros had hundreds of questions and they kept the old salts well occupied answering them. Gatun locks, Gatun lake, Culebra or Gaillard cut, Mariflores and Pedro Miguel locks were all successfully navigated and at about four o'clock that afternoon the anchor was dropped in Balboa Bay.

In the two days that the ship remained there the boys managed to see a lot of Panama City. Those who had been there before started out to seek their old haunts. The neophytes were close behind and when we left on the 22nd they were full-fledged members in good standing at the Metropole, Kelly Ritz and (fill in the others to suit yourself). (No one met the local constabulary officially.)

The ten days from Panama to Hono-

lulu were spent in gunnery exercises, emergency drills and wondering what the land of Aloha was like.

On February 3rd, Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated, reared its Diamond Head as the sun dispelled the morning mist. We came into the harbor and the Aloha Tower ("aloha" meaning "hello," "good-by" or almost anything else), greeted us. On the dock the usual crowd with leis were on hand to greet the ship as it warped to its moorings.

Honolulu is an overnight liberty port, but here the Marines, because they had had no men over-leave or no mast reports for the month prior to our reaching Honolulu, were given special liberty from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven o'clock the following morning. It was a fine break and we made the most of it.

The finest service Y. M. C. A. building we have seen is in this town of Honolulu. It is of Spanish architecture, four stories in height, and is shaped like a block "U" with a wall across the open end. In the patio is a swimming pool in a setting of a Roman or Greek garden. It was indeed a treat to awaken without the harsh notes of reveille, take a quick plunge in the pool, dress leisurely, order what you wished for "brunch" and then go back to the ship.

The ride around the island was well worth the time spent. The Pali, where King Kamehameha the Great drove his enemies over a 1,000-foot cliff, affords an excellent view of the north side of the island.

On the 6th, amid the usual Hawaiian send-off, the "Houston" departed for Gaum. The usual routine occupied this stage of the journey: gunnery drills, emergency drills, talks of adventures in Hawaii and queries about Gaum.

Gaum was sighted February 17th and after anchoring it seemed as if the whole island population came to visit the ship. A few hours ashore and then we were on our way to Manila.

On February 22nd, we steamed into the harbor at Manila. The U. S. S. "Pittsburg" was riding at her moorings and from the commotion on board all hands seemed anxious to see the ship that meant relief and home for them. The next few days were spent in preparations for transferring the flag of Admiral Charles B. McVay, Jr., to the new flagship. This was done on February 24th amid the usual ceremony.

The ship remained in Manila until March 22nd. During this time we went to Subic Bay, prepared for and fired S. R. B. P. It was more of a test firing than anything else, being the first time the ship had fired. Though no "E's" were made at this time a lot was learned about the guns which helped when the '31-'32 practice was fired. The Marine Starboard 5" A. A. battery qualified one set of first class and two sets of second class gun pointers at this practice.

Hong Kong, China, was reached on the 25th of March. After the usual honors and calls were exchanged, we set out to see the town. Oh, yes! Hong Kong is the other all night liberty port in China.

The Marine detachment of H. M. S. "Suffolk" challenged the "Houston" Marines to a rifle match to be fired on the British range and at the Bisley target. A team was picked at random from the detachment and they turned to and beat the Royal Marines by some 200

points. After the match all hands gathered at the 19th hole, which is on the edge of the English range, and properly finished a good day's sport.

The "Houston" proceeded to Amoy, China, and stayed there from March 31st to April 3rd. Nothing happened. The Chinese merchants, with their line of curios and bric-a-brac came aboard and many odds and ends were purchased.

Instead of going to Shanghai as we expected, the "Houston" navigated the Yangtze River to Nanking, the seat of the Nationalist Government. The old city of Nanking has a wall surrounding it which is a small edition of the Great Wall of China. Just outside the city is the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, father of the Republic of China. The Chinese are building a national shrine about the tomb. They have been working four years and it will take another year to finish the job completely.

The tombs of the Mings, who once ruled China, are also at Nanking and afford an excellent study of the Chinese art and architecture of that period. Each stone, each statue, each mark, has some especial meaning, and if you are fortunate enough to find a guide who speaks English it is most interesting and you will learn a lot about the customs of the Chinese.

Then—SHANGHAI! The London, the Paris, the New York of the East!—Thomas D. Heath.

Sea School Growls

The Sea School has changed its regular location, as we are now in the field at the Navy Fuel Oil Station, somewhere south of Yorktown, Va. The entire detachment and the writer, in particular, are wondering why the powers that be picked on a place like this for our camp. It is a fine place in every way except that we are so far from civilization that the only connection we have with the outside world is the chow truck and the news we receive via Sergeant Thompson's radio. We never see any civilians; consequently, we are beginning to fear

that we won't know what it's all about by the time we get back to Portsmouth.

The detachment is at present commanded by Captain Mills from the U. S. S. "Mississippi." He is assisted in his duties by Second Lieutenants Williams and Wellar. They are known as fine officers throughout the detachment and we are proud to serve with them. The job of Top Soldier is held down by none other than First Sergeant Rasmussen. He is known to all the old-timers in the Corps and considered a first rate Top by all. With the assistance of the worthy company clown, Corporal Abbott, you may be sure the office work is well looked after.

We have in this detachment several bright and shining lights who have that all-important job of teaching the boys duty in the Marine Corps as she is done at sea. First and foremost on the list is Gunnery Sergeant Mekenna, our chief instructor, who came to us directly from sea duty. We will say this for him: He certainly knows his job.

Next on the list is Sergeant..... Just a moment, we won't try to spell that name now, but it ends with "ski." Sergeant "Ski" is not feeling so well now days and I wonder if a trip to Portsmouth would do him any good.

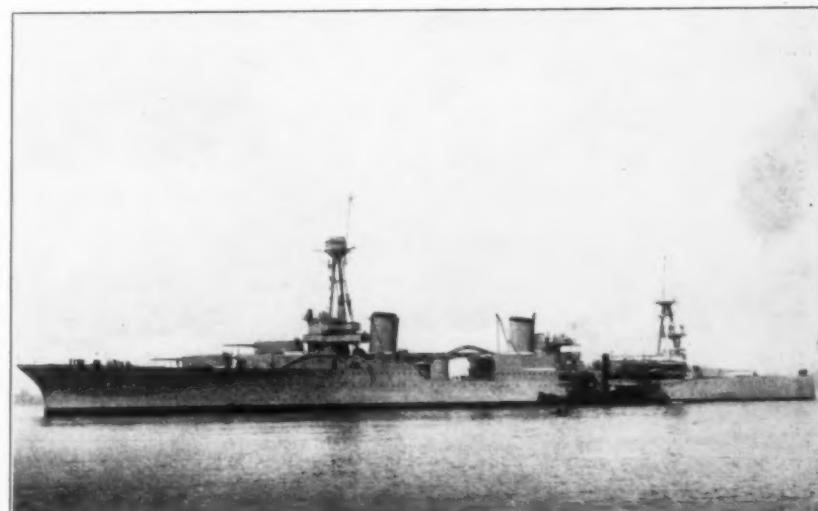
Sergeant Tecumseh Kelley, of sea-going and Oriental fame, is rated an instructor of the first grade and the men of the sea school detachment consider themselves very lucky to have him with them.

Corporal Cotterman is the junior instructor in the sea school and is in fine fettle these days. When he steps out and hollers "fall in," believe me, we all snap.

Sergeant Stump and Privates Ellis and Simmons make up the galley force. One thing we can say about this gang is that we never hear those famous last words, "there ain't no more."

We almost forgot one of the most important men in our detachment. He is Sergeant Ditenbach, known to his friends as "Ditty Box."

(Continued on page 42)



U. S. S. "Houston," Flagship of the Asiatic Fleet.

Major General George Frank Elliott

MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDANT GEORGE FRANK ELLIOTT, U. S. Marine Corps, retired, died at his home in the Jefferson Apartments, 1204 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., shortly after noon November 4, 1931, after a brief illness. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anne E. Elliott.

Major General Elliott was born in Utah, Green County, Alabama, November 30, 1846. He was appointed to the United States Military Academy in 1868 and was honorably discharged June, 1870. In October, 1870, he was appointed second lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, by the President of the United States, and was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in 1878; captain, 1892; major, March, 1899; lieutenant colonel, September, 1899; colonel, March, 1903; Brigadier General Commandant, October, 1903, and Major General Commandant, 1908. He retired November 30, 1910, upon reaching the statutory retirement age.

General Elliott served at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., from the time of his appointment to the Marine Corps until 1871, when he was transferred to Portsmouth, N. H. He later served on the U. S. S. "Vermont," U. S. S. "Frolic," U. S. S. "Monongahela," and was on duty at the Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va., in 1877 when a battalion of Marines from that post was ordered to Washington, D. C., to report to Major General J. M. Schofield, U. S. Army, in command of the District of Columbia during the strike of railway employees. He was in command of the detachment that guarded the "B. and O." tunnel and also acted as guard for the paymaster of the railroad. Upon detachment from that duty, he returned to Norfolk, Va.

The March to Seoul

In 1880 he was ordered to duty on the "Alliance" and served at the Marine Barracks, Boston, 1882 to 1884, when he returned to Norfolk for duty. He was with the Marine Battalion sent to the Isthmus of Panama in 1885. In 1894 he was attached to the "Baltimore" as Fleet Marine Officer when that ship was sent to China to guard American interests during the war between Japan and China. He and his men made a forced night march to Seoul, a distance of 31 miles, part of which was through submerged rice fields, in eleven hours.

In June, 1895, he was detached from the "Baltimore" and ordered to the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From April 22 to September 22, 1898, General Elliott was on duty with the Marine Battalion of the North Atlantic Fleet. The Fleet was sent to hold its position at Guantanamo Bay.

Destroyed Cuzco Well

On July 14, 1898, he was in command of Companies C and D, composed of 150 Marines and 50 Cubans, which were ordered to destroy the well at Cuzco, about six miles from Guantanamo, and the only water supply of the Spaniards within twelve miles. Two miles and a half from Cuzco, half of the Cubans and the first platoon of Company C passed over a mountain to the left, hoping to cut off the Spanish pickets. In this they failed, and the main force was discovered by the Spanish outpost, which retreated immediately and gave the alarm to the main body, whose headquarters were in a house at Cuzco. A high mountain separated the two forces at this point and each attempted to gain its crest as a point of vantage. The crest of the hill was in the shape of a horseshoe, two-thirds encircling Cuzco Valley and the well. The Marines were successful, but were fired on heavily by the enemy from the valley. About 2 p. m. the Spanish began a straggling retreat. The Marines began the return march at 8 p. m., the well having been destroyed. For his eminent and conspicuous conduct in this engagement, General

Elliott was advanced three numbers in his grade. In October, 1898, he was detached from Brooklyn and ordered to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

In the Philippines

In August, 1899, he was ordered to command the Second Battalion of Marines for duty in the Philippines, and from October, 1899, to January, 1900, he commanded the First Brigade of Marines in the Philippines.

During this period Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, in command of the Second Battalion, engaged in the battle of Novaleta. While marching to the outpost it was learned from the flagship that four caseoes, supposed to be loaded with armed men, had landed in San Roque in the rear of the outpost. On receipt of this information, fifty men were detached to make the outpost secure, thus reducing the battalion's personnel. After passing over the causeway, a dense thicket of bushes was encountered, absolutely impassable except by a single narrow road, the ground being low and marshy and intersected by tide water runs. Hardly had the road been entered when heavy firing by the enemy began, but little damage was done and the Marines arrived in a rice field ahead. The enemy were entrenched as well as in Napa huts and a blockhouse. The charge of the Marines was very difficult, due to the heavy ground, but was successful. It was a notable victory and Lieutenant Colonel Elliott was highly commended.

On his return to the States, he was on duty at Norfolk until 1903, when he was given command of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

On October 3, 1903, he was appointed Brigadier General Commandant of the Corps, relieving Major General Charles Heywood. In December, 1903, he was ordered in command of a Provisional Brigade of Marines organized for service on the Isthmus of Panama. He left on December 27 with the Brigade on board the U. S. S. "Dixie," arrived at Colon on January 3, 1904, and went into camp at Haute Obispo, Panama. He relinquished command of the brigade on February 15, 1904, and resumed his duties at

Headquarters, Marine Corps, on the 25th of the same month.

On February 7th, 1906, he was issued a commemorative medal through the United States Government Board, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, by the management of the exposition for his participation in preparing the government exhibit.

On May 21, 1908, he was appointed Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, and was placed on the retired list on November 30, 1910.

Rests in Arlington

General Elliott was buried in Arlington National Cemetery on Friday afternoon, November 6, with full military honors. The funeral was held from Joseph Gawler's Sons, 1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., at 2 p. m. Friday, the military escort forming at the Fort Myer Gate, Arlington Cemetery.

Captain Sydney K. Evans, Chaplain Corps, U. S. N., officiated at the services which were held at the grave. Honorary pallbearers were Rear Admiral Harold P. Norton, U. S. N., retired; Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, U. S. N., retired; Major General Commandant Ben H. Fuller, U. S. M. C.; Major General Charles A. Treat, U. S. Army, retired; Major General Henry P. McCain, U. S. Army, retired; Brigadier General George Richards, U. S. M. C.; Brigadier General Charles L. McCawley, U. S. M. C., retired; Lieutenant Colonel Lewis C. Lucas, U. S. M. C., retired; Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Grant, 3rd, U. S. Army; Mr. Harry A. Gillis, and Mr. Max Kauffman.

A guard of honor formed of men of the Marine Corps was on continuous duty at the undertaking parlors from 6 o'clock, 4 November, until the time of the funeral.



December, 1931

Around Galley Fires

By "Doc" Clifford

The "Walla Walla," a weekly paper issued in China by the 4th Regiment, Marines, whose motto or slogan is "Of the Men—By the Men—For the Men,"

came to my desk recently, and while not a poem in the ordinary acceptance of the word, the editorial in rhyme was too good to overlook. I am therefore passing it on as the Poem of the Month.

A TRIBUTE TO TWO MARINES

You can talk about your heroes of the grim and mighty past who have gone into their dangers and

come out with laurels fast; you can shout about Horatius and his task that saved all Rome, you can talk about our Lindbergh and the things he's done at home; but it hits a little closer to our hearts when some one near does an act that's deemed heroic—and does the thing right here.

Oh, there's glory in a non-stop flight to Paris or Berlin; there's glory in the bigger things when glory helps one win. But in some hopeless, losing fight where one is doomed to fail, the old heroic song seems lost as death drops down its veil.

And that is why we shout a meed of pure, unstinted praise in honor of those in our midst who've trudged a hero's ways. A fruitless task, no hopes to win, oblivion for their crown; but we shout back, "They're heroes, men, and rate the world's renown."

They plunged right in, gave self no thought and risked their youthful lives—and that alone, a hero makes (the knowledge that he strives). Not stopping here, no task complete, they worked with frantic dread against the ghosts of death and tried to bring him from the dead. For two long hours they fought in vain their fight against the grave; and failing this, does this sad fact decry that they weren't brave? A hero's task, a hero's life, they struggled with that day. But all their work could not bring back the soul that flew that day.

Marines they stand, just plain Marines—no more than you nor I, determined in a glorious fight with will to do or die. It was no superhuman task, they lived up to the Corps—the thing that others would have done—yes, eighteen thousand more. And as the Corps climbs on in fame and climbs to greater heights, we feel assured that other men who rank as modern knights will fill our ranks with hero souls who will to do or die and when the job comes, may we fight—even you and I."

* * * *

The incident thus placed on record is explained by the following extract from a letter written to Colonel R. S. Hooker by Don Chisholm of the Luna Park, Ltd., Shanghai—



Dawson Photo
"Doc" Clifford

THE LEATHERNECK

Twenty-seven

"Dear Sir:

"The management of Luna Park, Ltd., wishes to express its deepest appreciation for the invaluable assistance rendered by Privates Waddington and Kern of the 3rd Battalion, United States Marine Corps when a deeply regretted accident resulted in the death of a French sailor at the swimming pool.

"Privates Waddington and Kern were witnesses of their French comrade's death and fell into the pool and immediately, together with life guards, attempted rescue. It is sad indeed that their valiant efforts to save a life were unrewarded.

"The management of Luna Park realizes that such splendid service is to be expected from members of the Marine Corps but they also believe that such service should be recognized."

* * * *

Iona Island, on which is situated the well-known Naval Ammunition Depot, is the post at which men really delight to serve. It was on a Sunday morning recently in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ashbaugh (Bill Ashbaugh was of the old Twentieth in France) I paid my last visit. A lovely drive up the north bank of the Hudson and over the Bear Mountain Bridge brought us to the Island just at noon, and after a few minutes talk with Captain H. H. Phipps the detachment welcomed us to the mess hall where we joined in the excellent repast which the cook knows so well how to provide. A delightful half-hour followed in a group gathering, at which practically all the men were present, revealed the fact that the captain is ably supported by the non-coms of a roster containing the following worthwhile names: Otto N. Roos and George O. Smith are the first sergeants, making a really good pair for the work necessary. The list of sergeants is as follows: George H. Abrams, John J. Dalton, Edward J. "Happy" Gardner, Leslie A. Himes, Frank L. Mason and William White. The corporals, too, are a good bunch of boys, beginning with Arthur J. Breson, Nick Citrini, Carl F. Johnson, William A. Meitzner, Jack Oswald, William M. Perkins, Christopher Rasmussen, Leo J. Savage, Newton H. Williams and ending with John C. Wyosky.

* * * *

The "Big Chief" has gone Home. Major General George F. Elliott was Commandant of the Corps from 1903 to 1910. He retired after forty years of wonderful service during which his records speak of most remarkable career of real warfare and work, full of most colorful interest and heroism in all parts of the world. A Washington despatch of the days in Cuba tells the following story when holding Camp McCalla near Guantanamo:

"Captain Elliott was with the party that had just landed when the first attack was made by the Spaniards. While some of the men were hauling water up the steep hill, others, who had been working hard all day, were resting themselves by swimming in the water, not suspecting an attack. As soon as shots were heard, these men ran to the aid of their comrades. Many of them did not have a shred of clothes on them. Among these was Captain Elliott, who, without waiting to dress himself, snatched his sword and placed himself at the head of a party of men.

"The brave stand made by the Marines surprised the Spanish, who retreated. Later—but when he was clothed—Captain Elliott played a prominent part in the defense of the post established by the Americans."

The General had been ill for a long time before finally going to his reward at the ripe age of eighty-four.

Colonel Thomas C. Turner, the chief of our air force, on October 28, met with a most serious accident in Haiti which caused his death. The Colonel's untimely end was a great shock to us all and the Corps extends sincerest sympathy to the bereaved families of these two splendid officers.

* * * *

An invitation to the "New Dugout" of New York's famous Detachment of the M. C. League came to hand in October, and, knowing that the Commandant, Milton Solomon, never did things by halves and also that the evening mentioned was at liberty, I proceeded as instructed. The Holly Club of Brooklyn, which has been placed at our disposal by the Association whose headquarters and meeting place it is, situated at the corner of Hicks and Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, is a magnificent building for meeting and activities of the Corps, and the friendly and generous offer of its use is very highly appreciated. A fine number responded to the invitation and the new officers for the ensuing year were selected, these being Angelo J. Cincotta, a prominent Brooklyn attorney as Commandant, Frank X. Lambert, First Vice Commandant, Martin C. Palmer, Second Vice Commandant, Chris Wilkinson, Adjutant, Herman Hoffer, Paymaster, Milton Solomon, Judge Advocate, and A. C. Baade, Sergeant-at-arms. Big programs are being planned and the old number one is going to take front rank in the future operations of the League. A few of the men I met and had the pleasure of greeting at the meeting were as follows:—Jack M. H. Smith, who was an acting "Top-kick" at the time of his discharge; the old Trumpeter, Charles D. Steffen; Thomas F. Kilcommon, Corporal of the A Company, 11th Regiment; John C. Newell, once of China; Robert B. Ondry, whom I met in Portsmouth, N. H.; Stanley Sadanski, once 1st cook at Brooklyn Barracks; Ben Duff, a Corporal of United Spanish War Veterans; Captain Paul Howard, retired; Booth C. Ingram, one of Brooklyn's Bank Guards; Sergeant Edmund A. Carson; E. R. Haffner; Sergeant Albert H. Lages, another Veteran of the Spanish War, and Henry L. Bruntjes.

* * * *

The motor transportation and storing of baggage by the Q. M. Department of the Brooklyn Marine Detachment at the New York Navy Yard is a big job but in the efficient direction of Major A. W. Jacobsen and the expert assistance of Q. M. Sergeants Charles D. Brannon, Alton P. Trapnell and Eugene J. May everything in the Department moves with clockwork precision and without difficulty. Brannon has been in the Corps sixteen years and has charge of transportation and storage and Mickey knows his job even though some folks maliciously accuse him of occasional breakage. Trapnell has recently come up from Quantico with a ten years good record while the

(Continued on page 40)



The LEATHERNECK

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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Corporal Thomas F. Cullen, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private William B. Edmondson, Private Robert B. Wolfgram.

The Fifteenth Year

With this issue THE LEATHERNECK completes fifteen continuous years of successful publication. Started as a small weekly newspaper, it has grown by leaps and bounds until today it is generally conceded the foremost publication of its kind in the world.

But the road it has had to take has not always been easy. Time and time again it has been faced with seemingly insurmountable problems—problems which would have made almost any group of men other than Marines throw up their hands in despair. That they did not, however, is a finer tribute to the long line of officers and men who have passed through this office and the innumerable correspondents in the field who stood behind them, than we could pay with a whole volume of windy rhetoric.

Good as the magazine is today, however, the present staff is not satisfied with merely remaining where we are. A magazine must grow, and continue to grow, or it will die. We want to go on and on, making it more interesting, a magazine worthy of the Corps it represents, and we take this opportunity to again call upon all our cohorts in the field to redouble their efforts to build up circulation, to send us more and better news, stories, articles and photographs.

Backed by that invincible Corps which stopped the Germans at Belleau Wood and which has written its name large on every page of American history since 1775, we face the future confident that THE LEATHERNECK will attain its goal.

Ye Olde Tun Tavern

The cover of this issue carries a picture of the old Tun Tavern, birthplace of the Corps, at Christmas time, 1775.

As the resolution that brought the Corps into existence was passed on November 10, 1775, and as recruiting was started immediately, it is reasonable to suppose that the Marines celebrated their first Christmas during that historic year.

Tun Tavern was once a prominent hostelry on the east side of King (Water) Street, at the corner of a small thoroughfare that led down to the Delaware River, Philadelphia, Pa., known as Tun (later as Wilcox's) Alley. It was known and visited by persons of national importance from Maine to Georgia.

Captain Robert Mullen, proprietor of the tavern, was a member of the Masonic Lodge, and captain of a company of Marines, both of which had headquarters at this tavern. Mullen had been admitted a member of the Masonic Lodge on March 29, 1762, and had been the secretary for a long time. Several histories of the Freemasons publish the picture of Tun Tavern with the caption that in it was held the first meeting of Freemasons in America.

Information about these matters was discovered in a book (now in the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society) which was found at the residence of Nathan Sellers of Millbank, Upper Darby, in 1891. In this book was kept the accounts of Tun Tavern, minutes of the Masonic Lodge, Captain Mullen's muster, pay and other rolls. Also in it were the "day book" accounts of Nathan Sellers up to May, 1833.

Tun Tavern may easily be considered as the birthplace of the Revolutionary Corps of Marines. The building was demolished in 1900 to make way for the Merchants' Warehouse Building, near 146 South Water Street and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

How They Began

Three volleys are fired over the grave of the deceased in all military funerals. The Romans in their funeral rites cast dirt three times on the coffin and this constituted the burial. The Romans ended their ceremony by calling the deceased's name three times, after which the friends and relatives pronounced the word "Vale" (farewell) three times as they departed from the tomb. So when the firing squad of today fires three volleys over the grave of a comrade and fellow soldier they are following the old Roman custom of bidding him "Farewell" three times.

The custom of sounding taps at military funerals has existed since the Mexican War. It has been general in its present form since the close of the Civil War. During the Peninsular Campaign a soldier was buried while his battery was occupying an advanced position. Because of the proximity to the enemy the firing of three volleys over his grave was dispensed with and it was suggested that the sounding of taps would be appropriate. The custom thus originated. There is no call which is heard during the day's routine that arouses more sentiment. In addition to its meaning of "lights out," it has that of "rest in peace" and in this sense is it most appropriate when sounded over the final resting place of a departed comrade. The following words to accompany taps are indeed most expressive:

"Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all
To their rest."

—Bamboo Breezes.

Charity Football Games

The Marine Corps has once again come to the rescue of the charitable organization in Washington, which, in conjunction with the Hearst newspapers in that city, has been striving to arrange a football game between two strong elevens, the proceeds to go to charity in Washington. Georgetown University offered the services of its team but efforts to find an opponent among other local college elevens were unsuccessful. Major Brewster, speaking for the Marine Corps, stated that the Quantico football team would be glad to play Georgetown University or any other opponent for charity. Georgetown has not as yet accepted that challenge and thus far the benefit football game has proceeded no further than a scrap of paper.

The Marine Corps has always welcomed an opportunity to do its bit for those unfortunates who are facing hunger and privation through no fault of their own. Isn't there some local college team with the same spirit?

All-Marine Football Team

Major D. L. S. Brewster, athletic and publicity officer at Headquarters Marine Corps, has kindly consented to select an All-Marine football team for the season of 1931. Selections will be made from every post maintaining a football team and no partiality will be shown to any particular post or individual player.

We will publish Major Brewster's team in our January issue. Watch for it! In the meantime, why not let us have YOUR All-Marine team?

Christmas Gifts

In keeping with our policy of rendering every assistance possible to our readers, we ran an announcement in the November issue and will run another in this number offering to purchase and forward gifts to families and friends of any Marine who finds it inconvenient to do so himself. You will find full particulars of this offer in the back of this issue under the heading, "Announcement," and we again cordially invite you to take advantage of it.



THE ROAD BACK. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown & Co. A sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," in which the demobilized soldiers find the world has gone on to leave them out of the scheme of things. \$2.50

JEB STUART. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. A flashing biography of a romantic leader of the Civil War. Profusely illustrated by the author. \$5.00

THE BATTLE AT BLANC MONT. By Lt.-Col. Ernst Otto, German Army (retired). Translated by Martin Lichenberg, U. S. M. C. Published by U. S. Naval Institute. A German officer's explanation of the Blanc Mont affair. \$2.00

THE BLACK NAPOLEON. By Percy Waxman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. The story of Toussaint Louverture, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Continental treachery. \$3.50

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin). The Cuban insurrection and our war with Spain. \$4.00.

ON FORSYTE CHANGE. By John Galsworthy (Scribners). \$2.50. The further adventurers of the Forsyte family.

LA SALLE, by L. V. Jacks (Scribners). \$3.50. A biography of the Naval French Explorer.

PLAY THE GAME. Edited by Mitchell V. Charnley. Viking Press. A book of all sports and athletic competitions, written by such authorities as Fielding H. Yost, Rogers Hornsby, "Red" Grange, Benny Friedman, Grantland Rice, and a host of others. \$3.50

THE INCREDIBLE YANQUI. By Herman B. Deutsch. Longmans, Green & Co. The career of Lee Christmas, Yankee soldier of fortune whose exploits fashioned the destiny of Central American republics. \$3.50

REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE. By Major General John A. Lejeune. Doran. Inspiring autobiography of a Marine officer. \$4.00

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By General Pershing. Stokes. A complete account of America's accomplishments and the difficulties of her leader in the World War. 2 volumes, boxed. \$10.00

TO THE VICTOR. By Henry von Rbau. Longmans, Green & Co. A well-plotted, romantic adventure that keeps you guessing as to how the young Prussian officer is going to extricate himself from the web of his difficulties. \$2.00

THE RISE OF U. S. GRANT. By A. L. Conger. The Century Co. A comprehensive study of the character and achievements of General Grant. \$5.00

OFFICERS' GUIDE. Infantry Journal, Inc. Compiled ready reference for officers of all services. \$2.75

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

Red Nose Circus

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, by Anthony H. G. Fokker and Bruce Gould (Henry Holt), \$3.50.

Blazing like comets across the skies, Anthony Fokker's Red Nosed Circus struck terror into the hearts of the Allied troops. Although, actually, Fokker's commercial achievements have transcended his military designs, his international reputation has been founded upon his war activities.

Perhaps it is well to refute the fallacy concerning the nationality of Mr. Fokker. He is a Hollander, and it was only through a series of coincidences that he became identified with the German army.

As a boy Fokker was perpetually tinkering, inventing and perfecting his toys. He fashioned an electric train and tapped the power line of the traction company. The result was rather unexpected. The lights went out and the street cars stopped running. There were other inventions, strange bicycles, solid tires and improvements. But all this time the germ of aviation was working in his blood.

He built a plane, and veteran pilots scoffed at his innovation. To their minds it was everything a plane should not be; but when Fokker took it up in a wind that prohibited the others from leaving the ground, they admitted that there might be something in it after all.

Fortunately the senior Mr. Fokker had a little money to invest in his son's genius, but even that was not unlimited, and Anthony Fokker found himself hard pressed for financial backing. He flew for money, designed planes, held school for flyers. All this time he was endeavoring to interest foreign powers in his plane.

Then came the war. Several German officers were attending Fokker's classes. They realized the true value of his planes. But even then it was a hard life. Fokker encountered unfair and unethical competition. Under this pressure Fokker worked harder than ever, and how he accomplished his purpose makes as good an autobiography as any that has come to our attention for some time.

War With Spain

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT, by Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin), \$4.00.

"The Martial Spirit" is a study of the Cuban revolt and the subsequent conflict between the United States and Spain. It peeks behind the curtains and tears the romantic glamour away, disclosing a hideous skeleton of political charlatans. It is not a very pretty story, and somehow it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. Some of the ideals we have always cherished are taken apart, disclosing a rather messy interior; and some of our idols are tumbled down from their pedestals into the mire.

Perhaps no war has ever been entirely free from political jingoism. Someone once said that the old men make the wars and the young men die in them. According to Mr. Millis this was unusually the case in the Spanish American war. The fervor of war spirit ran high. The tyranny of Spain over Cuba awoke the sympathies of our nation, engendered by delicate prompting from the press. Capitol Hill seethed with the desire for war. Each new incident incited them further.

Mr. Millis cleverly brings out the irony of the destruction of the "Maine." The battleship had steamed into the harbor on a mission of good will. Hostilities had abated, and for a time it appeared that America would be forced to forego the pleasure of a war with Spain.

The reaction of the blowing up of the ship is well known. War was now inevitable, and the good people awoke to realization that we were unprepared.

Marines were landed at Guantanamo Bay, and there were casualties. For the first time the people appreciated the fact that war was more than glittering uniforms and inspiring music.

Throughout the entire volume Mr. Millis has inserted a subtle undercurrent of irony. He pictures the blundering and blind groping of a recruit army. He spares no one; and yet, one cannot feel that his criticism is entirely undeserved.

"The Martial Spirit" is well written, and if one does not take too seriously the besmirching of our national idols, it can be read with pleasure.

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1931

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

From the Shores of Fifty-Second Street

The tropical island of Troubilo (forty square miles of swampy, insect-infested and scorching land) had but recently become a republic. The president, Satchel-butt, occupied an ancient fort about three miles inland and his soldiers were constantly fighting the bandits of Villino, a garlic-devouring old culprit, who desired the comforts akin to such a nice cozy domicile.

On October 27, 1931, at the break of dawn, Villino mobilized his entire "farces" and attacked the old "weak" hold. The few U. S. Marines stationed ten miles away were hurriedly summoned to the scene, but by that time Villino had already usurped the president's chair, dream-bag, et al.

From the turrets the cutthroats rained a volley of lead upon the Gyrenes, who kept fighting doggedly in face of terrible odds. Lieutenant Barrett, Marine officer, suddenly perceived the muzzle of a machine-gun being set up by House-head, Villino's left-hand man. It was at this moment that Corporal Simon was ordered to take two men and proceed through the jungle to the shore where the U. S. S. "Wicks" was known to be patrolling adjacent waters. Thrashing the tropical marshy grounds, the small detail finally reached the shore where they managed to signal the vessel. Captain Lackey, U. S. N. R., told the commander of the Marine detachment aboard, Lieutenant Kessenich, U. S. M. C. R., to put landing parties over the side.

Three boats were put over in charge of the lieutenant. Upon landing, the guides led the reserves through the forest to the turbulent scene. Although exhausted by the long run, the Leathernecks' fatigue was overcome by their anxiety to subdue Villino. A quick survey of the situation was made and it was decided to make the first attacks on the right flank under cover of machine-gun fire. This was done in a manner reminiscent of the Belleau Woods affair and the enemy's machine gun sputterings were soon silenced. This accomplished, the other Sea Soldiers rushed with fixed bayonets. Corporal Costello was first over the wall and had the pleasure of engaging in some hand-to-hand combat with a husky insurgent, who was quickly subdued. The end of the battle was accompanied by the rebels' cries of "Amigo, Amigo!"

A search for Villino was unsuccessful until Private Terry started to nose around the cellar, where he found the codger imbibing some rare clarine. The revolutionist was so ossified he thought Terry was a prohibition agent.

(All of which gives a sun-kissed idea of the guerrilla-warfare sham battle enacted by Company A, First Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, at the armory on Navy Day. Nicaraguan atmosphere was made possible by palm trees, a theatrical

fort, miniature destroyer and landing force boats operated by rollers.

(The naval battalion and Marine company was reviewed by Capt. Stayton, NYNM and one-time Marine officer. Evening Parade featured the Brooklyn Leathernecks nattily attired in white-blue-whites. A party was held in the company room for the Marines' guests. Another highlight of the evening's ceremonies was visiting the newly assigned destroyer, "Wicks," which was tied up to the pier adjoining the armory.)

On November 6th the Brooklyn reservists accepted the challenge of the 303rd Company, U. S. M. C. R., to engage in a shooting match aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois."

Well, mates, to make a sad story short, this outfit put up an honest fight, but it was New York's night and the 303rd outfit rolled up a neat 1065 as against Company A's 1031. The highest individual scores were also clinched by the Manhattaners, the Neiter brothers, who attained 141 each.

Lieutenant Donovan and his First Sergeant, Calisch, extended their usual warm welcome to Lieutenant Kessenich's men, and between sandwiches, java and cigars, old times were talked over and all agreed it was an evening well spent.

Among the things we thought you might deem interesting are the following: The first all big gun ship was a British one, H. M. S. "Dreadnought," from which we get the usage of that term. (Dread-nought means fearing nothing—except naval cuts, of course.) . . . Seven out of ten civilians cannot spell the words "sergeant" and "khaki." . . . Shrapnel was invented by an English lieutenant, Shrapnel, in 1792. It did not come into use, however, until sixteen years later. . . . The first war steamer was the invention of Robert Fulton and was called the "Demologos." (Authorized by Congress in 1814.) . . . A new book out on General Sheridan says that gallant gentleman did not make his famous twenty-mile ride in the manner of the famous poem. We are now told Sheridan often stopped, listened and even walked part of the way. (In wars to come, heroes will kindly have affidavits duly sworn to by a notary public.) . . . Your LEATHERNECK Magazine will have reviews on the newest movies concerning the Marine Corps. (To spare you flickers like "LEATHERNECKING.") That was the one "Papa" Wood almost contracted high blood pressure from indignation)

. . . Our almost wise crack in this column some months ago about the fellow seeing dots before his eyes appeared months later in Sobel's column in the New York Journal. . . . On November 6, 1931, the New York Times (which never errs—well, hardly ever) printed some data on the U. S. S. "Colorado," giving its beam as 624 feet! uh—oh! . . . When Maj. Gen. Butler resigned from the Corps, about 498 out of every 500 newspapers copied

one another by referring to him as "The stormy petrel of the Marine Corps." . . . And with all the wags on the press, it remains for a contributor to "The Leatherneck" to discover that that army major who does so much is named DOOLITTLE! . . . The next movie (after "Come On, Marines") on the Corps will be "The Cuban Love Song," with Lawrence Tibbett as the Gay Gyrene. . . . That December cover on Ballyhooey Magazine . . . When Maj. Maj. Rothafel (Roxey) was asked for data for his biography he replied that it was too soon—he would like to accomplish more. Spoken like a true Marine! . . . The shell gun was invented by Colonel Paixhans of the French Army, a soldier of Napoleon. . . . The wise-guys are laying down good greenbacks that a former Secretary of War will be our next President. . . . And you few who have read all this stuff all the way down to here are sincerely wished a Merry Christmas!—and the same to the others, too! . . . So long, mates.—William McK. Fleming.

Memories

Experiences told by some as "Now, in the old Marine Corps, etc., causes me to visualize former times which do not compare with the present very well. I have to laugh when I think of my first days in the Corps back in 1876. Some of my experiences have been told before, but will bear repeating.

It was only a few years after the close of the Civil War and things were not so good or pleasant. There were days when we were severely tried by circumstances which had to be faced, but they were not so bad at that, when one comes to think a soldier's life is no easy task. Unless one is satisfied with the situation, he had better remain in civil life, for nothing will be agreeable. The country was just settling down after a hard struggle. The situation at Brooklyn Barracks had not made much of a change, for the issue of bedding and covering must have been just the same as it was ten years before: straw ticks and brown blankets of material that one could look through; food, black coffee and dry bread for breakfast; dinner consisted of dry bread, tea, and two or three slices of boiled pork; supper was a repetition of breakfast, dry bread and tea. On holidays, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, and Washington's Birthday, there was what we considered, at that time, a feast.

There was a man named Sammy Reynolds, who ran a Sutler's store at Brooklyn Barracks, or what is otherwise called canteen, a remnant of Civil War days. He sold the worst sour beer that could be found and at ten cents per glass; that with pipes, tobacco, cakes and pies, made up his stock in trade. His place was at the extreme north end of the grounds or just off from the kitchen. Right over the kitchen was located the Sick Bay, not often occupied, and the doc-

(Continued on page 41)



Hudson-Mohawk News

After several mishaps, it was made possible for me to attend the Buffalo Convention of the League and I was made very happy by the way I was greeted. Disappointed in not meeting some of the members I had expected to see, I was nevertheless glad to make new friends. The absence of our late chief of staff, Lambert, was very noticeable. It was my intention to have a good long talk with him about old times, but I realize that he has much to attend to in New York and forgive his absence this time. Lambert was my side-kick when we argued about the change in name from "Veterans" to "League" back in '22, and has left a name for himself as chief of staff that will be hard to equal. Come to Albany some time, Frank, and we will make up for lost time.

Another one I missed was our national chaplain, "Doc" Clifford, whom I have not seen for ten years. I did meet an old-timer by the name of Williams, from Buffalo, and we had a good talk and some laughs of by-gone days.

Then there was our hard-worked national adjutant and paymaster, Beeg. His size does not correspond with his name—it should be BIG. It was certainly a pleasure to meet him.

Of National Commandant Lations, I need say nothing. He is too well-known in the League as the man who has brought the organization to the top rung of the ladder of success to be helped by my humble praise.

There were also Sergeant Major Hardin and Sergeant Robertson, both of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston. Greetings, Deane—how about the 4-20?

There were many more whose names are forgotten but I recall another Robertson from the Buffalo Detachment who was very kind in showing my three buddies and myself around the city in his car. Many thanks, comrade.

The trip to Canada via Niagara Falls and return after dark to view the falls during the illumination was fine and the banquet at the General Brock Hotel in Canada that same evening was greatly appreciated.

At the banquet at the Statler Hotel in Buffalo, which closed out all business and festivities of the Convention, I was pleased to meet General Richards, who came all the way from Quantico to be with us.

The three days of business and pleasure were strengthened by the arrival of First Sergeant John F. Manning, who was with Headquarters Company, 6th Regiment, in France. It made me feel ten years younger to see him.

It must be said of the Buffalo Detachment that they certainly spread themselves and much credit is due them

for the manner in which the affair was conducted.

This detachment was well represented. Our own "Maurie" Illich, national vice commandant, was there, as was Commandant "Chet" Bates, Vice Commandant Brown, Adjutant Paymaster "Chris" Cunningham, Past Commandants Culver and McNamara; Comrades Yager, Brainard and myself.

The Troy members, wishing to help the good work along, gave a benefit dance in Troy at the Hendrick Hudson Hotel on October 23rd. About two hundred couples were present.

On Armistice Day, this year, we will congregate at Wenzell's Grove, Schenectady, hold a short service and partake of a beefsteak supper, followed by dancing.

We put off the election of new officers until next June by extending the tenure of office of the present officers to that time, as recommended at the last Convention.

To all who sought to make my visit to Buffalo pleasant and enjoyable, I extend sincere thanks and hope I may be able to be at the next gathering of the clan.—H. C. Edgerton ("The Old Warrior.")

Present

The present status of the League is of the highest quality and is composed of men whose calibre has been questioned and found perfect insofar as perfection can be gauged. It is an organization of a class entirely its own and is quoted as second to none. It should be remembered that only white men are accepted for service with the Marines and this makes the Corps the only branch of the federal service of its kind; it places the Corps as exceptional; comparison with other branches has also placed the Marines in a position won entirely by Marines. The League is constituted of this class of men, who not only won distinction on the field of action but by their devotion to the Corps and to the grand old flag, THE STARS AND STRIPES, which represents the grandest country the sun shines on, the United States of America.

The first thought of the authorities at Washington when trouble begins to brew is "Send the Marines," thus giving the honor of being the "first to fight" as was very plainly illustrated by the landing of Marines at Guantanamo Bay in 1898, where it will be remembered they were engaged in a 36-hour fight. They had the honor of raising Old Glory for the first time on foreign soil. In the World War when the 2nd Division, composed of the 5th and 6th Marines, faced, by chance, the best fighting force Germany could produce, the Prussian Army, they forced them to a retreat which ended only at the Rhine, while the balance of this division, which was composed of

selections from the regular army, gave the entire division hard-won glory. So much has been broadcast of how and by whom the Hindenberg Line was broken that it causes some Marines to smile and some to scowl and utter some very uncomplimentary remarks, but after all is said and done, it cannot be said the Marines in any way boasted about what they did, but closed their lips and looked wise. It was what was accomplished at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood to Lucy-le-Bocage as well as other points that has placed the Marines in the front ranks of history; a history which has never been equalled and should the Marines continue to serve Uncle Sam, they will outshine all others.

The annals and history of this country show that for first hand experience, it can be found always with the American Marines.

We have come to the time when to be a member of the M. C. L. is an honor that can be found nowhere else. The brotherhood of man, the constancy of comradeship, the bond of good fellowship and brotherly love, can and is found among the members. It is realized at every meeting. Every member is cordially greeted. Be he a retired officer or coming from the ranks, all are equal. That is the spirit of the Marines. "Once a Marine, Always a Marine." There are no ex-Marines for the only ones designated as such are considered as deserters or have been dishonorably discharged. As to those who have or are now governing the destinies of the League, let it be said that they were chosen after due deliberation and consideration of their ability and devotion to the interests of the organization. A man may be popular but that does not mean he has the necessary qualifications. Too much cannot be said about the leadership of Captain W. Carl Lations and his several assistants, who in spite of private interests for the past two years, were always ready to answer inquiries and give assistance. We now have as National Commandant, a man from Buffalo, who has yet to prove his worth but whom I am convinced will give a good account of himself. I refer to Lieutenant Carlton Fisher. Let us buckle on our armor and help him to worthily stand with Lations.—The Old Warrior.

Budde Auxiliary

The October meeting of the George W. Budde Auxiliary of Norwood, Ohio, was an open meeting to which all eligible ladies in Cincinnati were invited. The evening was spent playing cards after which refreshments were served. Quite a number of prospective members responded to the invitation and the evening was a very enjoyable one. Our Auxiliary has made very good progress since its organization last March and this winter promises to be a brilliant one for us.



FOUR-FOOTED DEPUTY

The chief constable of a small English town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night his telephone bell rang.

"Is Mr. Blank there?" said an agitated voice.

Mrs. Blank answered yes, and inquired:

"Do you want my husband in his capacity of veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our new bulldog to open his mouth, and—there's a burglar in it."

—Boston Transcript.

Tom: "I have courted your daughter for fifteen years."

Dad: "Well, what do you want?"

Tom: "To marry her."

Dad: "Well, I'll be darned. I thought you wanted a pension or something."

—Arcanum Bulletin.

Peters: "I would like to purchase a present for my wife's birthday."

Brugge: "Would you be interested in something in silk stockings?"

Peters: "Well, let's get this present first."—Newport Recruit.

Joan, five, out to tea, was puzzled when she saw the family bow their heads for grace.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Giving thanks for our daily bread," she was told. "Don't you give thanks at home, Joan?"

"No," said Joan, "we pay for our bread."—Capper's Weekly.

Professor: "Jones, what is the cause of cancer?"

Jones: "I—I—did know, professor, but I've forgotten."

Professor: "What a pity! The only man that ever knew the cause of cancer—and he's forgotten it!"—Life.

Doctor: "Find out what that man's name is so we can inform his mother."

Pharmacist's Mate (two minutes later): "He says his mother knows his name."—Newport Recruit.

CHANGE OF DIET

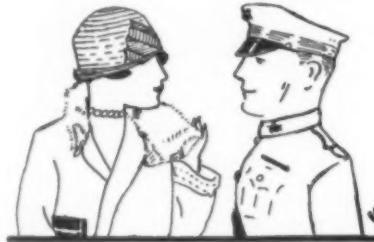
It was the duty of Janet, the maid, to tie up Jeff, the house dog, every night before she retired. One night she failed in her duty, and next morning found Jeff loose.

He had played havoc with the contents of the larder. When the mistress heard the news, she inquired:

"Has he eaten much, Janet?"

"Every blessed thing," replied the maid, "except the dog biscuits!"

—Tit-Bits.



Beep: "I see Al's fixed his car with a new siren."

Beep-beep: "Yuh! Good-looking one, too."

A writer declares that every single man makes a false step sooner or later. Thereafter, of course, he is known as a married man.—Passing Show.

"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes."

"Then for goodness sake don't let him bark. He just bit me."—Siren.

Aunt Agnes (who has been accepted, not without misgiving, as a fourth at bridge): "Of course I understand the game. Only don't flutter me. Let me see—I know tricks are trumps, but who led the queen of dummies?"

—The Humorist.

Mother: "You know, Geoffrey, Norma is nearly seventeen years old, so today I had a frank discussion with her about the facts of life."

Father: "Ah! Did you learn anything new?"—Everybody's Weekly.

ENCOURAGING

Timid Soul: "Has anyone ever been lost on these airplane sightseeing trips?"

Aviator: "No, ma'am. Ten of our ships crashed last year but all of the bodies were found."—Pathfinder.

Elderly lady (to soldier with head swathed in bandages): "Were you wounded in the head?"

Soldier (fed up on answering questions): "No, mum, in the leg, but the bandage has slipped up."—Exchange.

"What would you call a man who is always butting in where he isn't wanted?" asks a correspondent. A salesman.

—The Humorist.

A man touring Europe sent back a picture post card bearing this message: "Dear Son:

"On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here."

"Your Dad."

—Wall Street Journal.

Nagging Wife: "I'd like to know how many women you made love to before you met me?"

Nagged Captain: "Twelve—but I didn't realize that you were the thirteenth until I had married you."

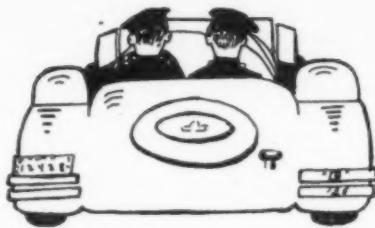
—Contributed.

Her hat was on one side, her clothes rumpled, her shoes in shreds and she looked as though she was all in. "Were you knocked down by a motorist?" asked a sympathetic one. "No, picked up," she snapped.—Exchange.

Pessimistic Merchant: "Look here, now, I'm willing to meet you half way. I'll agree to forget half what you owe me."

Seaman: "That's fair enough. I'll be glad to meet you half way. I'll forget the other half of the debt."

—Contributed.



Jake: "I hear Dick is in the hospital." Pete: "Yep. Caught in the rain and tried to economize by not taking a taxicab. Now he's got pneumonia."

Jake: "And Tom's in the hospital, too."

Pete: "Yep, he took a taxicab."

A lady much above the usual size was trying to enter a street car. A passenger, who was waiting to get off, began to laugh at her futile efforts.

"If you were half a man, you'd help me on this street car," snapped the fat lady.

The passenger retorted, "Madam, if you were half a lady you wouldn't need any help."—Exchange.

Taxi Driver: "My, what a clutch!"

Voice (from rear): "Say, you, keep your eyes to the front. This is none of your business."—Selected.

An absent-minded grocer called on his old friend, the family doctor, one evening. They chatted for a couple of hours, and as the grocer rose to go the doctor asked: "Family all well, I suppose?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his visitor, "that reminds me. My wife's having a fit."—Emporia Gazette.

"Is your wife economical?"

"Sometimes. She had only twenty-six candles on her fortieth birthday cake last night."—Boston Transcript.

"What do you call your old car?"

"Well, I generally call her most any name that comes to mind, but generally I stick to 'Passion.'"

"How come?"

"Well, just because she's so hard to control."—Contributed.

It seems that while we were in New York this last time a friendly gunman haled a taxi, and shoved four of our slightly inebriated shipmates aboard. He instructed the chauffeur as follows: "The man on the left goes to the Navy 'Y,' the one on the right to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the one in the middle to the Clark Street Station, and the other to 96th Street."

The man nodded understanding and drove away. In a couple of minutes he came back again.

"Say, Buddy," he said, "Would you mind sorting these guys out again? I hit a bump on Sixth Avenue."—Rope Yarn.

PUTTING OVER A SWIFT ONE

Daughter: "But, Dad, don't you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?"

Father: "I certainly do. Right now your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."—Life.

English: "Do you realize to whom you are speaking? I am the only daughter of an English peer."

Marine: "Haw, haw, that's nothing. I am the only son of an American doc."—The Walla Walla.

Do you remember the navigator who said to the skipper, "I know every rock in this harbor" and just then she crashed, and remarked "that's one of them now."—Newport Recruit.

"Mummy, didn't you say that baby had your eyes and daddy's nose?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, you'd better keep your eyes on him. He's got grandpa's teeth now."—Globe and Laurel.

Small Boy: "Dad, give me a dime."

Father: "Not today, sonny, not today."

Small Boy: "Dad, if you'll give me a dime I'll tell you what the iceman said to mama this morning."

Father: "Here, son, quick, what did he say?"

Small Boy: "He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"—Sub-Base Ballast.

Waiter: "These are the best eggs we've had for years."

Customer: "Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."—Tit-Bits.

Little Mary, aged five, driving through the country with her father, for the first time saw cat-tails growing along the road.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, shaking her father's arm in her excitement, "look at the hot-dog garden!"—Kablegram.

PRIMROSE PATH

"Don't you know that the stuff you're drinking is slow poison?" warned the wife.

"That's all right," replied the bibulous husband. "I'm in no hurry."

—Woman's Home Companion.

First Tramp (who has fallen in the canal): "Help! Help! Help! I can't swim."

Second Tramp (on bank): "Well, neither can I; but I'm not making such a fuss about it."—Globe and Laurel.

Tommy: "Nurse, did you say you would kiss me if I were good all day?"

Handsome Nurse: "Yes, dear, and so I will now."

Tommy: "No, nurse. I have sold the kiss to my big brother for a shilling."—Die Muskete (Vienna).

"Did you paint the porch seat yesterday, Dad?"

"Why, yes, daughter. Why?"

"Well, Harold and I sat on it last night and he got paint on his trousers."—Newport Recruit.

French colonel inspecting quarters:

"Mon Dieu! Is all this his?"



Out of the Brig

By Lou Wylie

The Brig's Christmas Greetings

These be the days of smiles and cheer,
For Christmas days are drawing near;
Detached from mundane things like work
Our thoughts on gayer ideas lurk.
Old friends, old joys, these days we find
Are uppermost, they haunt our mind,
And with the Yuletide's presence rise
To halo us with memories.
Each year we blend the old and new,
The untried, and the loyal, true,
And wish you best of Christmas Cheer
And to you each, a glad New Year.
Dear Fellows:

Did you ever sit in a room that was something around July temperature, with all windows raised, and try to feel Christmassy enough to write a Christmas poem? That is just what is happening to this columner, and even if it is New York, and even if it is November and December is just around the corner, somebody forgot to tell the weatherman, and wow, is it hot. And the same person who forgot to tell the weatherman forgot to mention to the janitor

that the thermometer was not slated for zero today, and he keeps right on firing up. But anyhow, Merry Christmas, and it is about the sixth or seventh that this column has wished you since its inception, or inauguration, whichever way columns come into being.

Which reminds us, some two or three years ago we wrote a poem about the old flags of the Marine Corps which we inspected when we made our one and only trip to Washington. The poem was called "Old Banners" and appeared in the Brig column, but your columner has lost her copy. A Marine out in the Asiatics has written asking for a copy of this poem. If anyone knows what issue it appeared in, or has a copy, will they please pass it along to the Brig.

Following our practice of introducing celebrities that we meet in our wanderings here and there, to the column readers, we want you fellows to meet Harry Bromley today. Harry is a photographer for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, from which this columner draws its weekly stipend that keeps her out of the breadline. But Harry has not always been a news photographer. Several years back, in fact before the World War, Harry was living back in England, and just a lad of 14. He decided to see bit of the world and signed up as a band boy with the British Army. He proved just as good a band boy as he has a photographer, and didn't let a little thing like the World War cause him to forget his music, or his ambition to see the world. He is now seeing it hanging from a telegraph pole by one leg as he snaps fires, clambering up and down gang planks to get pictures



Lou Wylie

of beautiful ladies, and doing the numerous and hazardous jobs that his present calling necessitates.

A few months ago he was detailed to photograph the army horse show at the Ft. Hamilton garrison. A number of enlisted men who had won prizes were lined up on their mounts. Other news photographers from other papers were present. One of them repeatedly said "Will you fellows get down off your horses? I want to photograph you on the ground." Finally, Harry being able to stand it no longer said abruptly, "Heck! Tell 'em to dismount. They'll know what you mean." Only, having been a soldier, Harry didn't say Heck.

This column has found just one more reason for the close friendship which exists between her and the Capt. T. A. Harris family at the Fort Hamilton army garrison. Mrs. Harris' birthday is on the same day that the U. S. Marine Corps was organized.

Some of the things that this columnist finds annoying is sailors who think they have to speak to every girl they see alone on the street after eight P. M. . . . Garbage collectors who kick tin cans up and down the sidewalk at 6 A. M. . . . People who go around saying we are going to war. . . . People who go around saying we are not going to war. . . . People who don't know what the Marine Corps insignia looks like. . . . Cartoonists who never get uniforms correct in their drawings. . . . Pacifists. . . . Soap box orators. . . . People who come around hinting what they want you to give them for Christmas. . . . people who never take the hints that you give them for Christmas. . . . Girls who wear dresses that touch the sidewalk when they go to business. . . . Girls who wear mussed feathers on their hats. . . . Men who explain they can't take you out to dinner because of the depression. . . . Bills. . . . And the color scheme in the new Waldorf Astoria.

Leatherneck Essayist

Marine Wright R. Rundell, who helps the boys make music in the Marine Band, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, is also a mean essayist, as evidenced by his recent winning of the "Buy at Home" essay contest sponsored by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce and the Modern Bedspring Improvement Company, as a feature of the Hawaiian Products Show. Rundell won a valuable antique settee.

Banks Prefer Marines

Harold L. Bales, 1619 South Lincoln Street, North Chicago, Ill., formerly corporal, U. S. Marine Corps, recently honorably discharged from the service at the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., has been selected for a position of responsibility and trust by the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, reputed to be the largest banking institution in that city, and the third largest in the world.

In announcing the selection of former Corporal Bales for this position, Rear Admiral Walter S. Croseley, U. S. Navy, the commandant at Great Lakes, stated that it was a pleasing compliment to the men of the Marine Corps as well as Bales, and a gratifying tribute to the

thoroughness and excellence of the training they received, that the leading banking institution of Chicago should give preference to honorably discharged Marines in filling certain classes of positions, particularly at this time, when there is so much unemployment and the keenest kind of competition for every job.

A number of the other leading banks of Chicago, it is said, have a similar policy of giving preference to honorably discharged men of the Marine Corps for certain positions in which the military training they have received is regarded as of particular value.

Marine Officers Eligible

Under the 1932 Olympic games rules for the sailing events, officers in the Navy or merchant marine will be considered amateurs and eligible to compete.

Warlike Nation

The United States has engaged in more than fifty armed military expeditions outside its own boundary.

Captain Awarded Life-Saving Medal

A silver life-saving Medal of Honor has been awarded by the Secretary of the Treasury to Captain Byron F. Johnson, U. S. M. C., for his rescue of a civilian, Mr. M. F. Stoner, from drowning at Coronado, Calif., on May 13, 1929. While Captain Johnson was stationed at the Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Johnson has been on duty in Nicaragua and is now en route to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where the medal will be presented to him.

Captain Johnson was born at Elk Falls, Kans., November 15, 1894. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in July, 1917, and in 1918 was discharged to accept a commission as second lieutenant. He was promoted to first lieutenant in 1921 and to captain in 1929. His home is at 1325 Bryson Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

In Haiti

The Bay of Caracol is now open to navigation. A survey conducted by members of the Garde Coast Guard made this possible.

Of 692 enlisted men separated from the service during the year and eligible for re-enlistment, 667, or 93.4 per cent, re-enlisted.

The desertion rate of the Garde is 1%.

The Garde d'Haiti has nothing to do with the fining of law violators. Haitian judges fine and collect and then account to representatives of the towns in which they function.

The Garde maintains the control and supervision over all arms, ammunition and military supplies in the republic.

Of the 3000 motor vehicles registered in Haiti, 130 are official and exempt from tax. By virtue of a recent law passed by the legislature exempting members of that body from automobile taxes, this total will be increased by 51.

SPORTS

Football Quantico

American Legion Defeats Quantico Marines

Once again a team representing the Philadelphia County Council, American Legion, proved a stumbling block in the way of an undefeated season for Quantico footballers, for when the smoke of the battle had cleared away on Armistice Day afternoon, the Marines were found to be on the wrong end of a 14-0 score. Eddie Wall, named "Stonewall" by the Devil Dogs, was the difference between defeat and victory for the Leathernecks. Outside of scoring the first touchdown, throwing the pass that scored the second, kicking one of the points after touchdown, intercepting four Marine passes, gaining a hundred or so yards from scrimmage and playing a whale of a game on defense, he had a dull afternoon. Seldom has an individual gained the spotlight as did this ex-Grove City scintillant. McMains, Hutton, Kruez and Chase all played a bang-up game but Wall was the sparkplug of the Legionnaire aggregation.

In the first quarter the game sawed back and forth, neither side seeming to be able to get started. Shortly before the initial period ended the Legion advanced the ball to the Marine nine-yard line by virtue of a long run by Wall, a forward pass and some excellent line plunging by Kruez. A few minutes after the second period started, McMains hurled a pass to Wall, who caught the ball for a touchdown in the midst of the entire Devil Dog team. For the remainder of the half the Marines took to the air and though several times threatening the Legion goal line, lacked the punch to put the ball over.

The Marines started with a rush in the second half and seemed determined to sweep their rivals off their feet. Bauer was throwing passes all over the field, many of them good for long gains. Robertson was on the receiving end of most of these passes. A costly fumble stopped the Marines' advance on the Legion 30-yard line and in a twinkling they had the ball in mid-field. Enter Mr. Wall again. Several line thrusts and a wide end run carried the ball to the Marine forty-yard line. Then Wall cut loose with a long forward pass straight into the arms of the waiting Hutton, who sped over the line for the Legion's second touchdown. The hero of the afternoon quickly added the fourteenth point.

The rest of the game was drab and listless. Both sides took to the air, hav-

ing learned by experience that it was impossible to gain through the line. Grounded forwards took up valuable time and the game seemed to drag through the gathering dusk.

Neither side made any effective gains through the line. Chase, all-American tackle at Pittsburgh a few years ago, was a tower of strength for the Legion while the Marine line from end to end played excellent defensive football. The tackling of Stuckwisch and Dupler was exceptionally vicious. When they hit 'em they stayed down. On one play both hit the same man at the same time. He

folded up like an adagio dancer. Stuckwisch was always first down the field on punts and if he didn't get the receiver, he slowed him up enough for a teammate to bring him to the sod.

The Marines were unfortunate in losing the services of Lieutenant Pressley and Shew early in the game. Both excellent players, their loss was keenly felt in the Marine line. That the Leathernecks played hard football is evidenced by the fact that no less than six were carried or helped off the field. Outplayed but not outfought, they stayed in there until they dropped.



—Philadelphia Public Ledger Photo.

The Marines Landed—But the Situation Got Out of Hand.

If the score of the game was based on first downs, the Marines would have triumphed by a big margin. My tally sheet shows that the Devil Dogs gained the necessary yardage no less than 15 times, the Legion only six. Neither side made a first down through the center of the line. All were by the aerial route with the exception of two made by off-tackle smashes, one by each team.

This article would not be complete without reference to the splendid play of Lieutenant Bauer. His passing bordered on the sensational and without his trusty arm the score might have been much, much larger. Once or twice he wound up his long legs and crashed through for large gains. He was the "Eddie Wall" of the Marines, as he did all the passing, shared the kicking with Zehr, called the plays and showed brilliantly on the defense. A truly great footballer is our Mr. Bauer.

Approximately 40,000 persons saw the Legion hand the Gyrenes their only defeat of the current season, repeating their feat of last year when they marred the marines' otherwise perfect record by a score of 13-7.

At the conclusion of the game, Colonel J. J. Meade, temporarily in command of the Marine Barracks at Quantico, accepted the invitation of Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent Carroll to come back next year for this same colorful event. Better luck next year, boys.

Lineup:

Marines	Position	Legion
Farrell	L. E.	Hutton
Shew	L. T.	Panacion
Dupler	L. G.	Morris
Gann	C.	Sechrist
Stuckwisch	R. G.	Westgate
Burger	R. T.	Chase
Moret	R. E.	Desmond
Bauer	Q. B.	McMains
O'Neill	L. H.	Wall
Tipton	R. H.	Atkinson
Zehner	F. B.	Kreuz

Score by periods:

Marines	0	0	0	0	0
Legion	0	7	7	0	14

Touchdowns—Wall, Hutton. Point from touchdown—Kreuz, Wall.

Substitutions—Marines: Dud for Shaw, Pressley for Gann, Hostad for Pressley, Robertson for Tipton, Kleponis for Dupler, Tipton for O'Neill, Shess for Tipton, Brandt for Berger, Crowe for Stuckwisch, Harrington for Farrell, Adams for Moret, Neihouse for Duda.

Substitutions—Legion: Rinsold for Atkinson, McGirl for Anderson, Uts for Sechrist, Peterson for Wall, Bonner for Desmond, Guse for McMains, Morris for Westgate, Rogers for Kreuz, Fox for Panacion, Scull for Guse, Hammer for Peterson, Sechrist for Uts, Uts for Sechrist, Rinsold for Westgate, Atkinson for Rinsold, Gillespie for Atkinson, Corson for Panacion, Johnson for Hutton, Peterson for Wall, Guse for McMains, Rogers for Scull, Fox for Uts, Dugier for Gillespie.

Referee—Paul P. Magoffin, Michigan. Umpire—Lon Jourdet, Penn. Head linesman—Mike Thompson, Georgetown. Field Judge—Guy B. Wheeler, Haverford. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Highlights of the Game

The sentiment of the spectators was undoubtedly for the Legion but we had the field announcer on our side so that made things even. He constantly remarked that the Marines were not only Leathernecks—they were leather-lunged. Referring, of course, to the lusty cheers emanating from the throats of some 2000 Gyrenes comprising the Marine rooting section.

Mr. Ziegfeld would do well to look up this man Kruez, stellar fullback of the Legion. How that man can kick! Several of his boots were good for fifty yards and one, by actual measurement, traveled seventy.

Many persons were admitted to the

game via the complimentary ticket route. A few minutes after the game started the word was passed that a few of the better seats could be had merely by going after them. What a commotion! If you have ever seen a squad of prohibition agents after a drink you have a good picture of that rush.

Stuckwisch displayed a bit of temper in the fourth quarter when a substitute was sent in to replace him. It took the combined efforts of his teammates to persuade him to leave the playing field but he had to let off steam some way, so threw his head gear across the field. The dire threats he was uttering against the world in general could be heard way up in the press box.

The Frankford Legion Fife and Drum Corps seemed to think that the football game was only a side issue; that the people were gathered there primarily to watch them strut their stuff. They monopolized practically all of the fifteen minutes between halves, cutting down the time allotted the Germantown post and completely eliminated the Quantico Marine band from the picture. This evidently riled the boys from Germantown for when they once got started they refused to leave even when the ball was lined up for the kick-off at the start of the second half. A few Bronx cheers from the stands finally persuaded them to make room for the game. The Marine band never had a chance against these two very persistent Legion outfits, but I feel certain that Colonel Meade will allow them to parade and drill to their hearts' content after returning to Quantico.

The Marine Corps can well be proud of her Quantico football team. They presented a formidable, well-drilled aggregation, a credit to the teaching of Coach McHenry and his staff. Though pitted against a team that could undoubtedly hold its own with the best college and professional teams in the country, they went into the game with that never-say-die spirit and played heads-up football all the way. Injuries to star players and the breaks of the game combined to send them to defeat.—T. P. Cullen.

20 to 12 Over Gallaudet

The Quantico Marine footballers defeated Gallaudet College, of Washington, D. C., 20 to 12 on Friday, November 6th, at Quantico. This game marked the seventh win for the Leatherneck eleven.

Lieutenant Bauer, Marine back, was the undisputed star of the game. He scored two of the Marines' three touchdowns and kicked for two extra points. Bauer's first touchdown came after Shess, Marine back, intercepted Gallaudet's pass on Gallaudet's 35-yard line and ran to their 15-yard line, from where Bauer scored on the first play. The Marines took the ball on Gallaudet's 25-yard line in the second quarter and Bauer sprinted off-tackle the entire distance to score his second touchdown. His great running and kicking were the features of the game and kept the spectators on edge at all times.

Gallaudet's team showed a real fighting spirit, playing a great defensive game and repeatedly held the Marines when a touchdown looked certain. The excellent work of Monaghan, Gamblin and Brown accounted for their two touchdowns. In the second quarter Gamblin completed a 40-yard pass to

Brown, who romped across the goal line for their first touchdown. In the first few minutes of play, in the second half, Monaghan intercepted a Marine pass and ran 65 yards for their second touchdown. They held the Marines scoreless in the second half.

Smear Medics

Forty-one to nothing was the score rolled up by the Quantico Marines against Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pa., Sunday, November 1.

Coach McHenry used practically all of his players, running over, around and through the Carlisle team which, as Army post teams in the East go, was supposed to be a pretty good outfit.

It was the seventh straight win for the Marines.

Med. School	Position	Marines
Bowers	L. E.	Farrell
Arrich	L. T.	Shew
Seasling	L. G.	Dupler
Bennett	C.	Pressley
R. Smith	R. G.	Stuckwisch
R. Smith	R. T.	Berger
White	R. E.	Moret
Nowe	Q. B.	Bauer
Wood	L. H.	Tipton
Styner	R. H.	Zeher
Hunt	F. B.	O'Neill
Carlisle Army Medical	0 0 0	0 0 0
Quantico Marines	7 13 13	8 41
Touchdowns—Zeher (2), O'Neill, Wilfred, Tipton, Byrne, Safety—Farrell. Point after touchdown—Bauer (3 placements). Substitutions—(Marines) Harrington for Farrell, Duda for Shew, Kleponis for Dupler, Trees for Pressley, Crow for Stuckwisch, Williams for Moret, Wilfred for Bauer, Both for Tipton, Sheets for Zeher, Byrne for O'Neill, Seldon for Booth, Popple for Duda, Gann for Trees, Devi for Stuckwisch, Posick for Adams (Carlisle), Haas for T. Smith, Hartley for Dennett, Roth for Wood, Tollet for White, Rutkowski for Smith, Freeman for Measling, Roth for Nowe. Referee—Pittinger.		

Trounce Firemen

Superior in every department, the Quantico Marine football team ran their string of victories over the Baltimore Firemen to three straight before a colorful throng of 30,000 spectators on October 24th, at Baltimore.

Unbeaten so far this season, the Devil Dogs scored almost at will in the opening half and left it to a second-string outfit to apply the finishing touches in the form of two touchdowns later in the final quarter.

Every Marine footballer, except the officers on the team, saw action and it was pretty hard to tell who the star player or players were.

The Firemen's lone touchdown came in the third quarter when Bair recovered a bad Marine pass from center on the latter's 1-yard line, whence Rawlinson dove over the goal line for the score. Virtually all of the game was played in the Firemen's territory.

The line-up:	Position	Firemen
Perrell	L. E.	Jones
Shew	L. T.	Knoerlein
Dupler	L. G.	Blucher
Hostad	C.	Dankmeyer
Stuckwisch	R. G.	Shiloh
Brandt	R. T.	Brady
Williams	R. E.	Redmon
Young	Q. B.	Harrison
Robertson	L. H.	Parr
Tipton	R. H.	Rawlinson
Zeher	F. B.	Smith

Defeat Campbell 18-0

Quantico, Va., October 16.—In a game marred by frequent penalties and the poor condition of the playing field, due to rain, the Quantico Marines defeated Campbell College by a score of 18-0 at Quantico yesterday. Approximately 1,000 fans witnessed the game.

The Devil Dogs, after twice being held by their lighter opponents within the 20-yard zone in the first quarter, scored two touchdowns in the second period in rapid fire order. They clicked off four first downs in succession, bringing the ball down to Campbell's 5-yard line. From this point Zeher plunged over for the score.

Zeher took the following kick-off and ran it back to his 45-yard line. A 40-yard pass, Zeher to Robertson, produced the second 6-pointer. In the third quarter the Sea Soldiers were encamped on their rivals' 10-yard stripe on two occasions, but each time Campbell held and took the ball on downs.

In the final period Lieut. Harold Bauer, former Navy star, carried the ball through center for a 40-yard gain, depositing the pigskin on the 5-yard line, from where Zeher plunged over.

Marines.	Position.	Campbell.		
Ferrell	L. E.	Grouse		
Shew	L. T.	Fort		
Kleponis	L. G.	Thomas		
Hosted	C.	Underwood		
Dupler	R. G.	Dandelake		
Popple	R. T.	Hood		
Adams	R. E.	Jordan		
Young	Q. B.	Myers		
Butler	L. H.	Kelley		
Booth	R. H.	Humphreys		
Zeher	P. B.	Griffin		
Marines	0	12	0	6-18
Campbell	0	0	0	0-0

Substitutions—Trees, Niehaus, Crow, Resio, Salton, Dever, Pressley, Carter, Williams, Posik, Moret, Brandt, Cox, Griffin, Riddle, Willard, Byrd. Referee—Magoffin (Mich.). Umpire—Burrell (Md.). Head linesman—Sahill (Wash.).

Parris Island

Romp Over Campbell

Campbell College came to Parris Island to the tune of "The Campbells Are Coming," and went away with the Bells of Scotland ringing in their ears. Which is a fact! "Angus" Bell, star halfback on General Lee's Blue Devils, and who hails from Scotland, Pa., went on a rampage on Saturday, October 31st, against Campbell and ran and passed and tackled the visitors until they were dizzy. With Bobby Gotko still on the sidelines, Bell was given the key job in the offensive and how that man performed! He scored twice, the first time on a plunge and then took a pass from Pierce and ran twenty yards through the visitors for his second, besides playing one of the most beautiful defensive games ever seen on Lee Field in backing up the line. "Horse" Pierce also had a fine day, scoring once on a plunge, and kicking one extra point and a field goal. These two canny Scots brought the score to 22 to 0. At no time during the game did Campbell threaten, with the exception of the opening play in the third period when Griffin ran the kick-off 80 yards to be nailed from behind by Hartley on the Marine twenty-four yard line. Alert work by the Blue Devil forward wall took the ball on downs and then opened holes for Pierce, Ball, and O'Brien to march 76 yards for the last touchdown.

Pierce and Bell were outstanding, but the work of the line on the defense proved to be the deciding factor. Time and again Kerr, Herman, and Hartley broke through to drop the carrier for a loss. Davidson also had a field day by blocking two punts, and recovering three fumbles. "Red" Campbell, the fourth horseman, did exceptionally fine blocking in the thankless position of blocker and

THE LEATHERNECK

paved the way for many good gains. In the third period Coach Larson started sending in his reserves and even they outplayed the collegians. Statistics show how complete the rout was. Parris Island made fourteen first downs and completed eight out of fifteen passes while holding Campbell to five first downs, three of which came through passes, and one from three successive off-sides. Judging from today, the Blue Devils will give a great account of themselves in their hardest game against Wofford College. The cripples, Gotko, Paulsboe, and Alexander will probably be fit for service and should add power to this big juggernaut.

THE LINE-UP

Parris Island.	Campbell College.	
Hartley	L. E.	Jordan
Davidson	L. T.	Cox
Smith	L. G.	Humphrey
Kerr	C.	Thomas
Beck	R. G.	Dandelake
Grau	R. T.	Hood
Shumway	R. E.	Taylor
Pierce	Q. B.	Lowe
Bell	H. B.	Humphrey
Campbell	H. B.	Myers
O'Brien	F. B.	Riddle

Score by quarters:

Parris Island	7	6	6	3-22
Campbell	0	0	0	0-0

Scoring—Touchdowns: Bell (2), Pierce. Point after: Pierce (dropkick). Field goal: Pierce (dropkick).

Substitutions—Campbell: Griffin, Eason, Crouse, Robertson, Sparkman, Rosick, Willard. Parris Island: Herman, Evans, Paige, Allen, Henderson, Gimber, Sadler, Williams, Bartlett, Peasley, Sims, Golden, Giagari, Wood, Vautour, Herron, and McKenna.

Officials—Referee: Harvey (S. C.). Umpire: Gardner (Md.). Field Judge: Chadwick (Citadel). Timekeeper: Smithberger (U. S. M. C.).

Defeat Teachers, 19-0

In a game marred by frequent fumbles and penalties, the Parris Island Marines scored three times against the South Georgia Teacher's College while keeping their own goal line intact, to win 19 to 0 at Lee Field, Saturday, October 24, 1931.

General Lee's Blue Devils scored in every period save the third and kept the play in the collegiate's territory during the greater part of the game. Immediately after receiving the opening kick the Teachers were forced to kick and, starting on their own forty-yard line, the Marines scored in three plays with Gotko breaking loose for thirty yards to score, but a penalty brought the ball back. Two minutes later, Gotko got loose again, this time running 65 yards through the entire Georgia team to score. Shumway place kicked the extra point.

The second quarter was a repetition of the first with Gotko scoring again behind perfect interference. The third period was a comedy of errors with the Devil Dogs making gains deep into enemy territory only to be penalized for practically every possible infraction. Again Gotko scored on a brilliant thirty-yard run, but this score was also nullified by a penalty. In the last quarter the pent-up fury of the Marine attack broke loose and Bell scored after a brilliant march up the field for a total of sixty-three yards. The jinx that has pursued Parris Island so far, again had a good day, when Bobby Gotko, key man of the offensive, was hurt and will probably not see action for two or three weeks. It is hard to pick an outstanding player in this game for the line had the greatest charge and defense they have had to date. All of them worked to-

gether and opened holes for their backs to practically walk through. This fact especially delighted Coach Larson, for the two hardest games of the season come on successive Saturdays and he had worked overtime to produce a line that would click. Wood, who took Gotko's place, showed the fans some beautiful running during the short while he was in and gives promise of becoming a good understudy to Bobby. Bergerson and Rountree, of South Georgia, were the only backs to make any showing whatsoever, Bergerson's punts averaging forty yards and keeping the Blue Devils from more scores.

THE LINE-UP

Parris Island.	S. G. T. C.
Shumway	Hale
Grus	Dewberry
Vandeverter	Anderson
Kerr	Kettles
Smith	Olliff
Davidson	Spears
Hartley	Brown
Gotko	Rountree
O'Brien	Norman
Bell	Bergerson
Pierce	

Score by quarters:

Parris Island	7	6	6	0-19
South Georgia	0	0	0	0-0

Scoring—Touchdowns: Gotko (2), Bell. Point after: Shumway (placekick).

Substitutions—South Georgia: Thrift, Hines, Clark, Riggs, Mobley, Harris, and Smith; Parris Island: Paige, Peasley, Sims, Bartlett, Campbell, Gimber, Giagari, Thomas, Hunt, Wood, Beck, Allen, Henderson, McKenna, Larson, and Evans.

Officials—Referee: Harvey (S. C.). Umpire: Bishop (Fla.). Field Judge: Chadwick (Citadel). Headlinesman: Elliott (N. C.).

—H. S. Griffin.

Lose to Catawba

The Parris Island Marines invaded the tepee of the Catawba Indians at Salisbury, N. C., Saturday, October 17th, and, after a hard, bitter struggle, were scalped to the tune of 13 to 0. In losing, the Marines played their best game to date, being subdued only by a superior aerial attack featuring one of the best passers in the South. Statistics show that the collegians made nine first downs, five by the air route, while the Gyrenes made eight, and won only by the margin in the air. Coach Charley Moran, whose famous Centre College team beat Harvard, used a similar passing attack which the Marines were unable to cope with successfully at all times and twice long passes placed the ball in scoring position. He is fortunate in having Witter, quarterback, whose passing ranks him with the best, to heave these long screened passes and build a running attack around. After a scoreless first half, in which the visitors lost many opportunities through inability to hold the ball, the collegians resorted to the air and a long thirty-yard pass from Witter to Robinson placed the ball where Appanaitis plunged over for the first score.

A break of the game due to a penalty for roughing the kicker after the Catawba team had been held for downs and kicked on their fourth, made it first down on the Marine thirty-five yard line, and this same trio collaborated in duplicating their previous feat. The Marine line, which heretofore had proved troublesome to the coaches, functioned perfectly and three times held the collegians for downs inside their own ten yard line with Allen, Paige, and Evans playing stellar roles. Captain Gotko was the outstanding back on the field with his shifty running breaking away

for runs of forty and thirty-three yards to prove a constant menace to the Indians. Campbell also shone on the offense with his crashing drives off tackle and the forward pass combination of Gotko and Bell showed great improvement with promise of future perfection.

THE LINE-UP

Parris Island.	Catawba.
Hartley	L. E.
Davidson	L. T.
Van Deventer	L. G.
Herman	C.
Smith	R. G.
Orus	R. T.
Shumway	R. E.
Gotko	Q. B.
Giargiari	L.H.B.
Campbell	R.H.B.
Pierce	F. B.
Score by quarters:	Appanaits
Parris Island	0 0 0 0
Catawba	0 0 6 7-13

Scoring—Touchdowns: Appanaits (2). Points after td: Schelleier (placekick). Substitutions—Marines: Gimber, Evans, Hunt, Allen, Larson, Bell, Peasley, Thomas, Alexander. Catawba: Husser and Schelleier. Officials—Referee: Dawson (Ga.). Umpire: Mutton (W. & J.). Field Judge: D'Armand (Davidson).

Oak Ridge Ties

A fighting Oak Ridge Military Institute eleven battled the Parris Island Marines to a scoreless tie at Lee Field, Saturday, October 10, 1931. The cadets played a beautiful defensive game to keep their heavier opponents from the coveted last marker. From end to end, their forwards kept on their toes and outchallenged the Marine forward wall time and again to nail the ball carrier on or behind the scrimmage line. Steele and Goodwin were particularly adept at this and proved to be thorns in the Gyrenes' sides during the whole game. The Tarheels flashed a fine offensive, using a variation of Alabama's famous spinner play, that bothered the Marines for the greater part of the game; and only the great defensive work of Giargiari in backing up the line and the punting of Shumway kept the Marine goal line from being crossed. McCachren and Womble of Oak Ridge proved themselves to be more than average running backs and got away for some nice gains. The Marine attack seemed to be sluggish in the early part of the game and only in the final moments were the backs able to make any headway. Gotko and O'Brien were outstanding with their broken field running and brought the ball to rest on the collegians' twelve-yard line after a march of sixty yards as the whistle ending the game blew.

"Bobby" Gotko played his usual excellent game the short while he performed and gave promise that he is as good as ever and a constant threat to opposing teams. In O'Brien, Coach Larson seems to have developed a running mate for Bobby, from whom much will be heard in future games.

THE LINE-UP

Oak Ridge.	Parris Island.
Mushrush	R. E.
Gilkey	R. T.
Quinn	R. G.
Goodwin	C.
Williams, P.	L. G.
Wagner	L. T.
Williams, R.	L. E.
Glenn	Q. B.
McCachren	L.H.B.
Womble	R.H.B.
Steels	F. B.
Score by quarters:	Appanaits
Parris Island	0 0 0 0
Oak Ridge	0 0 0 0

Substitutions—Oak Ridge: Torbett, Cummings, Sutton, East, Reynolds, McIver, and Clay. Marines: Henderson, Paige, Grun, Matchett, Pierce, Golden, Gotko, Bell, Beck, Campbell, Kerr, Alexander, Evans, and Hartley.

Officials—Referee: Harvey (S. C.). Umpire: Bishop (Fla.). Field Judge: Chadwick (Citadel). Headlinesman: Smithberger (U. S. M. C.).

San Diego

Terrific Battle

One of those old time service football classics, where everything but the water bucket was wielded with punishing accuracy, ended with the Marine Corps holding a 15 to 7 decision over the West Coast Army at Navy Field, San Diego on Sunday, November 1. The game, packed with long runs, a high number of passes, great defensive work and a disheartening amount of penalties, put the Marines back into the running for the Pacific Coast service championship and may gain them a tie for the crown, depending upon whether the Army recovers to defeat the West Coast Navy Armistice Day.

At present the Navy has a clear lead and can clinch the title by duplicating the feat of the Devil Dogs when it meets the Jarhead eleven in Berkeley. Upsetting all predictions, the Marines romped into an early lead, lost it by the end of the first half, and then came back to win in the last two quarters. The third and fourth periods saw the two outfits engage in individual as well as team combats and a large percentage of the plays were called back for penalties. The Jarheads lost a total of 97 yards and the Marines 60 for infringements of the rules that ranged from being offside to slugging. Jean Neil, big Devil Dog fullback, gave his team a start before the first quarter was half over, intercepting one of Gannuzzi's passes to run 72 yards to a touchdown. Conversion failed.

Army went into the lead in the second period on a 42-yard march down the field, Gannuzzi going over through tackle to score. Gilbert converted with a drop kick to give his team a 7 to 6 lead. In the third period the Marines were presented with the lead when Gilbert, Army back, stepped out of the end zone when he went back to punt after Lloyd had kicked out of bounds on the Army one-yard line with a 65-yard punt.

The safety gave the Marines an 8 to 7 lead and in the final period the Devil Dogs drove down the field to push over the final touchdown, Cogsdell scoring. Neil converted to make the score, Marines 15, Army 7. The final minutes of the game saw Army desperately trying to score on long passes without avail. The summary:

Army (7)	Position	Marines (15)
Keegan	L. E.	Stovall
Svarney	L. T.	Mac
Felix	L. G.	Cornelson
Gallagher	C.	Sitton
Williams	R. G.	Stanley
French	R. T.	Lambert
Malloy	R. E.	Glick
Denman	Q. B.	Cogsdell
Gannuzzi	L. H.	Farr
Wyatt	R. H.	Lloyd
Swantie	F. B.	Neil
Army		0 7 0 0—7
Marines		6 2 0 7—15

Scoring: Army, touchdown—Gannuzzi: point after touchdown—Gilbert. Marines: touchdowns—Neil and Cogsdell: point after touchdown—Calahan: safety by Gilbert, Army man.

Boxing

Guamy Leatherpushers

The Marines stationed in Guam held a smoker on the evening of October 15th preliminary to the big smoker which will be held on the evening of November 10th celebrating the 156th birthday of the Corps. The prompt write-up of our smoker this evening is made possible by our amateur radio station, which is owned and operated by the enlisted Marines of Guam. The events of the evening occurred as follows:

At eight o'clock the bell rang and Lieutenant Eldridge, our station athletic officer, stepped into the ring with an announcement of the next smoker to be held on the Marine Corps' birthday. He then turned the "works" over to announcer D. F. Jones and referee Jimmy Brandt. The smoker was attended by a capacity crowd from all parts of Guam.

The first fight of the evening was between two lightweights, Fisher King, 138, and King Gebauer, 135. The bout was to be three two-minute rounds, but unintentionally ended in the first round by a K.O. Fisher King landed one on the button which sent King Gebauer down for the count. Fisher King is considered one of the most promising young lightweights on the Island of Guam. We will lose a great little scrapper when he leaves on November 12, 1931, for Shanghai, China.

Bout two was between Lusty Malcom, fighting baker from the post bake shop, and One-Punch James. It ended in favor of Malcom as One-Punch never landed that famous one punch. The fight ended in the first round when One-Punch received a short right to the chin which obliterated all hostility from his corner.

The third event of the evening was between Tiger Critchlow, promising welterweight and "The Masked Cyclone," better known in the ring as Private "X," and ended with the "Cyclone" reposing on the deck and the referee nonchalantly counting ten. This was the surprise fight of the evening and met with the hearty approval of the large crowd at the arena.

The fourth was a substituted bout and was judged to be the best fight of the evening. The fight started off with a bang, Bad Boy Jones and that clever lightweight, Bushy Graham, mixing it to the limit. The fight was three two-minute rounds, with Bad Boy earning the judges' decision. This fight earned the extra prize awarded to the two participants of the best fight of the night.

The fifth event of the evening, between two natives of Guam, namely George Washington and Jackson Cohen, was declared a draw, both fighters going full speed for the three two-minute rounds.

The final bout brought forth two of the most promising middleweights in Guam. Mauler Sorrell, 158 pounds, entered the ring first and Slicker Denson, 156 pounds, shortly after. This was a hard-fought bout from start to finish, with Sorrell getting the judges' decision. It looked from the ringside like Sorrell carried too much power in his gloves for the better boxer, Denson.

Basketball

Trounce Leathernecks

The Mare Island Naval Hospital basketball team defeated the Mare Island Marines by a score of 28 to 20.

Each team used all of its substitutes, the Marines playing 14 men and the Hospital 10.

The game was close, with the score tied at 5 to 5 at the end of the first quarter. By half-time the Hospital had forged into an 11 to 7 lead and held this lead the balance of the game.

Craig and Vanstoy were the leading players for the Hospital.

The scores: Marines—Harris, 5; Roberts, 4; Bonnski, 4; O'Connor, 3; Sawdy, 2, and Goff, 2. Hospital—Craig, 8; Vanstoy, 8; Chaplain, 4; Rooker, 6, and Hainton, 2.

Shanghai Diary

Baseball

The Shanghai baseball season came to a successful close the early part of September, the Fourth Marine team garnering two wins and dropping one game to finish the season with twenty-five wins and five losses, or an average of .833 for the year.

The month opened with another game between the team and the Shanghai Amateurs, the Marines losing the game 2 to 4, their first loss to the Amateurs this year out of seven starts. Kimball pitched nice ball, but his teammates gave him poor support. The following day the team made up for their loss by taking the local Japanese team into camp 11 to 5, pounding out four home runs in the process. They then ended the season by defeating the Amateurs in the final game 8 to 1.

A resume of the season brings forth a number of difficulties overcome by the team. First Lieutenant Charles D. Baylis, who had coached the team for the two previous seasons, was ordered home right in the middle of the season, leaving the team up in the air. His duties devolved on Captain Lyman (Pinky) Passmore, star first baseman of the team, keeping him out of many important games. Then Lieutenant (Squat) Saunders, veteran right fielder, broke his leg during practice and was lost to the team. Two stellar infielders, Munari and Hoffman, got into slumps that hit all good ball players now and then, the former on batting and the latter on fielding. Despite all these handicaps, the team came through in fine style, even to winning the Championship of Shanghai and the American Community Baseball Cup.

Toner played most of the games behind the bat in an efficient manner, taking the place of Sergeant Mades, veteran backstop, who was laid up with illness in the middle of the season. The pitcher's box was occupied mostly by Joe Vitex, although Kimball and Johnson were always present as relief pitchers and took part in many games. Captain Passmore held down first except when coaching duties kept him out of the game, his place being filled by Lund. Munari performed on second for the entire season, working well with Hoffman, who rested on short. Hoffman had quite a bit of trouble in the field this year

but made up for it by his stick work, batting .359 for the season. "Old Folks" Fogelman, well-known to West Coast fans, held down the hot sack and was the mainstay of the infield besides leading the batting. In the outfield were Chapin, left field; Moore, center field; and Stoneking, right field—three men with mighty arms, besides being good hitters. Space prohibits our naming all the subs, but all true fans of any sport know that they deserve plenty of credit as they go a long ways to make the team what it is. Following is a recapitulation of the season's games:

April 15: 4—Aichi Japanese 11.
May 2: 6—U. S. S. "Blackhawk" 5.
May 3: 20—Local Chinese 1.
May 16: 12—U. S. S. "Tulsa" 3.
May 16: 12—Local Japanese 2.
May 31: 9—U. S. S. "Goldstar" 3.
June 6: 11—Shanghai Amateurs 6.
June 6: 13—Local Japanese 6.
June 13: 8—U. S. S. "Henderson" 6.
June 14: 11—Shanghai Amateurs 9.
June 17: 7—U. S. S. "Henderson" 3.
June 23: 7—Tung Wen University 2.
June 27: 7—Shanghai Amateurs 6.
July 2: 8—Tung Wen University 2.
July 4: 3—Shanghai Amateurs 2.
July 18: 6—Shanghai Amateurs 3.
July 29: 3—Meiji University 2.
July 31: 6—Meiji University 13.
Aug. 1: 9—Meiji University 0.
Aug. 6: 3—U. S. S. "Chamont" 1.
Aug. 7: 10—U. S. S. "Chamont" 14.
Aug. 9: 13—U. S. S. "Chamont" 1.
Aug. 10: 6—Shanghai Amateurs 1.
Aug. 18: 0—T'matsu College 8.
Aug. 21: 9—T'matsu College 0.
Aug. 22: 19—Submarine S-31 2.
Aug. 23: 14—T'matsu College 12.
Aug. 29: 2—Shanghai Amateurs 4.
Aug. 30: 11—Local Japanese 5.
Sept. 13: 8—Shanghai Amateurs 1.

Total games played. 30. Won. 25. Lost. 5. Average. .833.

In the Regimental baseball field, our last report left the Third Battalion with a one-game lead over the First Battalion and Headquarters out of the running. By defeating Headquarters, First Battalion tied for leadership with the Third and a three-game series was decided on to determine the championship. In the first game, Morris, pitching for the Third Battalion, allowed only twenty-nine men to go to bat in nine innings and his teammates backed him up by bringing in the necessary runs to win the game 5 to 1. Morris again pitched the second game and hurled masterful ball to again hold the First Battalion in check, and the Third Battalion garnered the Regimental Championship and the MacGregor Cup by taking the game 8 to 2, thereby ending a very successful season.

Tennis

With the addition of two new tennis courts, one at the 26th Company and one at Headquarters, the Fourth Regiment has experienced one of the most successful tennis seasons since the advent of the Regiment to Shanghai. Five tournaments were run off, one of which, an enlisted men's tournament, has not been finished. During the month of September an open doubles and an open singles tournament was held with a large number of men entered.

The Navy "Y" doubles tournament was won by Pfc. Watkins and Private Burton of the Service Company when they defeated Corporal Kurner and Pfc. Humphries of the 24th Company in the finals. In this tournament eight British teams were entered, but the Marines eliminated all of them and then fought it out among themselves for the title.

Range

The 24th Company of the Third Battalion gathered in the annual inter-company rifle shoot at the Hongkew range, on October 1, with an impressive total of 32 points over the 28th Company of the First Battalion, who have won the championship for the past two years running. Service Company, after holding down second place up to the last range, dropped to third when the 28th Company nosed them out by four points. The meet was well conducted and a large number of men journeyed to the range to watch the competition. Officers in charge were Major W. C. Powers, executive officer; Captain Lyman Passmore, range officer; Captain T. A. Tighe, pit officer, and First Lieutenant P. A. Lesser, statistical officer.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

Twenty-fourth Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Pfc. Hannaford	45	47	43	95	231
Cpl. Rumley	36	44	45	94	219
Cpl. Petrie	42	43	44	95	224
Pvt. Wilds	41	47	40	93	221
Sgt. Caine	41	45	48	88	222

205 226 220 466 1117

Twenty-eighth Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
2nd Lt. Marks	44	42	44	87	217
Sgt. Salkevitz	40	44	43	94	221
Sgt. Hurst	43	39	46	91	219
Pvt. Shaw	38	40	46	93	217
Pvt. Erickson	42	40	38	91	211

207 205 217 456 1085

Service Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Pvt. Pearson	44	44	35	85	208
Sgt. Hackman	43	43	41	93	220
Pfc. Watkins	41	45	43	90	219
Pvt. Schudlick	34	44	45	87	210
Pvt. Schere	41	44	44	95	224

203 220 208 450 1801

Nineteenth Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Cpl. Johnson	42	40	42	92	216
Cpl. Hamilton	43	43	46	90	222
1st Sgt. Slezak	41	35	38	97	211
Cpl. Hutsko	40	42	41	78	201
1st Lt. Beau	40	47	39	92	218

206 207 206 449 1068

Twenty-first Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Sgt. Pluge	34	39	37	92	202
Pvt. Weddington	44	42	44	95	225
Pvt. Lahr	39	44	43	87	213
Pvt. Hughes	39	46	47	88	220
Gy. Sgt. Kerlin	34	42	45	86	207

190 213 216 448 1067

Twenty-fifth Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Sgt. Boyle	45	47	46	93	231
Sgt. Mayer	40	41	40	88	209
Cpl. Jolley	39	45	41	89	214
Pfc. Bensel	44	43	42	83	212
1st Sgt. Brown	33	40	43	81	197

201 216 212 434 1063

Twenty-sixth Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Pfc. Emmons	40	42	41	86	209
Cpl. Dayberry	43	42	37	87	209
Pvt. Wieland	42	42	37	85	206
Cpl. Harris	37	44	46	91	218
Sgt. Buckley	40	42	44	95	221

202 212 205 444 1063

Twenty-seventh Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
2nd Lt. Crist	42	43	46	79	210
Pfc. Cornell	38	42	37	89	206
Pfc. Larson	36	40	33	92	201
Pvt. Fosse	43	47	46	85	221
Cpt. Batchelder	38	45	47	95	225

197 217 209 440 1063

Headquarters Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Pvt. Franke	39	44	43	90	216
Cpl. Gallher	41	44	43	88	216
Tpr. Golding	41	43	45	89	218
Sgt. Aycott	41	36	39	81	197
Sgt. Wallace	40	49	44	83	216

202 216 214 431 1063

Twenty-second Company

	200s	200r	300r	600s	Total
Gn. Sgt. Owen	41	38	39	94	212
Sgt. Samples	43	36	43	92	214
Cpl. Sulebargen	36	43	44	93	216
Cpl. Schwalbe	41	31	43	89	204
Pvt. Brown	40	48	34	85	207

201 196 203 453 1053

Swimming

Two Marines garnered honors in the annual Shanghai swimming championships held at the Cercle Sportif Français. Cpl. D. J. Leonard completely upset the dope by flashing out to defeat the best in Shanghai in the 220-yard free style and was proclaimed Shanghai Champion in that event for 1931. Pvt. R. R. Duell followed him by winning the diving, his work being so well done that he was chosen to dive for the Shanghai team in the interport swimming meets against Hongkong and Tientsin. Cpl. D. J. Leonard took third place in this event, although every sports writer in town gave him second if not a tie for first. In the interport competition, Duell competed against the best in three cities and again came through with an impressive win to add points to the score for the Shanghai team. The swimming team participated in only one meet during the month of September, old man sickness taking a toll that caused them to drop the event to an all-star Japanese team 43 to 30.

Polo

Next year the Fourth Marines will represent the Marine Corps in another branch of sports in Shanghai as plans for a polo team are under way. Due to the individual cost involved, the team will be limited to officers but will have the support of the Athletic Department and will probably prove of great interest to the men. Major W. C. Powers, Jr., is the officer in charge and plans are being formulated to start work as soon as possible so as to have a team ready to enter the Shanghai League next summer.

Rugby

With the close of the baseball season the eyes of the Regiment immediately turned to Rugby and a call went out for candidates. Over seventy men responded, thirty of whom were veterans from last season, and work to get the team in shape started at once. The team will miss First Lieutenant Charles D. Baylis, who brought them through two successful seasons, but Captain E. W. Skinner, well-known to East Coast football fame, has taken the team over and, while he is new at coaching the English game, he knows how to condition men and that is over half the game.

Golf

Sergeant Major Rice, of Headquarters, Fourth Marines, was accorded high honors in Shanghai golfing circles when he came through with a hole-in-one on the links at the Race Course. Many men have made holes-in-one, but the sergeant major's feat was accorded popular acclaim as the hole is over 200 yards from the tee.—Frank Burton.

Do You Know:

1. What major leaguer holds the record for successive base hits?
2. What team won the world series of 1912?
3. What is the record high run for pocket billiards (pool)?
4. What is Gene Tunney's record in matches won and lost?

5. What is the record high score in American football?

6. Who won the American open golf championship of 1920?

7. Is the Kentucky Derby the oldest stake race in North America?

If not, see page 55 and J. W. K. will answer these or other questions you may care to ask.

Shooting

Peiping Marine-Army Matches

TASTE may be the desired quality in a cigarette, but STEADINESS and ACCURACY are the traits that won the Annual Marine-Army Rifle and Pistol Matches for the American Legation Guard Marine teams on September 8, 9, 10, when they competed against the strong Fifteenth Infantry aggregation of small-arms experts at the International Rifle Range.

The rifle competition took place on September 8th and 9th, and the Marines finished the first day's firing with a narrow ten-point lead over the Doughboys. On the second day, the "Can Do" boys forged into the lead on the short ranges. The Leathernecks caught up with them at the 500-yard range and kept the score even until the thousand-yard firing line was reached.

At the long range the Marines "held 'em and squeezed 'em" consistently and emerged victorious over the infantrymen. The total scores for each team were:

Marine team	5,879
Army team	5,851

Marines Take Pistol Match by Large Margin

The Leathernecks and doughboy pistol experts fired twice over the match course Thursday morning, September 10th, and the total results showed that the Sea Soldiers scored 2,422 points to 2,258 for the visitors.

First Sergeant Melvin T. Huff, U. S. M. C., easily took first place with a score of 528, and was followed by Private Barrett and Pfc. Corry, who glommed onto second and third places for the Marines with scores of 488 and 485, respectively.

Too much cannot be said in praise of First Sergeant Huff, who was the mainstay of both of the Marine teams. Although Private Burnett and Corporal Sheddlebower, of the Army rifle team, copped the first two places in the musketry competition, Huff's score was only three points lower than the doughboy corporal's and was good for third place.

A great deal of credit for the Marine victories should rightfully go to Captain Richard Livingston, who, as range officer during the preliminary firing period, worked incessantly to obtain marksmen of winning caliber. When the unexpected detachment of Captain Beckett on August 2nd placed Captain Ruffner in command of the 62nd Company and Lieutenant Hamilton in charge of the post exchange, Captain Livingston volunteered his services as range officer and his offer was accepted by the commandant in view of the captain's excellent reputation as a trainer of rifle teams.

Captain Livingston more than lived up to his reputation by turning out not only a winning rifle team but a victorious pistol team as well. Further, it has been

noted that the morale of all of the men on duty at the Rifle Range has been excellent, the butt detail, in charge of Corporal Cheuvront, gave snappy efficient service, and the range and camp were kept well policed at all times due to the efforts of Gunnery Sergeant Mandell.

Beat British by 61 Points

Representatives of the American Legation Guard won the British-Marine Rifle Competition which was staged September 25th and 26th at the International Rifle Range. The Marine team, firing against the British Legation Guard's best riflemen, were thirty-three points behind at the conclusion of the first day's firing, but finished the match sixty-one points ahead of their British opponents.

During the first day of competition, both teams used British rifles and fired on the British range. The "Queen's Own" riflemen, by virtue of their familiarity with the rifles, bested the Leatherneck experts at all ranges. Conditions favored the Marines during the second day and they took full advantage of them and left the British soldiers far behind. The American range was used on the second day and Springfield rifles were fired by both teams.

Slow fire from the prone position was used at all ranges and the team that won was the team that "held 'em and squeezed 'em."

Winners by 12 Strokes

A sharp-shooting aggregation of Marine golfers defeated the Scouting Fleet Air Force golf team by 12 strokes, 605 to 617, to retain the Fifth Naval District championship. The battle was staged at Truxton Manor, Norfolk, and was witnessed by a large gallery.

The Marines took an early lead and at the turn were up 21 strokes on the sailors. On the last nine holes, however, the sailors rallied a bit, but were still 12 strokes short at the last hole.

Medal honors for the competition went to Broadus, who completed the circuit with an 80, going out in 38 and coming back in 42. Stiffler, with a 95, led the air force team.

The summary: Marines—Broadus, 80; Hamilton, 96; Telford, 97; Musinski, 100; Hunter, 115; Lieutenant McFarland, 117; team total, 605. Fleet Air Force—Stiffler, 95; Roe, 99; Jones, 100; Young, 105; Woodward, 106; Fuche, 112; team total, 617.

Westbrook, Receiving Ship; Pierson, Naval Air Station, and Dodson, U. S. M. C., acted as scorers and judges.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 27)

Chief Clerk, Eugene J. May, is in charge of the clothing and after fifteen years is now an expert chauffeur of a big "Willys" whatever that may be. The Pay Sergeant is Staff Sergeant Ray R. Maynard, who proudly looks back upon a faithful sixteen years as a Marine. The motor mechanic peculiarly is a Staff Sergeant, who, after ten years, is still a "Magnet," his name? Why, William J. Magnet. Staff Sergeant Edwin D. Curry has twelve years to his credit, is an auto-speed king and chief clerk to the Com-

manding Officer, Colonel G. K. Kincaide. The First Sergeant has been around the world for fourteen years and was last in the Nicaraguan National Guard at Managua.

* * * *

To be in the Newcastle Workhouse or Delaware State Prison for a week-end and to have a visit from the excellent drum and bugle corps of the Veterans of Foreign Wars from Wilmington is a memory long to be remembered by the seven hundred inmates of that institution, Lieutenant Eagan and his finely uniformed body of Veterans. They not only made a big impression but were a splendid example of what men of right standards and principles may accomplish.

Marine Corps Reserve

(Continued from page 30)

tor's office and dispensary. On this same floor was a large room known to us as Castle Garden, supposed to be the quarters of recruits, and in charge of Sergeant Goodwin, if I remember right. Here was a sergeant who could tell word for word what was on a certain page of the tactics, but could not drill a squad on the parade ground without assistance. His service was mostly on board ship. He had three "hitches" in, yet he was a know-nothing. Directly under this room was the Mess Hall, in which recruits were instructed in bad weather. At the south end of the quarters was the cells or "brig"; the lower floor was for those who overstayed their "liberty" and minor offenses; the upper floor was for the court-martial prisoners, with a sentry on duty, known as Post No. 5, and, by the way, my first post in the service.

I shall never forget that first night on guard. The post was under the command of Lt. Col. John L. Broome, who had a son, George, about 9 or 10 years old, who had a bad habit of listening to the conservation of the men and informing his father of all he heard, and many a man credited George with the reason of his punishment.

The Colonel's quarters were at the southeast corner of the grounds, while the officers' quarters were at the northeast corner, with the main gate midway between. The building at the gate contained the colonel's office on the upper floor and first sergeant's room; across the arcade on the upper floor was a carpenter's shop with the guard room underneath; across the arcade from the guard room was the officer of the day's office. I was in Brooklyn in 1918 and was surprised to find the old parade ground occupied by large buildings. The Brooklyn Militia regiments used to hold their annual inspections there. If it had not been for the high iron picket fence, I would not have been able to recognize the place.

Years after I left the service and while employed at Proctor's Theatre as a special policeman in Albany, N. Y., in 1917, an usher reported to me that a certain young woman in the audience refused to stand while the orchestra played the national air. I went to the party mentioned and found an army captain seated beside her, in uniform. Quietly, I informed both of the situation and returned to the front of the house. In a minute or so the officer came to me and

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explained all to my satisfaction. During our conversation it was learned he was the same George Broome of former days. I was speechless. The young lady was his daughter and in poor health. But to return to Brooklyn.

Captain Henry Clay (Mickey) Cochran came to the post and as there was no love lost between the Colonel and the Captain, things began to take on life. While the captain was a little severe, in the main he was good in other ways. There was Lieutenant Wallack, a dapper little man, a strict disciplinarian, and when appearing for guard-mount, he looked as if he had just come out of a band-box; very neat and up to the mark. He was ordered to the "Swortara" for a short trip at sea. When he came back I was ordered to escort him to the barracks and on the way he said to me, "No more sea duty for me!" The starch had been taken out of him.

The navy yard guard had quarters at the York Street gate, then the main entrance. Quite often, in this guard, there would be a bunch of good singers, whose caroling seemed to be enjoyed by the people outside the wall. The neighborhood was then known as Irishtown, but later on was taken over by the Italians. Among the singers was a fellow by the name of Charlie Guilfoil, as fine a tenor as I had ever had heard, or since, who would compare with the finest tenor of the present day. When the boys began to sing, all the windows would go up and we were well applauded. Guilfoil had a beautiful silver tenor voice; it was a delight to hear him.

One night while on the navy yard guard, the fire bell at the east gate (Flushing Avenue) was rung, and on our being relieved by the new guard the next morning we learned the shed in rear of the colonel's quarters had been on fire but no material damage done. At 10 o'clock I was called to stand a two hours' trick at the shed. While there, young George Broome approached me and asked, "Sentry, what would you do if anyone tried to burn the shed?" I understood right away and answered, "I would stick my bayonet right in his belly." He most likely told his father, which led up to my examination for corporal which I passed successfully and had my warrant in thirty days. (It pays to seize the opportunities as they are presented!)

While on the "Powhatan" I came across some interesting characters. Capt. Henry J. (Big Six) Bishop, in command of the guard; a heavyweight, who delighted in getting a man into trouble and he would laugh at him. Assisting him was Lt. Biddle, who, I am informed, was later on in full command of the Corps, or Major General Commandant; I found him to be a friend to all and one of the "boys." Among the guard was Larry Doran, with a beard about a foot long; "Trapper" Brown, an eccentric; Melvin Locke, who came from around Richmond, Va., with his peculiar Southern drawl; Frank Freeman from Jersey, our mess cook; Hunt, who had an enlistment ahead of me and who lives somewhere in the South; Johnnie Jackson, drummer, from Washington, D. C., with

a girl's face; Keyser, our fifer, a peculiarly formed boy, bow-legged, cross-eyed, his nose pushed on one side—a curious combination similar to the music we had on Cob Dock; "Jug" Crawford, fifer, as broad as he was long; "Sticks" Ives, drummer, who could dance a double-clog to perfection with "Ike" Holland, a private.

During my two trips on the "Powhatan" we had four different first sergeants—Dubois, Kelly, and the other two I have forgotten.

In "The Old Marine Corps" we were paid every three months at \$13.00 per; this for the first two years; \$14.00 for the third year; \$15.00 for the fourth year and \$16.00 for the fifth year under a five-year enlistment. We wore "stogies" for shoes, commonly called "canal boats"; our clothing packed in a knapsack; socks lasted only two days; slept on a straw bed while on shore duty covered with a blanket 3 feet by 6 feet, so thin you could sieve flour with it; blue flannel undershirt which when washed the first time would shrink three or four inches; overcoats with capes. At one time we had fur caps patterned after the English at Prince Edward's Island; "tar-pot" full dress hats; full dress coats with epaulets; on board ship we ate "soup de bullion," or soup and bully; hard tack; bean soup one day and the next we had the remains of the soup strained and beans baked ("gold fish" would have been a luxury); boiled rice with black molasses; potato "scouse"; bread "scouse," consisting of soaked sea biscuits baked.

Can you beat it?—H. C. Edgerton,
"The Old Warrior."

Dance

The Navy Day Ball, staged in Washington, D. C., recently, was one of the most brilliant social successes in recent years. Staged under the auspices of the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, the ball attracted leaders in military and civil life. Heading the receiving line was Senator Simeon D. Fess, who is honorary colonel of the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade. The affair was staged in the grand ball room of the Willard Hotel, which was decorated with naval flags and pennants. It is planned to repeat the ball each year.

Challenge

First Sergeant James W. Bayne of Company B, 23rd Reserve Marines, of Alexandria, Va., is organizing a company basketball team. Some excellent material has been found in the company and they were fortunate to secure the services of Coach Wilkin, U. S. M. C., to coach the team. Coach Wilkin is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire, where he played and starred in the game. At present he is stationed

at Alexandria with the U. S. M. C. Guard Detachment.

First Sergeant Bayne is desirous of getting a schedule of games especially with service organizations. Write to First Sergeant J. W. Bayne, 217 North Alfred St., Alexandria, Va., for dates.

This looks to me like a live-wire proposition. How many companies in the 6th Brigade can get a company team whipped into shape to play this winter? Let's go!

Broadcast

(Continued from page 25)

We have ten men up at the fair grounds in Yorktown helping the celebrators celebrate the Sesqui and from all reports they are having a rosy time. We aren't, however: The depletion of the personnel makes us catch guards so fast we don't know what the word "liberty" means any more.

"Chester" Chat

After our return from the south we stopped at Fort Pond Bay, L. I., for a few days. Montauk happens to be the name of the place. There are about one hundred people residing there. More or less. Mostly less!

A smoker was held on the beach and, of course, the "Chester" heavyweight wrestler, Horse Amelio, walked away with the Scouting Fleet Trophy. He is a cos' and only weighs about twenty.

There were also some boat races and the "Chester" happened to be left in the dust. Sergeant Taylor was one of the strike oarsmen. That boy totes a mean pair of shoulders, too. To get rid of a long story in a hurry, it rained practically the whole time so liberties were absolutely "taboo."

From the twenty-first to the twenty-third of August, inclusive, we were anchored off Stamford, Conn., and nobody will ever regret it. Most of the residents thought the Marines were naval officers. One lady said that policemen and officers could get through the gate she was guarding but the sailors and civilians were prohibited. Class, eh, what? About one-half of the detachment is anxiously awaiting our return to New York so we (get that) can go to Stamford. Had lots of visitors there and they were all very congenial.

During the month of October we fired our short range battle practice and battle anti-aircraft practice.

The short range didn't turn out so good because of jams in three of the four five-inch guns. The fourth made good time but missed one shot. It was a Marine gun.

Our BAAP was quite a bit better. Captain Jeske complimented us very highly. The Marines walked away with the most hits, glad to say.

We then went to Yorktown, Va., and had to participate in two parades. The Sesquicentennial Exposition and Pageant was being held, commemorating the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Liberty expired at six o'clock so we had very little chance to see the town.

Left immediately at completion of celebration, en route to New York to get General John J. Pershing and staff. Our Sergeants LoGiudice and Taylor officiated as orderlies for him. They were kept rather busy, too.

Shoved off for Newport, R. I. Of course, we had to parade the length of the town and wear out plenty of Government shoe leather and personal feet, but why mind a little thing like that? After the parade there was a dance held for the service men and First Sergeant Case, Gunnery Sergeant Savage and Sergeant LoGiudice just strutted their stuff. Can you imagine a Marine adequately conversing and intimately associating with the "400"? Well, they did, and LoGiudice is still in a trance. I wonder how it feels to be "snowed"?

Oh, yes! Just after we finished parading the Y. M. C. A. treated all the participants to a box lunch and good smoke.

Quite a few notables were present and two of them were Gen. Pershing and Marshal Petain, the latter of France.

We have Rear Admiral W. T. Cluverius aboard and it is really a pleasure to do orderly duty for him. He's real nice people. In fact, the staff is also.

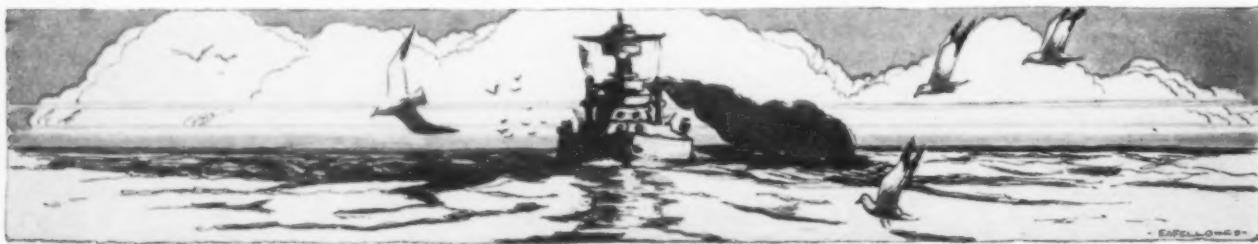
Not so long ago Sergeant Kelley was transferred to the Marine Barracks Detachment at New York and is now doing duty as instructor at the Sea School, Portsmouth, Va. We were all sorry to see him leave but by so doing, Corporal Taylor was made sergeant. It's an ill wind that blows no one good.

Pfc. Rives and Boyer made the next grade just recently. Also, Privates Clayton, Vitale, Bergner and Champion jumped up another notch. More power to them.—B. F. Bangs.

Muzzle End

At this time, the "Arizona" Detachment is diligently engaged in preparing for the yearly night battle practice. Every Marine who has served at sea can appreciate the interest that is brought forth by this practice; so it is needless for me to say that our minds are complete absorbents of gunnery.

While speaking of gunnery, it is altogether proper to mention and commend the firing of guns seven and nine, of which Sergeants Gurrath and Payton are captains, respectively. Gun nine received the honor of high gun of the ship, their efforts and ability well deserving it. Cpl. Pete Mangogna qualified for the second time in two gunnery years as first class gun pointer. Pete is also an expert rifleman, so that we are of the opin-



ion that it would be rather incommodeous to be on the muzzle end of Pete's shooting irons.

For the benefit of some of the old salts who have prospects of returning to sea with a real sea-going detachment, I am going to disclose a secret. We are losing some of our men through transfer. So come on you Leathernecks. If you are Marine, we want you.

A great pleasure is afforded me in that I have the honor of being the one to inform our readers that Harry D. Hall has been promoted to first sergeant, a fitting rate for a superior soldier.—R. Schoneberger.

Pictures to Spuds

Many of the men in this detachment are clamoring for our picture in "The Leatherneck," and when possible we are of the opinion that popular demand should be satisfied. However, out of fairness to our fellows on this ship we are delaying the picture until a later issue as the "Wyoming" is now in Galveston and the very large majority do not appear at their physical, robust best. A Marine having experienced shore leave in this port will understand.

Since our last appearance in these pages our detachment has undergone quite a change in personnel. Corporal W. W. Walker has been transferred to New Orleans and the rumor is current around the scuttlebutt that his selection of that post for shore duty was the outgrowth of our stay in that gay port during last Mardi Gras. Dame Rumor persists that she is a blonde. Corporal Bill Thornton, sometime able scribe of the detachment has been transferred to Great Lakes. We wonder if he has shaved that gal-gettin' moustache yet.

The Detachment's Smart Younger Set are lionizing the fair sex of Galveston in a big way. The ship is open to visitors from one to four-thirty in the afternoon, during which time the favorite pastime is to promenade the Main Deck from the slop chute to the spud locker. When the last of the visitors have left the ship all is chaos. The accomplished chislers and moochers turn to, and we have some real artists. Cigarettes, button polish, shoe polish, hair slickum and foo foo exchange hands with startling rapidity. Nickels and dimes are not spurned. As the weary minutes drag by the compartment grows quieter with an occasional request for a whisk broom as some belated swain carefully adjusts his cap and belt.

Corporal Nick Klein and Pfc. Joe Comerinsky are the type of far-seeing, hard headed business men that it is always refreshing to chat with. These two are bent upon commercial careers, we understand. After more or less extensive scientific research they are prepared to announce that steel wool has been successfully grown in certain parts of Texas. At a personal interview the boys refused to elaborate.

Our Detachment Scouts, or "bird dogs," Sergeant Charley Hill and Corporal Jud Perkins advanced on Lake Charles, La., and marred the tranquility of that fine little burg for some seventy-two hours last week-end. Fortunately there was a spare telephone operator in town or the Southern Bell would have

been forced to either close up or run those two out of town. The boys report Lake Charles a fine bird country.

When mail call is sounded we are always glad to hand First Sergeant Wendell Lee Frey a well-filled envelope sporting a post mark of Camden. The one making the delivery is treated to a quick brightening of the face, a slow smile and "THANKS."

Though we would like to go on chronicling harmonious events, the writer, in an endeavor to record the doings of Marines on this ship as nearly exact as reasonable diplomacy will permit, feels called upon to relate the sad case of our popular spud peeler, one Harold (Spud) Davis. It seems that Spud and that Don Juan of truck drivers, Pfc. Wade Sadberry were stricken with the charms of the same Texas maid, and Sadberry, it is alleged, enlightened the maid as to the official functions of a ship's spud peeler in a successful attempt to lower Spud's social prestige. Mutual friends are buzzing about between the two camps in an endeavor to bring about some sort of armistice. This, we are glad to say, is the only ant in our otherwise clean sugar bowl.—Windy P. Keener.

Stricken

The U. S. S. "Pittsburg," second line cruiser, on which Marines have travelled all over the world, was stricken from the Navy Register of ships on 28 October, 1931.

Old Ironsides

The frigate "Constitution" will spend the winter at anchor in the Potomac River as a measure of economy.

Secretary of the Navy Adams said "Old Ironsides" would be docked for the rest of the year when it reaches Washington November 6 on the last stop of its Atlantic seaboard tour.

In a letter to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, Adams explained the step was a measure of economy, adding:

"The old ship is costing us at the rate of \$200,000 a year."

Reed had asked the Secretary to have the "Constitution" stopped at Chester, Pa., on the return to the Boston Navy Yard from its present cruise.



Haiti

Regular Home

Since you last heard from the Brigade Signal Company. Port au Prince, Haiti, there have been quite a few changes, and almost all of the old-timers (except those who have taken out citizenship papers) have gone back to the States.

This Signal Company is a regular home. We have the best chow in Haiti, if not in the Marine Corps, and that is saying a lot. We have a tennis court, two new handball courts, and d-n near everything a man could ask for.

We haven't the best baseball team in Haiti, but we can give any of them a run for their money. Baseball season will soon be over and basketball will start with a bang. We hope to show up one hundred per cent better this year than we did last, and we will. There are quite a number of men interested in basketball. Jack Bulik, John W. Webber, William V. Johnson, Elden A. Bartz, Nurray M. Berger and Julius Kish are the men who were with us last year and will be back again this season. Francis J. Mack, Philip Egstein, Eugene H. Carter, Henry W. Bierrum, Clyde L. Morton, John T. Crozier, Elmer R. Dye, Sherwood L. McCarger, George R. Travis, Jack R. Hayes and Elmer L. Fox are the new ones out for the team.

We have a new commanding officer, First Lieutenant Clarence R. Wallace, who is a square shooter and an exceptional handball player. Lieutenant Wallace has done great things for this company and we are all backing him to the limit.

We also have a new communication officer, First Lieutenant Edward W. Snedeker, who is another wonder man—look at him and wonder how so small a man can do such great things. We are looking for greater things from Lieutenant Snedeker and we won't be disappointed.

"Smiling Joe Porcupine" Backus, the flashing young man from California, is the press operator and OH BOY what an operator! Since Joe has been getting letters from the NBC studios he thinks that Joe Backus IS the BIG SHOT.

The radio operators and clerks are quite a "loopy" bunch. All you can hear at the chow table is that one guy said XPK and PDQ and the other guy said XYZ and BVD. Thus they show each other and laugh, but what they laugh at is a mystery.

I cannot finish this with a clear con-

science without mentioning the hardest working line gang in the Marine Corps. Its leader is one other than THE Gunner Sergeant George "Joe Bush" Noell, Jr., who is ably assisted by Privates George M. McSweeney and Frederick Katz.

The telephone operators are about the usual run. We don't see very much of them as they are quartered at Brigade Headquarters.

Sergeant Albert L. Pope, who is our shortest-timer, is not sounding off very much because I think someone told him what to do with his ten or twelve days, as the case may be.

Corporal Mose Elmer "Sod Buster" Dixon is the police sergeant and O-o-o-o-o-o whatahick.

Corporal Millard W. "Earl E. Liederman" Fulcher is our mess sergeant and we are still looking for the day when he will be able to give a snail a good race.

Dit-dah-dit-dah-dit.—W. V. J.

Bowen Backfires

In our last Broadcast we promised to give you the low-down on the new arrivals down in these Haitian parts. Here goes, just as the boys come to mind:

Dugald Steele was put in charge of the Erection Shop. Louis is an old hand at aligning fuselages, etc., so he's right at home in his new job. Lucky he came when he did for Ben Belcher crashed in Lieutenant Loomis' private Great Lakes Trainer and has been laid up in the hospital since the first of October.

Powell Godbee is in the Field Section and has a Corsair to look after. He is also an old hand at his particular job, having had to nurse the old D. H.'s in the days that was.

Red Harris came back just in time to get reinstated on the egg run. He's got the natives at Pignon so buffaloed they are all going to vote him into the presidency of Haiti.

George LaDue, the versatile plumber, cracker-jack catcher of baseballs and what have you, came down all right but he is going right back. His request for discharge has been approved and the next trip of the "Kittery" will take him back to the shores of Virginny, soon after which he will put a "finis" to his Marine Corps days. Sorry to lose George, but he's doing a noble thing, so here's luck to you, and do remember us and drop us a line or two, Ham and Eggs!

Frank (Post-Mortem) Tagan arrived in time to become the overlord of all the goonies in camp. He relieves Arnold as police sergeant which leaves Arnold with a job on his hands to find a new job.

Mannan! Good old Wilber! He just can't stay away from Haitian friends, and while he's no longer a radio bug-eye, he's a big field man now.

Chauncey Dent, Childs, Lottman, and Neundorfer took to the galley for the first month of their tour in Haiti, but are now assigned to the Quartermaster, Field Section, Carpenter Shop, and Metal-smith Shop, respectively.

Freddie Glatz cornered Ken Davis, and the two boys from Georgia, Baldwin and Powers, for his garage force.

Fischer and Hendricks are in the motor overhaul shop; Wetzell is second mate to Campbell in the culinary department; and Easley, Grantham, Norman, and

Thomas are assigned to the Field Section.

In addition to the foregoing, First Sergeant Albert C. Hartkopf came into our midst with the arrival of the October "Kittery," along with Corporal Norman Frecka and a lad named Foerch.

So you see, mates, our aviatin' population down on these Haitian shores has increased considerably.

First Sergeant William B. Barrick takes a joy-ride (?) when "Slippery Kate" comes to port next time, and he is slated to assume the duties of Headquarters Squadron at the Quantico flying field. Bill was good people down here and many of the men are sorry to have him leave. You can't blame him, though, for wanting to go back—who wouldn't? Returning with Barrick will be Bob Stoddard and that elongated vessel from Cape Cod, "Balmy" Carine. We don't know who we're going to raise h—l with now that "Balmy" is getting short.

Joe Palowski, better known as Polack, one of our star mound performers, and Harold Withey returned to the good old U. S. A. on the October trip of "Katie."

The 1931 baseball season of the First Brigade League came to a close on October 31st when our own aviatin' boys, led by yours truly, took the short end of a 11 to 3 game with the Brigade Headquarters nine. Thus ended the season reposing ourselves in a dead-lock for third place with this same Brigade Headquarters outfit.

Most of our players of the season just closed will be among the missing from Haiti when the 1932 season rolls around. However, with some help from Quantico in the persons of Joe E. Brown (not the comedian), Caruso, Bracci, and two or three others, and with the aid of our own embryonic stars, VO-9M will try for a better showing next year. Meanwhile three cheers for the Brigade Field Hospital who went through the season without a single defeat and who justly deserve to be the champions in our league for 1931! But 1932—that's another story.

The Sikorsky, RS-1 No. A-8842, arrived at Bowen Field on October 23rd after a two-day flight from Anacostia, D. C. Colonel Turner, Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Aviation, and Gunnery Sergeant Robert E. A. Lillie of the Aircraft Squadrons, E. C. E. F., alternated at the controls on the trip. The crew consisted of Lieutenant Marton T. Seligman, U. S. Navy, navigator; Sergeant Curtis Goehring, mechanic; and Private Albert W. Armstrong, radio operator.

They left the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C., on the morning of the 22nd, arrived and stopped overnight at Miami. They took off on the morning of the 23rd and arrived at this station at about 3:15 p. m., after having made a short stop at Camigüey, Cuba. The total flying time for the flight was 17 hours and 35 minutes.—I. Schneider.

Cloud Camp

Camp Davis, Kenscoff, Haiti,

October 16th, 1931.

Dear Editor: I thought it would be of interest to you and your readers to know that through the good graces of our commanding officer, Major James E. Davis, U. S. Marine Corps, we have a camp

here in Kenscoff where the aviatin' boys come to rest.

This camp is but 14 miles from Bowen Field yet because it is situated some 4,500 feet heavenward, there is a vast difference in the climate there and that in Port au Prince.

Now let me tell you about the week Harry (Abie) Goldmintz and I are spending up here to sort of rest, take things easy (except Abie, who has to cook) and to get away from the humdrum of everyday routine.

Monday, Fred Glatz drove us up here in his rusty —errr-rr-rr-trusty old Chevy, and we had Sam Williams along. By the way, Sam came up to do some manual labor. As soon as we passed Petionville we could notice the change in the atmosphere. (Bowman, is that the right word?)

Well, we arrived in the early forenoon and were greeted (?) by a contingent of would-be servants and what have you, and, lest we forget, the camp watch dog, Shin. Abie picked out a petite tifi and of course that settled the problem as to who was going to do the chores, etc.

Pop Pelz saw to it that we had plenty of chow, and through Abie's foresight we actually went without beans all week. Absolutely a beanless week!

We unloaded the truck and the first thing we wanted, as do all good Marines, was chow. Abie saw to that and steak and eggs were downed in our most humble fashion. Don't ask! Of course we had our soda pop!

After we had finished, Fred Belton and Joe Konopka (both officers in the Garde, just in case you don't know) came down with a tale of woe that they couldn't get their car started. Always the obliging sort, Glatz came to their rescue and soon Fred and his retinue were rolling down the inclines towards Port.

Sam then got busy looking over the job he had to do (build an addition to the generator shack) and he actually put up a couple of two-by-fours. Then he proceeded to rest (even as you and I would). Glatz left soon after and the three of us who remained settled down to a life of ease.

The Commanding Corporal of the Garde station came over for a bit of parleying, but it started in to rain (as per usual, we found out later) so he wenf back and we were once again left to our solitude.

Sam stayed with us until Wednesday when Glatz came up with good things to replenish our supplies. That left but Abie and yours truly at home at camp. And believe you me, we held the fort.

We got away from one routine but went right into another. For instance, the weather had a routine all its own. We got up in the morning (without the assistance of reveille) at about six and a bright sun shone over the green mountainsides. And although it was a bit cool, the surrounding terrain was a sight to see; nature in one of its many glories, and the cool, crisp air was refreshing and invigorating, and you just know it made us do justice to the bacon and eggs Abie fixed up.

Towards ten o'clock low hanging clouds would appear all around us and soon we were enveloped in them so that visibility (as Engleman would put it)

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was very poor. About this time it was wise to get under cover or else get wet. These cloud formations would come and go for the rest of the day so that we had intermittent rains throughout the afternoon. The sun would, however, take a peek at us every once in a while, so that was that.

Evenings when it did not rain the deep blue sky with its many darting stars and the low hanging crescent that was the moon was another of nature's own glories. Blended with the surrounding mountain tops which stand out in bold relief, and with an almost total blackness of the surrounding terrain, it is indeed a picture of scenic grandeur.

For light at night the generator put out sufficient "juice." And the fireplace was kept burning with crackling logs that kept the chill away. A book, magazine, several games of our own famed "Michigan" Rummy, and so to bed at about 9 o'clock. The nights were really cold and we made good use of our blankets. The cool air enabled us to get a restful sleep, and when we awoke the following morning it was with vim, vigor and vitality, believe it or not!

The altitude of the country, the temperate climate, the scenic beauty of the surrounding hillsides, plenty of chow, restful sleeping, hiking over the terrain, and nothing to do all combined, let me tell you, to make a most enjoyable vacation and rest from our everyday routine.—I. Schneider.

King Wirkus May Return

Faustin W. Wirkus, the "White King of the Voodoo Islands," an ex-United States Marine who used to wear a crown two feet high, is preparing to go back to La Gonave, to sit on the throne once more. He said:

"As soon as my vacation is over, I'm going back to my palace, just to see what happens."

For three years Wirkus reigned over 12,000 black subjects on the island of La Gonave, near Haiti. He settled their love problems, imported cotton seed and grain for them to plant and wore his topheavy crown of shells, mirrors, feathers and ribbons.

His palace was a tin-roofed shack, his throne was a porch chair, properly transformed by Voodoo magic. When the Marines sent him to the island alone in 1926, the natives promptly made him their ruler. He clung to the throne, realizing the dream of every small boy to be the king of a tropical island, until a journalist discovered him. The ensuing publicity resulted in his transfer.

Something Different

Hilborn-Hamburger, Inc., of New York, N. Y., distributors of all kinds of Marine Corps insignia and emblems, have recently published a new catalog, copies of which have been forwarded to all Post Exchanges. They have made substantial reductions in price and are introducing some new insignia, emblems and ornaments of the better kind. When purchasing any of this type of merchandise, specify Hilborn-Hamburger. They guarantee satisfaction.—Adv.

China

Sixty Volunteer

What has been termed the "finest gesture the Fourth Marines have made in Shanghai" had its occurrence recently.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the Regimental Commander was advised that an American woman was critically ill at the Country Hospital. Only one thing could save her—a blood transfusion had to take place before four o'clock on the same afternoon.

No time was lost. A field message was sent throughout the command stating the circumstances and asking for volunteers to submit to the transfusion. Within one hour over sixty men had submitted their names to headquarters.

A noble gesture indeed, in keeping with the Fourth Marines' best traditions, and something which will not be forgotten soon. In over four years of service in Shanghai, the Fourth Marines have in innumerable ways contributed their services toward the people of Shanghai. This, as the crowning gesture of the men, writes another page of history for a number one outfit of Marines.—Walla Walla.

Admiral Taylor Inspects

Admiral M. M. Taylor, new commander-in-chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, who relieved Admiral McVay on September 1st, arrived in Peiping on the night of September 15th, accompanied by his staff, for a brief visit.

A parade and review was held in honor of the chief of the naval forces on the Asiatic Station and Admiral Taylor inspected the personnel of the American Legation Guard. Other formations and drills, including a formal guard mount, defense drill and fire-drill were executed under the careful scrutiny of Colonel Jesse F. Dyer, the new Fleet Marine Officer.

Colonel Dyer also inspected clothing and equipment in the quarters.

Admiral Taylor and his staff left Peiping on September 18th en route for Shanghai.

Colorful Character

On November 5, 1931, at Mare Island, California, Corporal Fred Knauf was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve after over sixteen years of excellent service. Knauf, onetime known as "Waffles" owing to his unlimited capacity for stowing away the hot-bread, was one of the best all-around athletes in the Marine Corps for many years. Freddie also holds several other records. First, I believe, in order of importance is the number of trips to and from Peking he has made via commercial liner for the writer can remember four occasions when Freddie crossed the Pacific at his own expense. And it is believed that he also has spent more time with the Peiping Legation Guard than any other Marine as he has been out there off and on for over twelve years. Moreover, to show that his liking for the one-time Capital of Old Cathay has not waned, Freddie is embarking on the Shinyo Maru at San Francisco the 14th of November en route to his old stamping ground in Peiping, where he will become affiliated with one of the foreign business concerns.

On the diamond Knauf was a very versatile performer. During 1915-1916-17-18 he played the outfield, shortstop, third base and first base for the Peking Marines and during 1919 Freddie was a member of that stellar baseball organization formed by the Overseas Depot in Quantico. Since then he has played with Mare Island, the Third Brigade teams and back with his first love, Peiping. During ice hockey seasons when Knauf has been in Peiping (or Peking, spell it as you choose) he has always been a star performer on the ice and at various times has been a member of Inter-Port teams. North China basketball teams have known Freddie as one of the best of the casab tossers.

Very few men have been able to stay with Freddie Knauf on his customary cross country hikes which he was wont to take at every opportunity—just for the fun of it. And we might add, in passing, that perhaps fewer men could stay with him from soup to nuts as Knauf is a knife and fork artist of considerable note. In fact when Corporal Fred Knauf passed out of the Marine Corps life it might be said that the Corps lost one of its most colorful characters. May he live long and prosper in far away Peiping.—J. W. K.

Marines Have Been in Peiping Since 1905.

The treaty warrant for the existence of military guards at the foreign legations in Peiping, China, is found in Article 7 of the International Protocol of September 7, 1901. The narrow escape of the legations from complete extinction during the summer of 1900 made the presence of guards thereafter a reasonable precaution, although they have often been objected to by Chinese acquainted with international usage, who resent the imputation that the Chinese government is unable to maintain peace and order even within the walls of the former capital. There seems to be an understanding that the guards are to be withdrawn at the end of the period of payments of the indemnity exacted for losses incurred in 1900; these payments under treaty terms would have been completed in 1945, but the United States, as well as several other countries, remitted her portion of these payments.

It is the joint duty of the legation guards to provide for the protection of the diplomatic quarter in case the Chinese military and police forces appear unable to maintain order in Peiping. It is felt by many responsible persons, both foreign and Chinese, that the mere presence of these guards exercises a beneficial influence in promoting a sense of security. It has never been necessary to employ the guards in repelling an attack on the legations, since no anti-foreign sentiment has been manifested since the Boxer outbreak. Nevertheless, in February, 1912, and in the summer of 1917, military riots and armed fighting took place in the streets of the city, and once or twice during more recent years some anxiety has been felt lest troops defeated in fighting near Peiping should enter the city and loot. Whether there was adequate cause for apprehension on these occasions or not, the presence of the foreign troops was a source of satisfaction to all foreigners living in the ancient capital.

The duty of defending the legation quarter in time of danger devolves upon all the guards acting together. The senior officer is in command and usually the commandant of the American guard has presided at all conferences having to do with the defense of the quarter. The late Major General Neville commanded the American guard during the excitement which occurred when the Boy Emperor was returned to the Throne by Chang Hsun in July, 1917. For several days during that period many foreign officers were running in and out of the American compound and ye humble scribe mistook the gold striped Wop bandmaster for the Italian commandant!

Shortly before the Boxer uprising a small detachment of Marines was attached to our legation; however, it was not until after the Boxer fracas that permanent guards were established by most of the recognized powers. From 1900 until 1905 the Army furnished the American guard and it was during the latter year that the Marines relieved the Army and have furnished the guard since that time. In addition to fulfilling its function as a portion of the international guard of the diplomatic quarter, the American guard has, as its name signifies, the immediate and individual duty of guarding the American legation. In this capacity it is a part of the personnel allotted to the American minister by the United States Government to assist him in the execution of his duties, and it may be of some interest to learn something of the interior organization of the minister's staff.

The duties of the American minister in Peiping are essentially different from those of other diplomatic representatives of the United States abroad. This difference arises mainly from the fact that Americans in China live under a system described by the rather imposing word *extraterritoriality* (and if that is not a two-bit word I am the Rajah of Indore and Outdoor, too). Put somewhat crudely, the situation is as follows: When Americans began residing in China one hundred years ago, "more or less," as a Q. M. would put it, they found a system of laws with which they were not familiar and under which they felt they could not satisfactorily live. When, therefore, it became necessary for the governments of the United States and China to come to an agreement as to terms under which Americans might live in China, the American government secured for its citizens immunity from the laws of China. Of course this is not the usual situation of Americans in a foreign country, for, in general, each government through its laws controls all persons who enter the territory under its jurisdiction, save diplomatic representatives who enjoy certain special benefits and immunity. Since the Chinese government consented to this renunciation of its normal control over American citizens, they in turn were subjected to certain restrictions and, broadly speaking, they have only such rights of residence, travel and trade in China as were conceded to them by the Chinese government in the various treaties concluded between the two nations. That is why, as a matter of course, this article opened with a reference to the Treaty establishing the right of the United States to maintain a military guard in its legation in Peiping. Digressing a

moment, the writer might say that after two tours of duty in Peiping and no little study of China, and what some foreigners like to refer to as the situation politique, a thorough understanding of treaties seems impossible due to the fact that so many nations claim "special rights," "spheres of influence," etc., ad nauseum.

The office building where the officers under the Department of State carry on their duties and business is called the Chancery. Following a custom of many years standing, during office hours visitors at the Chancery are met by a member of the enlisted personnel of the guard detailed as the minister's orderly. In the case of many traveling Americans, casual callers who drop in for mail, passes to Coal Hill or the Pei Hai, or for sightseeing information, the orderly is the only person met, and the superficial impression they receive of the legation may be entirely determined by the politeness, tact and general efficiency with which he listens to and satisfies their requirements. One orderly's embarrassment (and modesty forbids mentioning his name!) furnished material for a yarn Lieutenant Hall may let you read one of these days.

The Chancery staff is divided into the following three departments: the diplomatic secretaries, the Chinese secretariat and the clerical staff. Usually the ranking officer in the diplomatic secretariat is the counsellor who acts as charge during the absence of the minister; three juniors complete this group. The Chinese secretariat consists of the Chinese secretary and his assistant, men who have made considerable study of the Chinese language. Ten or twelve student interpreters pursue their studies of the Chinese language and after two years training are appointed vice consuls and detailed to duty at some "treaty port." A Treasury Department special disbursing agent, at present a former member of the guard, handles all the fiscal affairs of the legation, such as paying the staff, procuring supplies and all other transactions involving the so-called "coin of the realm."

A colonel and several other officers of the Army make up the military attache's staff and the naval attache is a captain in the Navy. Usually both of these offices have Army or Navy enlisted men detailed on clerical duty, consequently the three services are represented by officers and men.

Perhaps the best known section of the Peiping guard is the Mounted Detachment. It just happens that close at hand is an authentic history of the Peiping "horse Marines" and as several inaccurate reports have been printed concerning the time when a Peiping Marine first "forked" a Mongol pony, it might be well to quote this interesting data on the detachment.

In 1909, due to the prospects of a coming Chinese Revolution, and more directly to the close friendship between the American minister, Mr. Calhoun, and the Dalai Llama (No. 1 Living Buddha) who was then living in Peking, the Commandant of the American Legation guard, Major (now Brigadier-General) J. H. Russell, was authorized to start a mounted detachment of six men—one sergeant, one corporal and four privates. At that time the principal duties of the detachment were to carry messages at

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OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

all hours of the day and night between the Chancery and the residence of the Dalai Lama, who was particularly interested in the outcome of the Ta Ching Dynasty.

It was due to the exceptionally good work of the detachment during and after the Revolution that Major (now Brigadier-General) Dion Williams, then commandant of the guard, obtained permission to have the authorized strength of the detachment increased to one officer, two sergeants, four corporals and twenty-four privates, with thirty horses for their use. This strength has been more or less maintained up to the present time.

Since the time of the original six, the duties of the detachment have increased. Besides orderly duty, which necessitates carrying messages to all parts of the city, there is the mounted patrol and the taking of the census of all Americans living in Peiping and the suburbs. This latter duty makes it necessary for every man in the detachment to be thoroughly familiar with the city. As proof of the caliber of men usually assigned to the mounted detachment, we might mention that Major Geiger once commanded the detachment and First Lieutenant Yandle once was the sergeant-in-charge and First Sergeant Peters ("Black Pete") once was a bright-eyed trooper.

The actual strength of the American Legation Guard in Peiping has varied from one company up to some six or seven hundred men and the guard has been commanded by some of the most outstanding officers since the day good Captain Clifford took his gang there some twenty-six years ago. Perhaps it may bring back fond memories to former members of the guard when mention is made that the following officers have commanded the Peiping, or Peiping, Legation Guard: Captain Clifford, Major Russell, Colonel Carnett, Major Williams, Colonel Neville, Colonel Carpenter, Colonel Kane, Colonel Karmany, Colonel Dunlap, Colonel Little, Colonel Holcomb and Colonel Breckenridge.

No mention of the American guard is complete without the name of Mr. Chang Bon-shang, officially known as the "Interpreter," but known to all Marines as an honest-to-goodness Jack-of-all-trades, the man that takes the place of a squad of quartermaster sergeants, yet he never growls! Mr. Chang joined the American Forces in Tientsin July 21, 1900, under General Chaffee, and he has been with the Legation Guard ever since it was established. Counting "double time," Mr. Chang must "have in" a lot of time, but it is hard to believe that he will ever choose to retire, although his honest efforts long ago warranted well earned retirement. Never in the brig, no furloughs, seven work days a week, all wool and a yard wide—

that is the Marines' good friend, Mr. Chang Bon-shang.

At one time Peking was considered the best assignment in the Marine Corps and today beyond doubt there are any number of officers and men who would like to be sent out there, for where else can a married captain sport a string of polo ponies and provide a squad or two of servants for his wife? Where else can a buck private afford tailor made clothes and maybe a "tux," with a room-boy at his beck and call?

Just like being king for a day.—
J. W. K.

Recruiting

Want a Job?

Contrary to general opinion, the majority of discharged Marines are not falling into the maelstrom of depression. However, this fact is not a psychological law repudiating the truth that depression is but theoretical and does not exist. Nor does it substantiate the popular belief that ex-service men are getting the better breaks on the outside. The reason is because most of them buy a through ticket home immediately upon discharge.

By analyzing the plans as set forth by the majority of discharged Marines, it is obvious they are pursuing a sensible course because the reaction brought about in local precincts over unemployment conditions, has become a serious handicap to anyone who doesn't happen to be a resident in the respective community.

For every community to consider caring for its own members first before extending employment for the so-called "outsider," is but to be reasonably expected at this time. Somehow the majority of discharged Marines are aware of this and do not feel inclined to cope with the situation, realizing the strong disadvantage against them. Hieing back home into their school day environment, where relatives and friends are waiting to receive them with a hearty handshake, puts them upon a firmer basis for securing employment and cooperation.

Following such a course has by no means any tendency to refute the initiative or capabilities of ex-Marines. It simply proves that life in the Marine Corps develops the individual's analytical sense, endowing him with the power to perceive, and invariably render constructive decisions in matters pertaining to his own welfare.—Conrad Krieger.

Miscellany

Where There Are Pipes, There May Be Smoke

'Why don't you smoke a pipe? It's so masculine, so homey.' If you are married, you have almost certainly heard this. And I, for one, will admit that the idea is not without appeal. There is something undeniably homey, and settled, and carpet-slippery, about the picture of one's self comfortably bogged in a deep chair, legs sprawl, and clouds of fragrant smoke drifting ceilingward through the mellow glow of the reading-lamp. And the Little Woman at hand, smiling at one over the Home Com-

panion ever and anon ecstatically sniffing the domestic incense—from a safe distance. So, straining for masculinity, I bought a pipe.

It cost more than I had expected to pay, but then, it was 'genuine briar-root from the sun-baked plains of Algeria, seasoned for fifteen years, beautifully grained,' as the crafty tobacconer pointed out. It was a fine, rich, winey shade, one had to admit. And more wonders! With a deft twist he snatched out the stem and exposed a veritable maze of sanitary plumbing. Aluminum traps, odd cup-shaped catchalls, U joints to ensnare the insidious nicotine. My mechanical talents running solely to the withdrawal of balky nails or the pounding in of same, fingers and all, I contemplated the intricate piping with misgiving. 'How about a man to run the thing?' I inquired with a sickly attempt at humor. 'Ridiculous,' said the piper, 'it runs itself. Look!' A few twists, and inside of five minutes everything was back in place—and without the aid of a blueprint.

Tobacco presented the next difficulty. Something mild and fragrant, I decided. Something with the scent of new-mown hay, and the strength of a cubeb cigarette. There were some forty mixtures to choose from; it should have been easy. But unexpected difficulties arose—I should have one mixture for dry weather, another for damp, yet another for winter. When I finally shut the door behind me, I bulged with no less than five small tins, and had rushed forth in desperation lest he produce a special tobacco designed for use only on election days and school holidays.

The first filling and lighting was a momentous event, despite my effort to make it a casual one. After the last plate had been wiped and the checkered tea-towel pitched up over the stove-pipe to dry, we sauntered into the living-room arm in arm. Assuming as nonchalant an air as possible, I sank into the large chair, and after the proper interval drew forth the new pipe and one of the mixtures. My wife's eyes widened, her mouth flew open, hands clasped in ecstasy. 'A pipe, a real pipe!' she crowed, quite as if she were agreeably surprised not to discover it made of celluloid or rosin. 'Where did you get it?'

'Thought I'd try it,' said I, in an off-hand manner, quite as though the idea had been my own from the start. 'It's a man's smoke—ought to help cutting down on the cigarettes too. Let's have it, before you drop it.' She finally relinquished the prize, perching on the arm of the chair like an inquisitive wren, bursting with suggestions and admiring comment. Clutching the bowl in my left hand, I sought to pour the tobacco into it from the round tin. I had seen this done in a most workmanlike fashion by a friend. His long, bony forefinger went tap, tap, tap, like a methodical wood-pecker on a dead limb, and just the proper amount of the fragrant granules popped out and into the bowl as though measured to fit. It looked simple. But with my first tap, nothing came out at all, and with the second tap half the contents of the tin cascaded forth. It filled the bowl, however, to say nothing of my lap and the cuffs of my trousers, and drew a peal of laughter from my wife.

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'These new tins are slippery as the devil,' said I, assuming what I imagined to be an experienced air. She laughed again. Louder, I thought, than such a trivial incident warranted.

Next the packing down. My friend always used the index finger of the right hand, I recalled. This operation, while attended with a certain delicacy and precision, had never appeared difficult. The question was, just how much pressure to apply. Enough to hold the tobacco firmly in place, surely—I tamped it down with lusty pokes. A typhoon could scarcely have rippled the topmost layer when I finished. I drew forth the packet of matches.

'No, no! Me—let me light it! Me,' pleaded the wren, snatching the matches from my hands. 'All right,' I granted, 'but light the blame thing evenly, back and forth, and don't burn the er—er briar. It's from Bulgaria.'

Never was temple fire attended with more rapt or devout ceremony. Never did two human beings approach a religious rite with more veneration. And never, I venture to state, were more surprising results returned. The steady yellow flame moved slowly across the tiny altar, the incense awaited its caress, and I leaned back and drew in a vast and tremendous pull on the stem. But no balmy cloud of soothing smoke rewarded; in fact, nothing came out. I pulled until my eyes crossed briskly, the veins in my forehead swelled ominously. I recalled the doctor's words, 'Your blood pressure is higher than I like to see it.' I stopped suddenly, slowly deflating to normal dimensions.

'Try once more; one more'll do it,' urged the wren, too absorbed in the mechanics of the business to note my apoplectic hue. Again the flame swept the bowl; again I inflated and sucked in mightily. This time, things happened. From the depths of the pipe came first a subdued squeaking, a noise such as you hear on unearthing a new-born family of field mice. Then a low moan, and finally, a shrill, reedy peep, culminating in a veritable blast of tobacco into my mouth and throat. But no smoke. Subsequent examination revealed that I had not, as I feared, inhaled the sanitary plumbing system along with half of the bowl's contents. But it felt like it.

Nothing less than a woman's scorn could have brought me up to the starting-line again. Under alternate waves of pity and poorly concealed merriment, I packed the bowl for the second attempt—packed it loosely, and with misgiving. Corkscrewing my feet tightly around the chair legs, I shut my eyes and pulled gingerly, ready to hurl the entire works through the open window at the first sign of treachery. But lo, a mellow warmth filled my mouth; a cautious sniff revealed smoke in the air. Taking heart from the encouraging signs, I sucked strongly, and was rewarded by a rich billow which eddied into my throat. A live, breathing coal pulsated in that pipe, attuned to my very spirit.

'Wonderful,' cried my wife. 'Now, you look like a man!' Overlooking the obvious inference of the remark, I swelled with pride at the tone in which it was uttered, and blew forth a great gust which curled and writhed in a quiet atmosphere.

This was more like it, I thought. One

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Edmund Lowe

Who can forget Edmund Lowe as "Sergeant Quirt" in "What Price Glory?" That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in "The Spider." And be sure to see him in the Fox thriller, "The Cisco Kid."

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★ Is Mr. Lowe's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent of the cost of this advertisement was paid by the American Tobacco Company to make the above statement. Mr. Lowe has been a smoker of LUCKIES cigarettes for 6 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be of interest to the American Tobacco Company and to Fox, his producer, whose endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

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bold puff succeeded another, the wren marvelling at the blue clouds which issued from my mouth like the exhaust from a motor boat. The plumbing worked well, only an occasional cinder or a drop of some peculiarly pungent and biting liquid sifting through to dampen my enthusiasm momentarily.

Sitting far down in the deep upholstery, I endeavored to assume the beneficiary, far-away expression which every right-thinking pipe-smoker seems to acquire. A new difficulty arose, however. After ten minutes of steady puffing, I became aware that my expectoratory powers had suddenly developed to an amazing degree. The hundred tiny unseen glands—which the tooth paste advertisements tell us must function twenty-four hours a day if we would avoid dental damnation—all began to work at once. Swallowing fiercely, I did my best to retain my dignity. Somehow, this exercise did not go with the calm, benign composure which a true lover of the pipe should exhibit. I recalled that my friend seldom expectorated, and that when he did, it was not from pressure within, but rather to confirm his skillful and deadly aim on a knot in the flooring, or on the person of some luckless beetle which happened to cross his path. Yet there it was. And with it came a faint

but disturbing hint of light-headedness—a vague feeling that all within was not exactly as it should be—a slight unsteadiness upon arising suddenly—

'You know,' my wife's voice broke in on me as I was making a conscious effort to focus on a landscape which wagged oddly on the farther wall, 'every real home-man I know of smokes a pipe. You have no idea how kind of contented you look now—almost a part of the chair. A pipe's so much more manly-looking than a cigarette, somehow. Why, what's the matter—' as I rose, wild-eyed, and floundered from the room.

That was eight months ago. Since that fateful day, my pipe and I have become nodding acquaintances, if not warm friends. He sits enthroned on a holder of hammered brass, on top of a fumed-oak cabinet, such as all regular homey smokers are presented with, if they live long enough. And I sit in my armchair across the room; I nod brightly at him, and sometimes if the light catches him just right and he's in the proper humor, he winks back—a brief, understanding wink from his silver band. Which leads me to conclude that there are pipes and pipes, and that he, apparently, is not a homey sort of pipe at all!



MY ALBUM

Author unknown

When I am through with battleships,
Salt water, guns and drills,
I mean to buy a little house
Upon a breezy hill.
I'll have a little garden filled
With posies pink and sweet,
Behind a little picket fence
All whitewashed clean and neat.

I've been on leave in every port
From Brest to Baffin's Bay,
In every one I wooed a maid
And kissed and sailed away.
And when my garden I prepare
All set for sun and shower,
For every sweetheart I have had
I'll plant a fitting flower.

A wattle for Australian Kate,
A rose for English Nell.
An iris for Asadi San,
A Yokohama belle.
For Irish Nora, pert and proud,
A sprig of shamrock green;
White heather and a thistle, too,
For bonnie Scottish Jean.

For French Marie, a fleur de lis,
For Inez of Old Spain
The poppy that upon her cheek
Had pressed its scarlet stain.
For Vi, a San Francisco girl—
The early violet,
Blue as her eyes—I seem to see
Their limpid azure yet.

My garden will an album be
All bound in green and gold
With all the lassies in it that
I loved in days of old.
And Sue, my wife, can never look
Within its covers, so
She won't be jealous of the girls
I loved so long ago.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

By John Boyle O'Reilly

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seaming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure:
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh! the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

THE U. S. ENGINEERS

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

The rest may weave their laurel wreaths
From dawn to the setting sun;
But without peers are the Engineers,
They are heroes, every one.
They seek the strength of a hostile camp,
They mine and they sap and they dig.
There is never a job too small for them,
Nor ever a task too big.

They are rushed to strengthen a shattered line,
They are sent on a midnight raid,
Or their smoking guns are laid aside
For a pick-axe or a spade.
Like slaves they toil on the shell-torn roads
While the high-explosives crash;
Or they blaze their way to the foeman's trench
In the white-hot shrapnel splash.

They spanned the tarnished Meuse one day
In the face of a leaden rain
That mowed them down like the Reaper's scythe
Mows down the ripened grain.
Their captain stood as a graven god
And ever anon would roar:
"We're going to get that bridge across
It takes the whole damn Corps!"

They bury their dead; then go their way
With never an empty boast.
Come, fill your glass with blood red wine
And pledge a long-due toast.
A toast to the man of the fighting clan
Who scorns all thought of fear;
A toast to the best that has stood the test,
The U. S. Engineer.

CAN DO

By Adeline M. Conner

Ah Hin was a Chink from over the sea,
Round and brown as a Chink should be;
Of English words he had far too few,
But he always managed to say "Can Do."

Ah Hin was busy the whole day long
Perhaps he belonged to the worker's tong;
But whether his tasks were old or new,
His invariable motto was, "can do."

We played and rested, he worked the while,
Wearing a placid, inscrutable smile,
And under skies that were dark or blue,
He cheerfully gave us a bland, "can do."

If he were weary, no one could tell,
Over his face no shadow fell,
To his heathen heart our ways were new;
But he tackled strange jobs with a calm, "can do."

There was never a frown on his queer moon face;
With quiet contentment he filled his place,
The light in his oblique eyes shone true,
And it deepened and glowed when he said, "can do."
Ah Hin was a heathen? Maybe so,
But he taught me a lesson, this I know,
And faith and courage I oft renew,
As I think of his eager and brave "CAN DO."

REMOVAL

By M. S.

I've taken you forever from my life
And put the word "Forgotten" on the door.
If anyone should ask if you were here,
Then I must say you're not here anymore.
Why is it, when I hear a pleasant voice,
I raise my head to find it isn't you?
Why is it, when folks talk of jolly things,
I think of little things you used to do?

I seem to feel a strong hand holding mine.
A little whisper says "I love you so."
Uniformed shoulders passing in a crowd—
I follow them—How foolish, for I know
I've taken you forever from my life
And put the word "Forgotten" on the door!
If anyone should ask if you were here,
Then I must say you're not here any more.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Weep and you're called a baby
Laugh and you're called a fool
Yield and you're called a coward.
Stand and you're called a mule
Smile and they'll call you silly
Frown and they'll call you gruff
Put on a front like a millionaire
And some gob'll call your bluff.
—Far Seas.

YULETIDE, THE CORPS AND YOU

(Continued from page 9)

them the sum-total of human experience through thousands of years, we went too far. We threw everything, good and bad, overboard and our moral lifeboat, lacking a balanced cargo, is dancing around over a troubled sea at the mercy of every vagrant breeze. Because our belief in the Divinity of Christ has been shattered, we erroneously conclude that ALL of His Teachings are untrue, whereas there is much in His Philosophy that would help us lead a more balanced life.

Why not, just this Christmas, whether you are in the United States, China, Haiti, Nicaragua, Hawaii, Samoa, or the Philippines, lay aside your prejudice, your intolerance, and be again that little boy who once sat on his mother's knee and listened with wide eyes to the simple story of the Shepherd of Galilee?

For he who would live at peace with himself must again become as a little child.

Figure This Out

On a bright "MAY" day a weary "RANGER" named "SCHMIDT" got "MUDD" on his boots as he stopped at the "WELLS" to "DRINKWATER."

On a high "CRAIG" he saw a "BIRD" sitting on a "POST" and heard a "FINCH" singing as he went down the "HILL" to meet "ARMSTRONG," "NORRIS" and "O'NEIL." He then came to a "PARRISH" where dwelt two "PARSONS" named "RICHARDS" and "REISINGER." As they stood in the "HALL" they told him to always be "WRIGHT" and "FRANK" as the "GOODWIN."

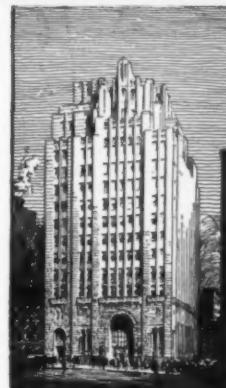
He decided he would go to "LOBEN" and buy a "BROWN" suit, a "NEW-COMB" and a "SILVERTHORN" "WOOD" cane if the "PRICE" was "WRIGHT," as he thought he would like to "CARRIE" one, then he would "STAHL" around for a while and wait for "SISK," "MALONEY," "McGUIGAN" and "DEE," who had gone to the "BARBER."

The "MILLER," "ST. CLAIRE," offered him a steaming bowl of "MULLIGAN" stew, but he said he was not hungry as he had just "EATON" a "HERRON." He then asked him if he would accept a glass of "SHERRY" or "PORTER," but he said he always took his "STRAIGHT" as he might not have the chance to "PASSMORE" opportunities like that on to "DOANE."

The weather began to look stormy, so he continued on his way to "JORDAN" to demand his "BIRTHRIGHT" from the "HALL" of "JUSTUS," and he thought he would "DYE" when he reached the "GATES" of the city and found them closed, as the hinges was out of "GEER." The centurion "THOMPSON" directed him to the "EDWARDS" Inn, where he gave his baggage to the porter, "STROHECKER." Then he took "INGRID," "SARAH" and "ALLISON" to see the "WARFIELD" and let the "GALE" "BUSBEY."—Carrie E. Thompson.

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Speech

The following farewell address, delivered by a retiring colonel of Marines (whose name we are not authorized to publish) to his command, contains some very sound advice for both officers and men of the Corps:

Gentlemen: On leaving active duty in the Marine Corps, after over 31 years' service, I thought it of benefit to you to call your attention to one or two factors that would, undoubtedly, prove of benefit to you as well as to the Marine Corps.

First, I would draw your attention to the fact that the Marine Corps virtually belongs to the captains and lieutenants. Officers of those two grades will have their entire future career in the Marine Corps. The Marine Corps will become what they make it to a far greater extent than the officers of any other rank. They have more intimate contact with the enlisted men and it is they who carry out the duties and perform the details of any mission which may be given the Corps, for which reason they exert a greater influence on its development.

Officers of the grade of colonel have but a few years to serve on the active list and it might be advisable for you gentlemen to take advantage of any opportunity to benefit by their experience.

But most of all, in this connection, I will remind you that we serve the government of the United States and the people. It is well to your advantage as officers in the Corps to maintain contact with the people; to learn what they expect of the Marine Corps; to learn their ideals of what a Marine should be. You need their support. In the various missions assigned the Marine Corps, their co-operation is essential to its successful accomplishment.

The second factor of which I would remind you, is that your principal task is to manage men. A company of 100 men is 100 separate individuals—each with a different trait—each with a different capacity—each responding to different suggestions under varying circumstances. Your greatest task is to so understand the management of a group of men that they can arrive at any task in the best condition to properly perform it. This applies whether it is a task in time of war or in time of peace.

To this end, a knowledge of the effect of all factors which influence these men is essential. A knowledge of the proper kind of food; the result of fatigue; the need for comfort; psychological reaction, and other factors. It is not my intent to go into any details in this matter, but a study of all of these things is just as essential to officers who handle men as a knowledge of the mechanical movements and material factors which go into an officer's training.

You will find that an example is always the best stimulus; always produces the greatest result.

At the same time, a knowledge of the necessity and importance of staff work is essential for effective co-operation. The duties of these departments, as well as a knowledge of auxiliary arms, are essential and should be understood to secure proper co-operation.

And not the least part of your education should be a study of proper and effective co-operation with the naval officers. I would suggest that Marines are

essentially specialists serving with the Navy, and to maintain their status in the Navy requires efficiency and expertness in the line of that specialty.

Interesting Facts

Before the Garde's quarters in the National Palace were completed Garde were quartered in the hall of busts of former Haitian rulers.

The anchor of Columbus' "Santa Maria" is on display at Garde Headquarters.

The statue of Dessalines in the middle of the Champ de Mars is not Dessalines. It was made in France for some South American country that refused to accept it.

There is a legend that when Dessalines drops his sword all white people will leave the Republic.

The Caserne Dartiguenave was formerly a prison for women.

Lieutenant Astrel Roland, G.d'H., a native officer, won the President's match for rifle shooting as a corporal in 1922, captured the same match the following year as an aspirant officer, then won the Olympic individual match held in Port au Prince in 1925. He was a member of the Haitian Olympic rifle team in 1924.

Prison rations are ten cents gold daily. Garde rations fifteen.

Sixty per cent of the enlisted strength have qualified over the army bayonet course.

TO MOTHER

By Arthur W. Ellis,

Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps

In spite of tempest waves I hear your voice;
Tho' rocked to sleep by ocean's roll I
feel
Your loving presence near. And now
rejoice
That while in sleep you at my bedside
kneel.

I'm still a little child; the passing years
Have not effaced the joy of your
caress,
As then to soothe my pain or calm my
fears,
I need your tender sympathy to bless.

As years pass on with better sight I see
The sacrifice you made. May gentle
peace
Reward your virtues. And in years
to be
By noble life my praise to you ne'er
cease.

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NOPE, NO SOPE

I was out watching the Headquarters company baseball nine warming up the other day. Of all the players only one of real class showed up, "Click" Freeman. In perfect form he pivoted, jumped and whirled around preparatory to throwing the ball to first base. As he whirled his arms around a look of bewilderment came on to his face. Finally he shoved both hands into his pockets and went to the sidelines.

"Click," sez I, "Just what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Aw, nothing," he replies, "I'm just sort of sliding."

"But your form was wonderful—you looked like Babe Ruth himself as you stood winding up out on the diamond!"

"Yeah, I know it."

"Well, why didn't you throw the ball then?"

Embarrassment showed all over him. "Well, Whiz, to tell the truth—I forgot the ball!"—Walla-Walla.

A GENT TO THE LAST

The convict was ready to pay the penalty. Neatly shaved, he sat still in the Big Hot Chair, waiting for the shock of his life that was to give him shooting pains and thereby end his young days. They strapped on the leather, but still he was calm.

"Have you any last request, my boy?" said the warden, and a tear fell as he thought of his own son at home. Strong men looked away, and an elderly lady in the crowd sobbed aloud. The doomed man nonchalantly reached for a Murad.

"Yes, let me give my seat to that old lady."—Walla Walla, Shanghai.

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SERGEANT. PARRIS ISLAND.

Answer: The commanding officer of the post. Q.—Who besides the man concerned gets a copy of travel orders upon permanent change of station?—**SERGEANT, CENTRAL RESERVE AREA.**

Answer: In the case of an officer the following copies are made at Headquarters:

Officer concerned, 2 copies.

Paymaster, 2 copies.

Quartermaster and posts or offices concerned, 1 copy.

Major General Commandant, 1 copy.

Enlisted men:

Major General Commandant, Paymaster, Quartermaster and posts or offices concerned, 1 copy.

(b) How many copies should be furnished the Major General Commandant?

Answer: One copy.

(c) Where can the authority for distribution of travel orders be found?

Answer: There is no regulation covering the subject.

Q.—Can you get me the last known address of Joseph Kaufman; he enlisted in the Marine Corps about 1928. Is he still in the service and if so, where is he now?—**LAURENCE PUGH.**

Answer: Joseph Kaufman left the Marine Corps on March 13, 1929. He gave his home address as 705 Baltimore Pike, East Lansdowne, Pa.

Q.—Can you please tell me whether or not my brother, Walter Floyd Barker, is in the Marine Corps?—**ALICE M. KINBER.**

Answer: There is no record of a Walter Floyd Barker ever having served in the Marine Corps.

Q.—I would appreciate the present address of Private Millard R. Cox, USMC, who is reported as being stationed in the Asiatics.—**RALPH CHURCHILL.**

Answer: Private Cox is at present serving in Company M (24th), 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Please answer the following in your column.

I served with the Marine Detachment, USS DENVER, stationed in Nicaraguan waters in March 1930. Am I entitled to the second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal? If so, when will I receive same?—**M. H. SHELBARGER.**

Answer: A second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal was forwarded you under date of November 5, 1931.

Q.—Can you give me any information of the whereabouts of Sergeant Charles Bruderer? He shipped over at the Recruiting Station, New York, N. Y., in January or February of 1928.

Also of Private Fred Crepps? I last heard of him in the Sixth Regiment, Shanghai, China, in 1928.—**FLOYD P. SHREVE.**

Answer: Sergeant Charles Bruderer was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Guam, in October, 1931.

Private Crepps is now out of the service. His home address is Wadesboro, N. C.

Q.—If it is possible I would like to get some information concerning a Pfc. A. V. Smith who was discharged on September 18 in San Diego, Calif., and was supposed to have reenlisted. This is very important to me and any information that you can give me of his whereabouts will be greatly appreciated.—**PAUL WELLS.**

Answer: Pfc. A. V. Smith is now serving at the Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—If you would kindly give me information concerning the following questions I would appreciate it very much.

When did the last Nicaraguan campaign end? Who rates wearing the Nicaraguan expedition bar? Is there a medal for same?

Could you give me information on the Nicaraguan Medal of merit, as I have heard that most of the fellows got same for services down there? I did duty in Nicaragua from June 28, 1930, to June 1, 1931. Do you think I rate one or are they for special services rendered? I cannot find out anything on the latter subject.—**JOSEPH A. RETZER.**

Answer: The Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal is issued for service in Nicaragua and on certain ships of the U. S. Navy from August 27, 1926, to March 31, 1930, inclusive. As the records show that you did not serve in Nicaragua between the above dates, you are not eligible for this award.

The Nicaraguan Medal of Merit was awarded by the President of Nicaragua to certain officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps for distinguished service rendered that country during the operations against Sandino and his followers.

Q.—Please tell me how I can apply for a Civil Service position, such as Border Patrol or City Mail Carrier, or any position that may be open in the near future. I am unemployed and am trying every way to find a job.—**JAMES TARONE.**

Answer: Applications for positions with the Civil Service should be forwarded to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Q.—I was discharged at Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., on March 17, 1928. On my discharge it states that I would be awarded Good Conduct Medal No. 83790.

Would you be so kind as to give me information

THE LEATHERNECK

as to when I will receive it; also the Yangtze medal for service in 1927?

I have been reading "The Leatherneck" since 1924 and look forward to each and every copy.—**CLARENCE W. HOBBS.**

Answer: Good Conduct Medal and Expeditionary Medal with numeral No. 2 for service in Haiti, 1924, and China, 1927, sent October 23, 1931.

You do not rate the Yangtze Service Medal inasmuch as you were a member of the 6th Regiment attached to the USS HENDERSON. The above-mentioned Expeditionary Medal (numeral) is awarded for that service, however.

Answers to Questions on Page 40

1. Tris Speaker holds the record for successive base hits. He made eleven on July 8, 9 and 10, 1920, Cleveland vs. Washington.

2. Boston, American League, won the world series of 1912 by defeating the New York Giants.

3. 126 is the record high run for pocket billiards (pool), made by Ralph Greenleaf against Frank Taberski in the world's championship tourney at Detroit, September 26, 1929.

4. Gene Tunney's record in matches won and lost is as follows: Total fights, 68; won by K. O., 35; won by decision, 17; no decision, 14; no contest, 1; lost decision, 1. He lost to Harry Greb and later defeated Greb three times.

5. The highest score given recognition in American football was made by Haven (Kansas) High School 256, Sylvia High 0, during 1929. In college play, Georgia Tech defeated Cumberland 222 to 0 in a 45-minute game.

6. Edward Ray of Great Britain won the American Open Golf Championship of 1920. Harry Vardon, another Britisher, was runner-up.

7. The Kentucky Derby is not the oldest stake race in America. The oldest is the King's Plate, held at Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, which was inaugurated in 1860, while our Kentucky Derby did not start until 1875.

If it is an argument about a recognized sport event, let "The Leatherneck" settle it.

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The twelve-pack, of course, like the standard twenty-pack, is wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane, so that cigarettes will stay crisply fresh and untainted.

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Although this has nothing to do with the twelve-pack, Darwin said that few things brought him the pleasure and relaxation of a cigarette after long concentration; and that was even before cigarettes had been perfected by the manufacturers of Old Golds.

Merry Christmas

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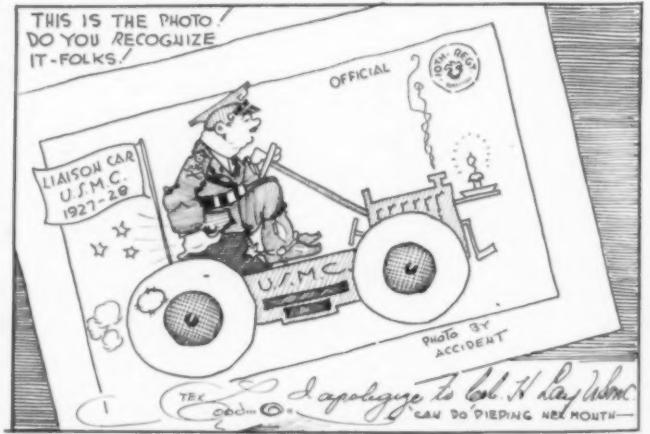
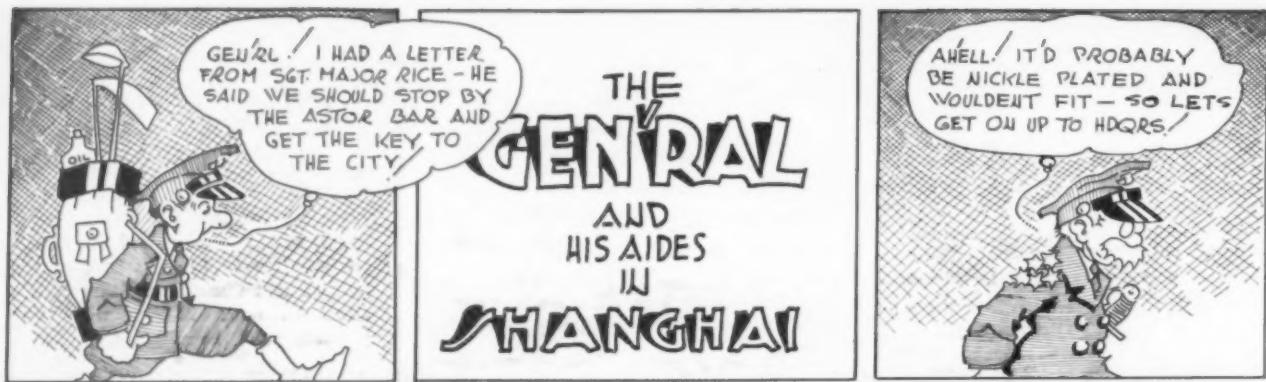
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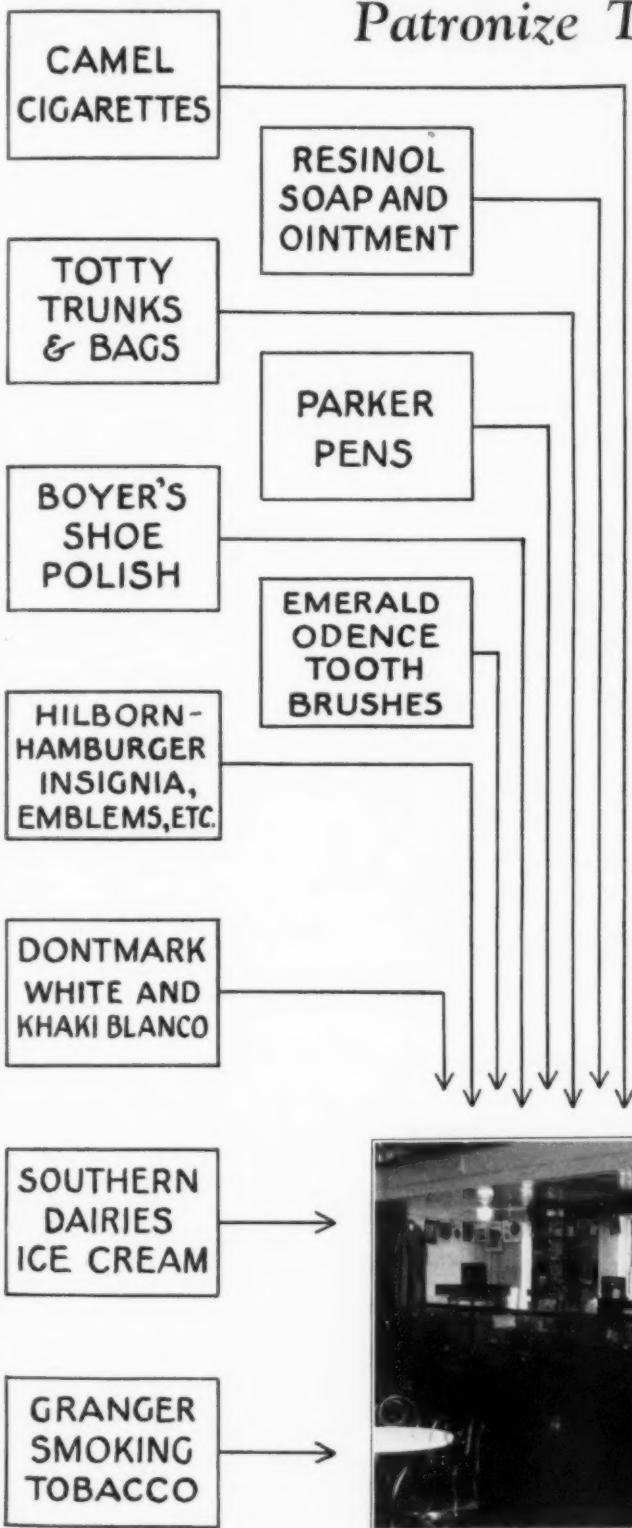
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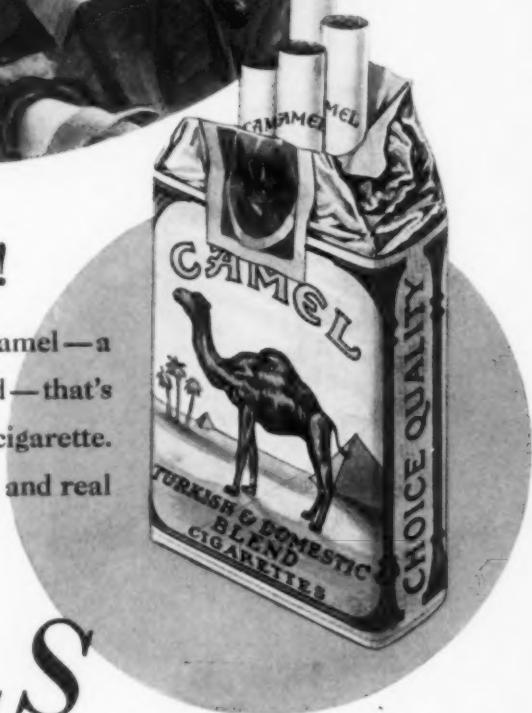




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